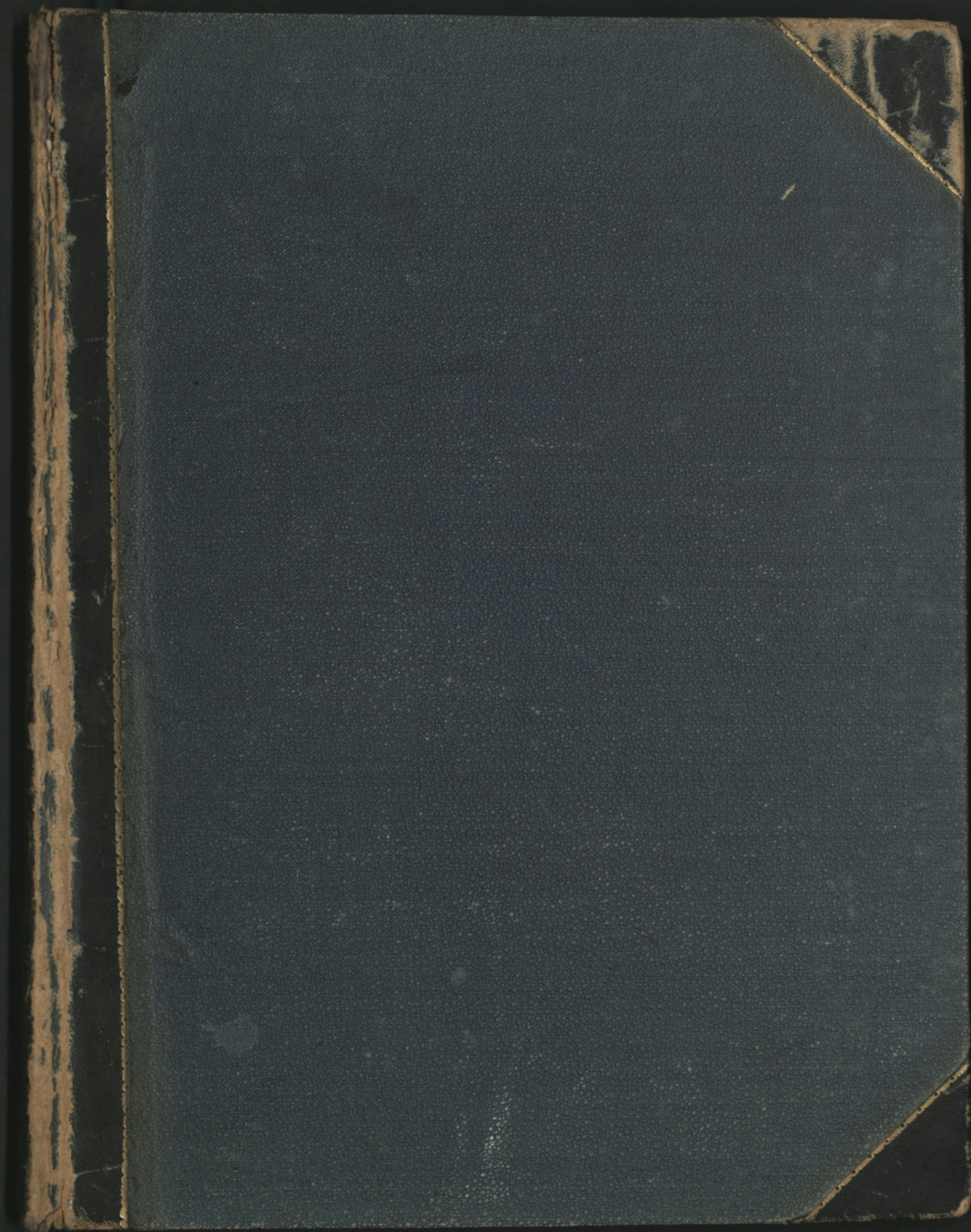




SHIPMAN'S
PATENT
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BOOK
PATENTED JUNE 13, 1871

#32

Enough for
An Anthology!



Mary E. Starbuck

July 12. 1881

Mary E. Starbuck

LABORARE EST ORARE.

"Although St. Francesca was unwearied in her devotions, yet if during her prayers she was called away by her husband or any domestic duty she would close the book cheerfully, saying that a wife and mother when called upon must quit her God at the altar to find him in her domestic affairs."—*Legends of the Monastic Orders.*

How infinite and sweet, thou everywhere
And all abounding Love, thy service is!
Thou liest an ocean round my world of care,
My petty every day; and fresh and fair
Pour thy strong tides through all my crevices
Until the silence ripples into prayer.

That thy full glory may abound, increase,
And so thy likeness shall be formed in me
I pray; the answer is not rest or peace,
But charges, duties, wants, anxieties,
Till there seems room for everything but thee,
And never time for anything but these.

And I should fear, but lo! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,
I hear thy garment's sweep, thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern thy gracious form not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless.

The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see
Only the glancing needle which they hold,
But all my life is blossoming inwardly,
And every breath is like a litany,
While through each labor, like a thread of gold,
Is woven the sweet consciousness of thee.
—*Susan Coolidge.*

THE ONE WHO STAYS AT HOME.

The wheels of the world go round and round,
In the press of the busy throng,
Morn with its matin melody,
And night with its vesper song;
The tides are out and the tides are in,
Like the sea with its ebb and flow,
For there's always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Abroad on the highway's noisy track
There is rush of hurrying feet,
The sparks fly out from the wheels of time
To brighten the bitter and sweet;
But apart from the beaten road and path,
Where the pulse of earth runs slow,
There is always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Over and over good-bys are said
In tones that die with the day,
When eyes are wet that cannot forget,
And smiles have faded away;
Smiles that are worn as over a grave
Flowers will blossom and blow;
For there's always one to stay at home
Where there is one to go.

Always one for the little tasks
Of a day that is never done;
Always one to sit down at night
And watch with the stars alone;
And he who fights on the world's broad field,
With banner and blast and drum,
Little dreams of a battle gained
By the one who stayed at home!

—*Selected.*

IMMORTAL LIFE.

Immortal life is something to be earned,
By slow self-conquest, comradeship with pain
And patient seeking after higher truths.
We cannot follow our own wayward wills,
And feed our baser appetites, and give
Loose reign to foolish tempers year on year,
And then cry "Lord, forgive me, I believe,"
And straightway bathe in glory. Men must learn
God's system is too grand a thing for that.
The spark divine dwells in our souls, and we
Can fan it to a steady flame of light
Whose lustre guilds the pathway to the tomb,
And shines on through eternity, or else
Neglect it till it gimmers down to death,
And leaves us but the darkness of the grave.
Each conquered passion feeds the living flame;
Each well-borne sorrow is a step toward God;
No faith can rescue and no blood redeem
The soul that will not reason and resolve.
And there are spirits, messengers of love,
Who come at call and fortify our strength.
Make friends with them, and with thine inner self;
Cast out all envy, bitterness and hate,
And keep the mind's fair tabernacle pure.
Shake hands with pain, give greeting unto grief,
Those angels in disguise, and thy glad soul
From height to height, from star to shining star,
Shall climb and claim blest immortality.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

AS SUNG BY MR. SANKEY.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer—"This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard it cry—
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of Heaven:
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne:
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

INDIRECTION.

BY RICHARD REALE.*

Fair are the flowers and the children, but subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is hidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling,
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater:
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives, thrills the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the woer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing?
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine. —Atlantic.

*The author of this poem committed suicide in St. Louis soon after it was written.

MY SLAIN.

This sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee,
This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,
With her low gentle prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so
You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,
Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh,
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress;
I am not worthy of your innocent faith;
I who with whetted knives of worldliness
Did put my own child-heartedness to death,
Beside whose grave I pace forever more,
Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now.
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple bough
Laughs into blossoms, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas! alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet
It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years,
O, meaning life, with life irreconciled;
O, backward-looking thought, O pain, O tears,
For us there is not any silver sound
Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
Which makes men mummies, weighs out every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with the scoffing br
Woe worth the peering, analytic days
That dry the tender juices in the breast,
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
Nor any God except Necessity.
What can ye give my poor, starved life in lieu
Of this dead cherub which I slew for ye?
Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dunce,
Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once.

—Richard Reale.

THEN AND NOW.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

I think that good must come of good,
And ill of evil—surely—unto all—
In every place and time—seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things
From poison stocks; yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience
peace

Even while we live; and when 'tis willed we die
Shall there not be as good a "then" as "now?"
Haply much better! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,
And all the starchy chapmank's white and gold
Lurks in those little, naked, gray spring buds.
And therefore, holy sir! my life is glad,
Nowise forgetting yet those other lives
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable
Whereon the gods grant pity! but for me,
What good I see I humbly seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come
well.

PHILOSOPHY.

Why does the bud that is near to its breaking
Wake sweeter smiles than the fully blown rose?
Why does the dream on the verge of awaking
Stir deeper truths than a deeper repose?

Why does the love that is broken with parting
Lift itself higher by the fullness of pain?
Why is the incomplete rapture of starting
Close on completion we never attain?

Why? For a boundless, unsatisfied longing
Lies deepest down in the warm human heart;
Ever with this are the sympathies thronging,
Ever by this do the heaven flowers start.

Grow with our Spring, we can follow you wholly
Only so far as its instincts are sent;
Summer's a fact that is hidden and holy—
We have not seen it; we are not content.

Sunday Afternoon.

INTUITIONS.

The poet knows if his song be true,
For it comes with a whirl and a fire
As his fingers, wandering in the dark
Over Life's harp strings, strike a spark
Out of the golden wire.

The artist knows if his art be true,
For it seizes and wields his hand,
While smites his anointed heart and eye
The vision Beautiful passing by;
Few see, none understand.

The master knows if his theme be drawn
From the eternal score.
For his Eden, held by a flaming sword,
Opes, and he hears the liquid word
That haunts him evermore.

The lover knows if his love be true,
For he reads, untaught, the scroll
Of another life, with the wondering thought
That the universe to man is brought
In the touch of a kindred soul.

The Christian knows if his faith be true,
For he feels the hallowed blade
Of his soul's ideal pierce his heart
With the wound that heals, and he bears
his part
Of the cross on the Saviour laid.
—Henry L. Carey.

INTIMATION.

BY THE LATE RICHARD REALE.

All around us lie the awful sacrednesses
Of babes and cradles, graves and hoary hairs,
Of youthful laughter and of manly cares,
Of moaning sighs and passionate caresses,
Of infinite ascensions of the soul,
And gnawing hungers of the heavy flesh,
Of cottage virtues, and the solemn roll
Of populous cities' thunder, and the fresh
Warm faith of childhood, sweet as mignonette
Among Doubt's bitter herbage, and the dear
Re-glimpses of the earlier stars that set
Down the blue skies of our lost wondersphere,
And all the consecrations and delights
Woven in the texture of the days and nights

The daily miracle of life goes on
Within our chambers, at our household hearths,
In sober duties and in jocund mirths,
In all the unquiet hopes and fears that run
Out of our hearts along the edges of
The terrible abysses; in the calms
Of friendship, in the ecstasies of love,
In burial dirges and in marriage psalms;
In all the far, weird voices that we hear,
In all the mystic visions we behold,
In our soul's summers when the days are clear,
And in our winters when the nights are cold,
And in the subtle secrets of our breath,
And that Annunciation men call Death.

O Earth, thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Albeit it holds the Message unawares. [not
All shapes and sounds have something which is
Of them; a spirit walks amid the grass,
Vague outlines of the Everlasting thought
Melt in the mellow shadows as they pass,
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The tranquil sunsets and the brooding hills.

Forever, through the world's material forms,
God shoots His immaterial. Night and day
Apocalyptic intimations stray
Down the dark lanes of matter; viewless arms
Lean lovingly toward us from the air,
There is a breathing marvel in the sea,
The sapphire foreheads of the mountains wear
A light within light which ensymbols the
Unutterable Beauty and Perfection
That, with immeasurable striving, strives,
Through bodied form and sensuous indirection
To hint unto our dull and hardened lives
(Poor lives that cannot see nor hear aright),
His bodiless glories which are out of sight.

IN THE GOLDEN DAYS.

By the waters of Life we sat together,
Hand in hand, in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When hours were anthems and speech was praise;
When the heart kept time to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs that ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices molian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of being on us weighed;
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we roamed together;
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.
And under the trees the angels walked,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us sacredly while we talked
Softly in tender communings.

—Richard Reale.

Save, oh, save!
From the cradle to the grave!

In Memoriam.

BY ANNA C. STARBUCK.

As pure a heart—a young and manly heart—
As ever bore the weight of earthly cross—
Except the One that bore it for us all—
And dropped no murmur from pain-stricken lips,
Has entered on its heaven appointed rest.
A life so free from any stain or dross;
That kept clean hands through all the eager strife
And turmoil of the race for gain and power
That restless men are waging year by year;
Sure such a life in Heaven shall meet reward,
And He whose cup of pain was hard to drink,
Yet bowed Him meekly to His Father's will,
Has surely read our brother's patient soul,
And on His bosom borne him safely home.
Our faith shall triumph even through our tears;
We know his spirit evermore is free
From all the pain and weariness of earth,
And though our loss should bide through all the years,
And shadows tinge the home at even-tide,
We know a ransomed soul was born to bliss
The summer day our brother Edwin died.

IT IS WELL.

"Is it well with thee, and with thy husband, and
with the child?" And she said, "It is well."—*Second
Kings, 19:26.*

Yes; it is well! The evening shadows lengthen;
Home's golden gates shine on our ravished sight;
And though the tender ties we strove to strengthen
Break one by one—at evening-time 'tis light.

'Tis well! The way was often dull and weary;
The spirit fainted oft beneath its load;
No sunshine comes from skies all gray and dreary,
And yet our feet were bound to tread that road.

'Tis well that not again our hearts shall shiver
Beneath old sorrows, once so hard to bear;
That not again beside Death's darksome river
Shall we deplore the good, the loved, the fair.

No more with tears, wrought from deep, inner an-
guish,
Shall we bewail the dear Hopes crushed and gone
No more need we in doubt or fear to languish;
So far the Day is past, the journey done!

As voyagers, by fierce winds beat and broken,
Come into port, beneath a calmer sky,
So we, still bearing on our brows the token
Of tempest past, draw to our Haven nigh.

A sweet air cometh from the Shore immortal,
Inviting Homeward at the day's decline;
Almost we see where from the open portal
Fair forms stand beckoning with their smiles divine.

'Tis well! The earth with all her myriad voices
Has lost the power our senses to enthral;
We hear, above the tumult and the noises,
Soft tones of music, like an angel's call.

'Tis well, O friends We would not turn—retracing
The long, vain years, nor call our lost youth back
Gladly, with spirits braced, the Future facing,
We leave behind the dusty, foot-worn track.
—*Chambers's Journal.* J. H.

When the Grass Shall Cover Me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot, where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms nor winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing;
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was,"
You will say, "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me,

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom;
While I laugh, or weep, or sing
Nevertheless, for any thing;
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet, small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait—
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow;
When your heart will moan, "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

[Transcript.]

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the loyal hand had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old, familiar way:
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow.
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.
—*Christian Union.*

GROWING OLD.

Softly, oh softly the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;
Sorrow and death did they often bring nigh thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.

Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home-light,
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail and the harbor in sight.

Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest;

Past all the currents that wooed thee unwilling
Far from the port and the land of the blest.

Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow
When the bright faces of children are seen,
Never a year from their youth would'st thou borrow,
Thou dost remember what lieth between,

Growing old willingly,
Gladly, I ween.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,
Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years,
Rich in a love that grew from and above it,
Soothing thy sorrow and hushing thy fears.

Growing old wealthily,
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened;
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;

Many a face at thy kind word has brightened—
"It is more blessed to give than receive."

Growing old happily,
Blest, we believe.

Eyes that grew dim to the earth and its glory
See but the brighter, the heavenly glow;

Ears that are dull to the world and its story;
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow;

All this sweet recompense
Youth cannot know.

Forward, yet softly the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;

Sorrow and death did they often bring nigh thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear,

Growing old gracefully,
Graceful and fair.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet, grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him, and dismissed

With hard words and unkindness,
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed.

But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.

And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put within his reach

A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells;
A bottle with blue bells.

And two French copper coins, ranged there with care-
ful art.

To comfort his sad heart,
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said,

"Ah, when at last we lie with transcended breath,
Not vexing thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,

How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly, not less

Than I whom thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,

"I will be sorry for their childishness." *
Century Old-time?

GOLDEN SILENCES.

There is silence that saith, "Ah me!"
There is silence that nothing saith;
One the silence of life forlorn,
One the silence of death;
One is, and the other shall be.

One we know and have known for long,
One we know not, but we shall know,
All we who have ever been born;
Even so, be it so—
There is silence, despite a song.

Sowing day is a silent day,
Resting night is a silent night;
But whoso reaps the ripened corn
Shall shout in his delight,
While silences vanish away.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

MILLET'S SOWER.

In the dim dawning sow thy seed,
And in the evening stay not thy hand.
What it will bring forth, wheat or weed,
Who can know, or who understand?
Few will heed;
Yet sow thy seed.

See, the red sunrise before thee glows,
Though close behind thee night lingers still
Flapping their fatal wings come the black fowl
Following, following, over the hill.
No repose!
Sow thou thy seed.

We too went sowing in glad sunrise:
Now it is twilight; sad shadows fall.
Where is the harvest? Why lift we our eyes?
What could we see? But our God seeth all.
Fast life flies:
Sow the good seed.

Though we may cast it with trembling hand,
Spirit half broken, heart sick and faint,
His winds will scatter it over the land,
His rain will nourish and cleanse it from taint.
Sinner or saint,
Sow thy good seed.
[D. Mulock-Craig]

The Childless Mother.

I lay my tasks down one by one,
I sit in the silence in twilight's grace;
Out of its shadow, soft and dun,
Steals like a star my baby's face.

Mocking cold are the world's poor joys,
How poor to me all its pomp and pride!
In my lap lie the baby's idle toys,
In this very room the baby died.

I will shut these broken toys away
Under the lid where they mutely bide;
I will smile in the face of the noisy day,
Just as if baby had never died.

I will take up my work once more,
As if I had never laid it down;
Who will dream that I ever wore
Motherhood's fine and holy crown?

Who will deem my life ever bore
Fruit the sweeter in grief and pain?
The fitting smile that the baby wore
Outraged the light of the loftiest brain.

I'll meet him in the world's rude din,
Who hath outlived his mother's kiss,
Who hath forsaken her love for sin—
I will be spared her pang in this.

Man's way is hard and sore beset;
Many must fall, but few can win.
Thanks, dear Shepherd! My lamb is safe,
Safe from sorrow and safe from sin.

Nevertheless the way is long,
And tears leap up in the light of the sun.
I'd give my world for a cradle song,
And a kiss from baby—only one.
Mary Clemmer Ames.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

[From the German.]

How, in our life-boat, can we
Right safely journey o'er life's sea,
And pass the threatening rocks? asked he.
"Row thou," softly answered she.

How can life's dangers we forget,
That us from early youth beset,
And all our miseries? asked he.
"Sleep thou," softly answered she.

How can, through the years' long chain,
We beauty's favor still retain,
Without love potion's aid? asked he.
"Love thou," softly answered she.
—E. L. S. in the Cincinnati Commercial.

BEST.

Mother, I see with your nursery light,
Leading your babies all in white,
To their sweet rest;
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,
And that is best!

I cannot help tears when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine,
On your warm breast;
But the Saviour's is purer than yours or mine;
He can love best.

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms,
And sore oppressed;
My darlings are safe and out of reach of harms,
And that is best.

You know over yours may hang even now
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow
Naught can arrest;
Mine in God's garden run to and fro,
And that is best.

You know that of yours the feeblest one
And dearest may live long years alone,
Unloved, unloved;
Mine are cherished of saints around God's throne,
And that is best.

You must dread for yours the crime that sears
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,
And unconfessed;
Mine entered spotless on eternal years,
Oh! how much best!

But grief is selfish, and I cannot see
Always why I should so stricken be
More than the rest;
But I know that, as well for them, for me
God did the best!

—Helen Hunt.

UNDERTONES.

Do you sing?—the sweetest songs
Tell of sorrows and of wrongs.
Do you love?—perfect love
Only lives in realms above;
And the careless are the light—
Light of heart and light of head;
And ye robe the bride in white,
And in white ye shroud the dead.

—Infelicitissime.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-much,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of mother-hood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret,
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more:

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite, to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

—From THE ALDINE for September

Lament of the Prince of Choshu, on the Death of his Wife.

Waking at midnight, when the world is still,
Alone I seem to drift upon a tide
Of dreary waters, while the dying moon
Sinks slowly, gathering all her tender rays,
And leaving the dark visaged night forlorn.
Moans the wild wind; the air is filled with
frost:
My eyes are dull, but solitude and cold
Like cruel throated watch dogs scare away
The timid traveler, sleep.

I cannot rest:
A dear face shines upon me like a star
Through death and darkness. Poor, sweet,
lonely love!
Oh! I would be the stone upon her grave,
Or the least flower that blossoms on her dust,
But for the blessed hope that I shall meet
My darling somewhere in the silent land.
The rock of death divides the rushing wave.
But the twin streams shall surely meet again.

Through the dim world the village temple
bell
Touches my ears, and every solemn sound
Repeats her name, whose pensive thoughts were
prayer:
My arms are empty, but my heart is full,
And shall be full of her for evermore.

Japan Mail.

MY BIRD AND I.

The day is young and I am young,
The red bird whistles to his mate;
He sits the tender leaves among,
I swing upon the garden gate;
He sings that life is always gay—
"A day so fair can never die;"
I laugh and cast my flowers away;
We are so happy, he and I.

Deep wading through the yellow wheat,
My sheaves unbound within my hand,
I sink to rest my tired feet,
And noonday heat broods o'er the land;
The red bird falters in his song—
We fear the day will never die;
The minutes drag the hours along—
We are so weary, he and I.

I stand alone; my work is done;
The bird lies dying at my feet;
There's promise in the setting sun;
The evening air blows soft and sweet.
My binded sheaves I lay aside;
The day is dead; I, too, must die.
When stars come out at eventide,
We shall be resting, he and I.

—Kate St. Clair Greenleaf.

The Kingdom of Home.

The following song was decided by the committee,
consisting of Alice Cary, Bayard Taylor, and C. A.
Dana, to be entitled to the prize offered by *Hearth and*
Home:

Dark is the night, and fitful and drearily
Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea:
Little care I, as here I sing cheerily,
Wife at my side and baby on knee,
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer as onward we go,
Forces the shadow behind us, and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

Flashes the lovelight, increasing the glory,
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul,
Telling of trust and content the sweet story,
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom, and Love is the King!

Richer than miser with perishing treasure,
Served with a service no conquest could bring;
Happy with fortune that words cannot measure,
Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing,
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom, and Love is the King!

ONE HEART, ONE WAY.

Say this, dear one, of me,
When from my dead heart summer roses spring
The season through—when the bee and bird sing
Their low, sweet jubilee—
Say this: Through life's strange day
Of joy and sorrow, studying to be true—
With bleeding feet stern duty to pursue—
She kept one heart, one way.

A LESSON.

I SAID, my life is a beautiful thing,
I will crown me with its flowers,
I will sing of its glory all day long,
For my harp is young, and sweet, and strong,
And the passionate power in my song
Shall thrill all the golden hours.

And over the sand, and over the stone,
Forever and ever the waves rolled on.

I said, my life is a terrible thing,
All ruined, and lost, and crushed,
I will heap its ashes upon my head,
I will wail for my joy and my darling dead,
Till the dreary dirge for the days that are fled
Stirs faint through the dull dumb dust.

And over the sand, and over the stone,
Forever and ever the waves rolled on.

I said, I was proud in my hour of mirth,
And mad in my first despair.
Now, I know nor earth, nor sky, nor sea,
Has heed or helping for one like me.
The doom or the boon comes, let it be.
For us, we can but bear.

And over the sand, and over the stone,
Forever and ever the waves rolled on.

—All the Year Round.

PATIENCE.

Were there no night, we could not read the stars,
The heavens would turn into a blinding glare;
Freedom is best seen through the prison-bars,
And rough seas make the haven passing fair.

We cannot measure joys but by their loss;
When blessings fade away, we see them then;
Our richest clusters grow around the cross,
And in the night, the angels sing to men.

The seed must first be buried deep in earth,
Before the lily opens to the sky;
So "light is sown," and gladness has its birth
In the dark depths, where we can only cry.
"Life out of death," is heaven's unwritten law;
Nay, it is written in a myriad forms;
The victor's palm grows on the field of war,
And strength and beauty are the fruit of storms.

Come, then, my soul, be brave to do and bear;
Thy life is bruised that it may be more sweet;
The cross will soon be left, the crown we'll wear—
Nay, we will cast it at our Savior's feet.

And up among the glories never told,
Sweeter than music of the marriage-bell,
Our hands will strike the vibrant harp of gold
To the glad song, "He doeth all things well."

—Sunday Magazine.

IN SNOW.

O English mother in the ruddy glow
Hugging your baby closer when outside
You see the silent, soft, and cruel snow
Falling again, and think what ill betide
Unshelter'd creatures,—your sad thoughts may go
Where War and Winter now two spectral wolves,
Hunt in the freezing vapor that involves
Those Asian peaks of ice and gulfs below.
Does this young soldier heed the snow that fills
His mouth and open eyes? or mind, in truth,
To-night, his mother's parting syllables?
His coat is red—but what of that? Keep ruth
For others; this is but an Afghan youth
Shot by the stranger on his native hills.

—Fraser's Magazine.

["Most of the Afghan dead were fine, well-built young
fellows."—Special Correspondent of the Standard,
December 10th, 1878.]

THEN AND NOW.

Two from the shining fields returning,
Bearing the golden rye,
Smile at the autumn sunlight burning
Low in the western sky.

Two in the ancient fortress dreaming
Wake at the trumpet's call;
He, in his burnished armor gleaming,
Rides from the castle-wall.

Once again to the smiling meadows
Cometh the bounteous year;
Turrets swathed in the evening shadows
Glorious-flamed appear.

Two that were strong in the old-time reaping
Gather the sheaves to-day—
Childish laughter about them keeping
Tune to the sickles' play!

Only the castle, dark with sable,
Echoes a drear death-moan—
Shattered the sword on the oaken table,
Mother and child alone!

—Tyler B. King.

POSSESSION.

I.
"It was our wedding day
A month ago," dear heart, I hear you say,
If months, or years, or ages since have passed,
I know not: I have ceased to question Time.
I only know that once there pealed a chime
Of joyous bells, and then I held you fast,
And all stood back, and none my right denied,
And forth we walked; the world was free and wide
Before us. Since that day,
I count my life; the Past is washed away.

II.
It was no dream, that vow:
It was the voice that woke me from a dream,
A happy dream, I think; but I am waking now,
And drink the splendor of a sun supreme
That turns the mist of former years to gold.
Within these arms I hold
The fleeting promise, chased so long in vain:
Ah, weary bird! thou wilt not fly again;
Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no more depart,
Thy nest is builded in my heart!

III.
I was the crescent; thou
The silver phantom of the perfect sphere,
Held in its bosom; in one glory now
Our lives united shine, and many a year—
Not the sweet moon of bridal only—we
One lustre, ever at the full, shall be:
One pure and rounded light, one planet whole,
One life developed, one completed soul!
For I in thee, and thou in me,
Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

IV.
God knew his chosen time.
He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,
And from my boughs withheld the promised fruit,
Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root.
Secure, O Love! secure
Thy blessing is: I have thee day and night;
Thou art become my blood, my life, my light;
God's mercy thou, and therefore shalt endure.
—Bayard Taylor.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY.

If thou must love me let it be for nought,
Except for love's sake only. Do not say—
"I love her for her smile, her look, her way
Of speaking gently—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."
For these things in themselves, beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love so
wrought
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks
dry—
Since one might well forget to weep who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby:
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on through love's eternity.

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

BY ALICE CARY.

We're married, they say, and you think you have
won me,
Well, take this white veil from my head, and look
on me;
Here's matter to vex you, and matter to grieve you,
Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith to believe
you—
I am all as you see, common earth, common dew;
Be wary, and mould me to roses, not rue!
Ah! shake out the filmy thing, fold after fold,
And see if you have me to keep and to hold,—
Look close on my heart—see the worst of its sinning—
It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's winning—
The past is not mine—I am too proud to borrow—
You must grow to new heights if I love you to-mor-
row.

We're married! I'm plighted to hold up your praises,
As the turf at your feet does its handful of daisies;
That way lies my honor,—my pathway of pride,—
But, mark you, if greener grass grow either side,
I shall know it, and keeping in body with you,
Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the dew!

We're married! O, pray that our love do not fail;
I have wings flattened down and hid under my veil;
They are subtle as light—you can never undo them,
And swift in their flight you can never pursue them,
And spite of all clasping, and spite of all bands,
I can slip like a shadow, a dream from your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me,
I am yours for my lifetime, to be what you make
me,—

To wear my white veil for a sign or a cover,
As you shall be proven my lord, or my lover;
A cover for peace that is dead, or a token
Of bliss that can never be written or spoken.

ADONAI'S.

*** "Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day."—Milton.

Shall we meet no more, my love, at the binding of f
sheaves,
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low,
When the orchard paths are dim with the drift o
fallen leaves,
As the reapers sing together in the mellow misty
eves?
Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds
blow!

Love met us in the orchard ere the corn had gathered
plume—

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds
blow!

Sweet as summer days that die when the months
are in their bloom,

When the peaks are ripe with sunset, like the tassels
of the broom

In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low,
Sweet as summer days that die, leaving sweeter each
to each—

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds
blow!

All the heart was full of feeling; Love had ripened
into speech,

Like the sap that turns to nectar in the velvet of the
peach,

In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low,
Sweet as summer days that die at the ripening of the
corn—

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds
blow!

Sweet as lovers' fickle oaths sworn to faithless maids
forsworn,

When the musty orchard breathes like a mellow drink-
ing horn

Over happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low,
Love left us at the dying of the mellow autumn eves—

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds
blow!

When the skies are ripe and fading, like the colors of
the leaves,

And the reapers kiss and part at the binding of the
sheaves

In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low,
Then the reapers gather home from the gray and
misty meres—

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds
blow!

Then the reapers gather home, and they bear upon
their spears

Love whose face is like the moon's fallen pale among
the spheres

With the daylight's blight upon it as the sun sinks
low.

Faint as far-off bugles blowing soft and low the reap-
ers sing—

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds
blow!

Sweet as summer in the blood when the heart is ripe
and young,

Love is sweetest in the dying, like the sheaves he lies
among

In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.
—Will Wallace Harney, in Harper's Magazine for
October.

APART.

I ear heart, I love thee so,
I turn my face
Again, again, each day
Toward thy far-off place;
I even note the way
Of clouds, if thitherward they go,
I love thee so.

The time not by my sun
I count, but thine;
I keep the reckoning
By many a precious sign;
I know so well each thing
Thou dost, my thought can swift fore-run
Thy later sun.

Oh, why are we apart?
No atom can
From atom in the earth
Remove, but jars the plan
God fashioned in its birth;
How dare we break true love's true heart,
Going apart?

—[H. H. in March Atlantic

NOT YET.

Not yet, O friend! not yet;
The patient stars
Lean from their lattices content to wait.
All is illusion till the morning bars
Slip from the levels of the Eastern gate.
Night is too young, O friend! day is too near;
Wait for the day that maketh all things clear—
Not yet, O friend! not yet;

Not yet, O friend! not yet;
All is not true;
All is not ever as it seemeth now;
Soon shall the river take another hue,
Soon dies yon light upon the mountain brow.
What lieth dark, O love! bright day will fill;
Wait for thy morning, be it good or ill—
Not yet, O love! not yet.

BRET HARTE.

A WATCH OF THE NIGHT.

BY CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

Italy, what of the night?
Ah, child, child, it is long!
Moonbeam and starbeam and song
Leave it dumb now and dark.
Yet I perceive on the light
Eastward, not now very far,
A song too loud for the lark,
A light too strong for a star.

Germany, what of the night?
Long has it lulled me with dreams;
Now at mid watch, as it seems,
Light is brought back to mine eyes,
And the mastery of old and the might
Lives in the joints of mine hands,
Steadies my limbs as they rise,
Strengthens my foot as it stands.

Europe, what of the night?
Ask of heaven, and the sea,
And my babes on the bosom of me.
Nations of mine, but ungrown,
There is one who shall requite,
All that endure or that err;
She can answer alone,
Ask not of me, but of her.

Liberty, what of the night?
I feel not the red rains fall.
Hear not the tempest at all,
Nor thunder in heaven any more.
All the distance is white
With the soundless feet of the sun.
Night, with the woes that it wore,
Night is over and done.

TWO.

One sang all day, more merry than a lark
That mounts the morning skies;
One silent sat, and lifted patient eyes.
One heart kept happy time from dawn to day
With all glad things that be;
One listless, throbbled alone o memory.

To one, all blessed knowledge was revealed,
And love made clear the way;
One thirsted, asked, and was denied away.
To one, a glad, brief day, that slumber sealed
And kept inviolate;

To one, long years, that only knew to wait.
—Overland Monthly.

An Epitaph.

Breathe not nil nisi bonum o'er my dust;
A manly soul would ever take to task
The charity that stifles truth, and ask
That what thou sayest be severely just.

If all my virtue be a hollow crust,
My heart a devil's shrine, my face a mask
Of Christian love, that living I may bask
In men's approval, then dispel their trust.

Nor do I crave for studied praise of wit
And wisdom that I never had possessed;
I should go hence content if on the bit
Of stone that tells my dates of birth and rest,
In truth and soberness there might be writ,
"He was loved best by those who knew him best."
—Wilbur Larremore, in The Overland Monthly.

True Greatness.

I count that man, who striving well,
Wins not by fate nor chance;
Greater than he who set a hell
Of swords around fair France.

I count that man, who losing all
Plucks heart to win again,
Greater than Cæsar who, in Gaul,
Did slay a million men.

I count that man, who living right
Scorns every shade of wrong,
Greater than he, who wins a fight,
Or gains a name in song.

"FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE."

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed—"O venusta Sirmio!"
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the Summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
Came that "Ave atque Vale" of the Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
"Frater Ave atque Vale"—as we wandered to and fro,
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda-lake below
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!
—*Alfred Tennyson, in Nineteenth Century.*

I AM DYING, EGYPT, DYING.

BY GENERAL W. H. LYTLE.

I am dying, Egypt, dying—
Ebbes the crimson life tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, oh Queen support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear—
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone must hear.

Tho' my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
Tho' my wreck'd and shattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Tho' no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die, the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low,
'Twas no foe's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that dealt thy blow;
Here, then, pillow'd on thy bosom,
Ere his star shall lose its ray,
Him who drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home;
Seek her, say the gods have told me,
Alas, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light my path to Stygian horrors,
With the splendor of thy smile;
Give this Caesar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying—
Hark! Th' insulting foe's cry;
They are coming! Quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell—
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra! Rome! Farewell.

PRODIGALS.

"Princes!—and you, most valorous
Nobles!—and barons of all degrees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us—
Beggars that come from the over-seas!
Nothing we ask of gold or fees;
Harry us not with the hounds, we pray!
Lo!—for the suitor's heu we seize—
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

"Dames most delicate, amorous!
Damosels blithe as the belted bees!
Hearken awhile to the prayer of us—
Beggars that come from the over-seas!
Nothing we ask of the things that please;
Weary are we, and worn, and gray;
Lo!—for we clutch and we clasp your knees—
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

"Damosels, dames, be piteous!"
(But the dames rode fast by the roadway trees.)
"Hear us, O knights magnanimous!"
(But the knights pricked on in their panoplies.)
Nothing they eat of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast and say:
"Life we drank to the dregs and lees;
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"

ENVOY.

Youth! take heed to the prayer of these!
Many there be by the dusky way,
Many that cry to the rocks and seas,
"Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"
—*Austin Dobson.*

A TRAGEDY.

A soft-breasted bird from the sea
Fell in love with the lighthouse flame;
And it wheeled round the tower on its airiest wing,
And floated and cried like a lovelorn thing;
It brooded all day and it fluttered all night,
But could win no look from the steadfast light.

For the flame had its heart afar—
Afar with the ships at sea;
It was thinking of children and waiting wives,
And darkness and danger to sailors' lives;
But the bird had its tender bosom pressed
On the glass where at last it dashed its breast.
The light only flickered, the brighter to glow;
But the bird lay dead on the rocks below.
—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

THE KING'S DUST.

"Thou shalt die," the priest said to the king;
"Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring,
Like the dust of any common thing
One day thou upon the winds shalt blow!"
"Nay, not so," the king said: "I shall stay
While the great sun in the sky makes day;
Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away.
In my tomb I wait till all things go!"

Then the king died. And with myrrh and nard
Washed with palm wine, swathed in linen hard,
Rolled in naphtha gum, and under guard
Of his steadfast tomb they laid the king.
Century fled to century; still he lay
Whole as when they hid him first away—
Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say.
He, it seemed, the king, knew everything.

One day armies, with the tramp of doom,
Overthrew the huge blocks of the tomb:
Arrowy sunbeams searched its chambered gloom
Bedouins camped about the sand-blown spot.
Little Arabs, answering to their name,
With a broken mummy fed the flame.
Then a wind among the ashes came,
Blew them lightly—and the king was not!
—*Harriet Prescott Spofford in St. Nicholas.*

UNTIL THE DAYBREAK.

When will the day bring its pleasure?
When will the night bring its rest?
Reaper and gleaner and thresher
Peer toward the East and the West:
The Sower He knoweth, and He knoweth best.

Meteors flash forth and expire,
Northern lights kindle and pale;
These are the days of desire,
Of eyes looking upward that fall;
Vanishing days as a finishing tale.

Bows down the crop in its glory
Ten-fold, fifty-fold, hundred-fold;
The millet is ripened and hoary,
The wheat ears are ripened to gold:
Why keep us waiting in dimness and cold?

The Lord of the harvest, He knoweth
Who knoweth the first and the last:
The Sower Who patiently soweth,
He scanneth the present and past:
He saith, "What thou hast, what remaineth,
hold fast."

Yet, Lord, o'er Thy toil-wearied weepers
The storm-clouds hang muttering and frown:
On threshers and gleaners and reapers,
O Lord of the harvest, look down;
Oh for the harvest, the shout and the crown!

"Not so," saith the Lord of the reapers,
The Lord of the first and the last:
"O my toilers, my weary, my weepers,
What ye have what remaineth, hold fast.
Hide in my heart till the vengeance be past."
—*Christina G. Rossetti, in A Pageant and Other Poems. Roberts Bros., publishers.*

THE LUCKY ARCHER.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SAADE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

A group of archers, famous with the bow,
Met in a Persian city long ago;
And, winning by their archery much renown,
Their neat exploits were told through all the town.

These moved, at length, the much-delighted king
To stake in contest his resplendent ring,
Whose jewels shone, suspended from afar,
Like the bright light of some superior star.
The ring was fixed upon a tower as high
As any that aspired to reach the sky.
And he who shot his slender arrow through
Should have the prize: no more had he to do.
But, out of hundreds, taking frequent aim,
Not one the jewel or the feat could claim.

At length a boy, who shot in merest play—
One who had never practiced till that day—
Pulled, by some curious chance, upon the string,
And sent an arrow whizzing through the ring!

Towards him now turned at once a thousand eyes,
His were the people's plaudits—his the prize;
But, when the precious jewel he had got,
He burned his bow and arrows on the spot.
Then many murmured: "Why, O foolish boy,
Do you your trusty weapons thus destroy?"
The boy replied: "Them to the flames I give
In order that my lucky fame may live."

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

In the name of the empress of India, make way
O lords of the jungle, wherever you roam.
The woods are astrid at the close of the day—
We exiles are waiting for letters from home.
Let the robber retreat—let the tiger turn tail—
In the name of the empress, the Overland Mail.

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
He turns to the footpath that heads up the hill—
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waist belt, the postoffice bill—
"Dispatched on this date, as received by the rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail."

Is the torrent in spite? He must ford it or swim;
Has rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the cliff.
Does the tempest cry "Halt"? What are tempests to him?
The service admits not a "but" or an "if."
While the breath's in his mouth he must beat
without fail,
In the name of the empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose oak, from rose oak to fir,
From level to upland, from upland to crest,
From rice field to rock ridge, from rock ridge to spur,
Fly the soft sandaled feet, strains the brawny brown chest,
From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale—
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road—
A jingle of bells on the footpath below—
There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode—
The world is awake and the clouds are aglow,
For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail
"In the name of the empress, the Overland Mail!"
—*Rudyard Kipling.*

THE TWO RIVERS.

Slowly the hour hand of the clock moves round;
So slowly that no human eye hath power
To see it more! Slowly in shine or shower
The painted ship above it, homeward bound,
Sails, but seems motionless, as if aground;
Yet both arrive at last; and in his tower
The slumberous watchman wakes and strikes
the hour.

A mellow, measured, melancholy sound.
Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!
The frontier town and citadel of night!
The watershed of Time, from which the streams
Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way,
One to the land of promise and of light,
One to the land of darkness and of dreams!
—*Longfellow, in March Atlantic.*

THE LIMIT OF LANDS.

Between the circling ocean sea
And the poplars of Persephone,
There lies a strip of barren sand,
Fleeced with the sea's last spray and strewn
With waste leaves of the poplars blown
From gardens of the shadow land.

With altars of old sacrifice
The shore is set, in mournful wise
The mists upon the ocean brood;
Between the water and the air
The clouds are born that float and fare
Between the water and the wood,

Upon the grey sea never sail
Of mortal passed within our hail,
Where the last weak waves faint and flow;
We heard within the poplar pale
The murmur of a doubtful wail
Of voices loved so long ago.

We scarce had care to die or live,
We had no honey cake to give,
No wine of sacrifice to shed;
There lies no new path over sea,
And now we know how faint they be,
The feasts and voices of the dead.

Ah, flowers and dance! Ah, sun and snow!
Glad life, sad life we did forego.
To dream of quietness and rest;
Ah, would the fleet sweet roses here
Poured light and perfume through the drear
Pale year; and wan land of the west.

Sad youth, that let the spring go by
Because the spring is swift to fly,
Sad youth, that feared to mourn or love,
Behold how sadder far is this,
To know that rest is nowise bliss,
And darkness is the end thereof.
—*Andrew Lang.*

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

The world turns mild; democracy, they say,
Rounds the sharp knobs of character away;
And no great harm, unless at grave expense,
Of what needs edge of proof, the moral sense;
For man or race is on the downward path,
Whose fibre grows too soft for honest wrath,
And there's a subtle influence that springs
From words to modify our sense of things.
A plain distinction is obscured of late;
Men, if they will, may pardon; but the State
Forgets its function if not fixed as fate.
So thought our sires; a hundred years ago,
If men were knaves, why, people called them so,
And crime could see the prison portal bend
Its brow severe at no long vista's end;
In those days for plain things plain words would serve;
Men had not learned to admire the graceful swerve
Wherewith the æsthetic nature's genial mood
Makes public duty slope to private good;
No muddled conscience raised the saying doubt;
A soldier proved unworthy was drummed out,
An officer cashiered, a civil servant,
(No matter though his piety were fervent,
Disgracefully dismissed, and through the land
Each bore for life a stigma from the brand,
Whose far-heard hiss made others more adverse
To take the facile step from bad to worse.
The ten commandments had a meaning then,
Felt in their bones by least considerate men,
Because behind them public conscience stood
And without wincing made their mandates good.
But now that "statemanship" is just a way
To dodge the primal curse and make it pay;
Since office means a kind of patent drill,
To force an entrance to the nation's till,
And peculation something rather less
Risky than if you spelt it with an s;
Now that to steal by law is grown an art,
Whom rogues the sires, their milder sons call smart,
And "slightly irregular" dilutes the shame,
Of what had once a somewhat blunter name;
With generous curve we draw the moral line;
Our swindlers are permitted to resign;
Their guilt is wrapped in deferential names,
And twenty sympathize for one that blames.
Add national disgrace to private crime,
Confront mankind with brazen front sublime,
Steal but enough, the world is unsevere,
Tweed is a statesman, Fisk a financier;
Invent a mine and be—the Lord knows what,
Secure, at any rate, with what you've got.
The public servant who has stolen or lied,
If called on, may resign with honest pride;
As unjust favor put him in, why doubt
Disfavor as unjust has turned him out?
Even if indicted, what is that but fudge,
To him who counted in the elective judge?
Whitewashed, he quits the politician's strife
At ease in mind, with pockets filled for life;
His lady glares with gems whose vulgar blaze
The poor man through his heightened taxes pays,
Himself content if one huge Kohinoor
Bulge from a shirt front ampler than before—
But not too candid, lest it haply tend
To rouse suspicion of the people's friend;
A public meeting, treated at his cost,
Resolves him back more virtue than he lost;
With character regilt he counts his gains;
What's gone was air, the solid good remains:
For what is good, except what friend and foe
Seem both unanimous in thinking so,
The stocks and bonds which in our age of loans
Replace the stupid Pagan's stocks and stones?
With choker white, wherein no cynic eye
Dares see idealized a hempen tie,
At parish-meetings he conducts in prayer,
And pays for missions—to be sent elsewhere;
On 'change respected, to his friends endeared,
Add but a Sunday-school class, he's revered,
And his too early tomb will not be dumb
To point a moral for our youth to come.

—James Russell Lowell in the Nation.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR, 1876.

BY J. R. L.

Columbia, puzzled what she should display
Of true home-made on her Centennial Day,
Asked Brother Jonathan, he scratched his head,
Whittled a while reflectively, and said,
"Your own invention and own making, too?
Why, an' child could tell you what to do;
Show 'em your Civil Service, and explain
How all men's loss is everybody's gain;
Show your new patent to increase your rents,
By paying quarters for collecting cents;
Show your short cut to cure financial ills
By making paper-collars current bills;
Show your new bleaching process, cheap and brief,
To wit: a jury chosen by the thief;
Show your State Legislatures; show your Rings;
And challenge Europe to produce such things
As high officials sitting half in sight
To share the plunder and to fix things right;
If that don't fetch her, why, you only need
To show your latest style in martyrs—Tweed;
She'll find it hard to hide her spiteful tears
In such advance in one poor hundred years."
—*The Nation*.

STUPID PIETY.

Translation from Goethe.

If the Ass whose back did carry,
'Mid pomp of palms, the Son of Mary,
To Mecca should devoutly fare,
And worship with the pilgrims there,
He would go and back return
An Ass—the ass that he was born!
—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

GROWING OLD.

Softly, oh, softly, the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;
Sorrow and death did they often bring nigh thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.
Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home light;
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,
Under full sail and the harbor in sight.
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright;
Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
Past all the currents that wooed thee unwilling
Far from the port and the land of the blest.
Growing old peacefully,
Peaceful and blest.
Never a feeling of envy or sorrow
When the bright faces of children are seen;
Never a year from their youth would'st thou borrow,
Thou dost remember what lieth between.
Growing old willingly,
Gladly, I ween.
Rich in experience that angels might covet,
Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years,
Rich in the love that grew from and above it,
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears.
Growing old wearily,
Loving and dear.
Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened;
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
Many a face at thy kind word has brightened—
"It is more blessed to give than receive."
Growing old happily,
Blest, we believe.
Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory,
See but the brighter, the heavenly glow!
Ears that are dull to the world and its story
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow;
All their sweet recompense
Youth cannot know.
Fourscore! But softly the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;
Sorrow and death did they often bring nigh thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Graceful and fair.

Miscellaneous Reading.

CRITICS.

Translated from Goethe.

Did I, when you went a warring,
Bid your bloody battles cease?
Did I make loud protestation
When your Congress patched a peace?
Did I tell the practiced angler
Where to fling his baited line?
Did I give the wright instructions
Where to split and where to join?
But you will give me directions
How to read and how to write
From the mighty book which Nature
Opened to the poet's sight.

If you have the poet's vision,
Show what thing God showed to you;
But if my work you would measure,
First learn what I meant to do.
—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

SHE KNOWS.

We flatter ourselves—we bearded boys—
That we are deep and can conceal
All that we know, and do and feel—
Our business sorrows and club house joys—
From the innocent creatures who make our tea,
But believe me, sir, they can see
Right through and through both you and me!
As if your clove and cardamon seed
Could hide your guilt in wine and weed?
Ah! foolish mortal, do you suppose
That only to sniff the scent of the rose,
And not the odor that's in your clothes,
She's got that sweet little, pert little nose?
Your screen is only a pane of glass,
Through which she sees that you are—alas!
By no means the lion you think within,
But a long-eared thing in a lion's skin.

A CHARMING WOMAN.

A charming woman, I've heard it said
By other women as light as she;
But all in vain I puzzle my head
To find wherein the charm may be.
Her face, indeed, is pretty enough,
And her form is quite as good as the best,
Where nature has given the bony stuff,
And a clever milliner all the rest.
Intelligent? Yes—in a certain way,
With the feminine gift of ready speech,
And knows very well what *not* to say
Whenever the theme transcends her reach.
But turn the topic on things to wear,
From an opera cloak to a *robe de nuit*—
Hats, basques or bonnets—'twill make you stare
To see how fluent the lady can be.
Her laugh is hardly a thing to please;
For an honest laugh must always start
From a gleesome mood, like a sudden breeze,
And hers is purely a matter of art—
A muscular motion made to show
What nature designed to lie beneath
The finer mouth, but what can she do,
If that is ruined to show the teeth?
To her seat in church—a good half mile—
When the day is fine she is sure to go,
Arrayed, of course, in the latest style
La mode de Paris has got to show,
And she puts her hands on the velvet pew
(Can hands so white have a taint of sin?)
And thinks—how her prayer-book's tint of blue
Must harmonize with her milky skin!

Ah! what shall we say of one who walks
In fields of flowers to choose the weed?
Reads authors of whom she never talks,
And talks of authors she never reads?
She's a charming woman, I've heard it said
By other women as light as she;
But all in vain I puzzle my head
To find wherein the charm may be.
—*John G. Saxe, in Harper's Magazine*.

The Learned Young Ladies of Boston.

From the Harvard Crimson.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I am going to the Annex, sir," she said.
"What to do there, my pretty maid?"
"I am going to be cultured, sir," she said.
"What are your studies, my pretty maid?"
"Chinese and Quaternions, sir," she said.
"Then whom will you marry, my pretty maid?"
"Cultured girls don't marry, sir," she said.

IN EXPLANATION.

Her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near—
Well, I can't make it clear,
Or explain it to you,
But—her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
—*Walter Learned in Scribner's for June*.

HER LOVERS.

My first—my very first—his name was Will;
A handsome fellow fair, with curling hair,
And lovely eyes; I have his locket still.
He went to Galveston and settled there—
At least I heard so. Ah, dear me, dear me!
How terribly in love he used to be!

The second (Robert Hill,) he told his love
The first night that we met. 'Twas at a ball—
A foolish boy! He carried off my glove.
We sat out half the dances in the hall,
And flirted in the most outrageous way.
Ah, me! how mother scolded all next day!

The third woke up my heart. From night to morn,
From morn till night again I dreamed of him.
I treasured up a rosebud he had worn;
My tears and kisses made his picture dim.
Strange that I cannot feel the old, old flame
When I remember Paul—that was his name!

The fourth and fifth were brothers—twins at that,
Good fellows, kind, devoted, clever, too.
'Twas rather shabby to refuse them flat—
Both in one day; but what else could I do?
My heart was still with Paul, and he had gone
Yacht sailing with the Misses Garreston!

He never cared for me—I found that out—
Despite the foolish clinging of my hope;
A few months proved it clear beyond a doubt.
I steeled my heart; I would not pine or mope,
But masked myself in gayety, and went
To grace his wedding when the cards were sent.

So these were all my loves. My husband? Oh
I met him down in Florida one fall—
Rich, middle aged, and prosy, as you know;
He asked me—I accepted, that is all.
A good, kind soul; he worships me; but then
I never count him in with other men.

in the old green glass, would frame
dreams of half-heard harmony
heart and heart. Poor Dorothy!

L'ENVOI.

"Last I spoke. Then Florence said,
"Ame, "Dreams! delusions, Fred!
Change it is you bards must go
To find a subject, though!
In no people living, pray,
Walt Whitman's holiday?
The you make mistakes, you see:
Is it who wrote that "Dorothy!"
The co
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On Emerson, Dante (e) and Mr. G. Saxe
Your milkman converses with ease;
The plumber serenely sharpens his point
With a story of Socrates.

O fortunate Isle! O Elysian fields!
Where fresh breezes of culture blow,
Where streams of philosophy sweetly glide,
And where every one wants to know.

WAITING FOR YOU, JOCK.

WINTER's agoing;
The streams are a-flowing;
The May-flowers blowing
Will soon be in view.
But all things seem faded,
For my heart it is jaded,
Waiting for you, Jock,
Waiting for you:
Oh, but it's weary work,
Waiting for you!

As soon as the day's done,
My thoughts to the West run;
I envy the red sun,
That sinks from my view.
On you it's a-shining,
While here I am pining,
Waiting for you, Jock,
Waiting for you:
Oh, but it's weary work,
Waiting for you!

I sigh when the day beams;
The pitiful night seems
To cheer me with sweet dreams,
That bear me to you.
Each morn as you flee me,
The fading stars see me,
Waiting for you, Jock,
Waiting for you:
Oh, but it's weary work,
Waiting for you!

Go, robin, fly to him;
Sing ever nigh to him;
Summer winds, sigh to him;
Bid him be true!
Where he sleeps on the prairies,
Oh, whisper, kind fairies,
"Waiting for you, Jock,
Waiting for you!
Oh, but it's weary work,
Waiting for you!"

While washed, he quies the pontifical, serene
At ease in mind, with pockets filled for life;
His lady glares with gems whose vulgar blaze
The poor man through his heightened taxes pays.
Himself content if one huge Kohinoor
Bulge from a shirt front ampler than before—
But not too candid, lest it haply tend
To rouse suspicion of the people's friend;
A public meeting, treated at his cost,
Resolves him back more virtuous than he lost;
With character regilt he counts his gains;
What's gone was air, the solid good remains:
For what is good, except what friend and foe
Seem both unanimous in thinking so,
The stocks and bonds which in our age of loan
Replace the stupid Pagan's stocks and stones
With choker white, wherein no cynic eye
Dares see idealized a hempen tie,
At parish-meetings he conducts in prayer,
And pays for missions—to be sent elsewhere,
On 'change respected, to his friends endeared,
Add but a Sunday-school class, he's revered,
And his too early tomb will not be dumb
To point a moral for our youth to come.

A ROLAND FOR HIS OLIVER.

[Vicksburg Herald.]

(HE.)
Och, Katie O'Brien!
Plaze shup, now, yure cryn',
Or me heart ye will shplit into sphinters I'm shure!
I shwear I was foin'
But jist Mag Doolin',
For she's no moore to me than the durt an the flure.

(SHE.)
Arrah, now, me Danny!
I've lolars so manny:
It's yurself is the worsht—Troth, I tell it to you:
Divil the humbuggins—
I saw ye Mas baggin',
An' ye ought to be bate till ye're jist black and blue.

(HE.)
But, shurely, my own dear,
If I had not known, dear,
By practicin' betwene toimes I'd love ye the moore,
I'd thought av it niver—
Be me sowl, or me liver,
Now, I shwear that was it. Darlint, open the doore!

(SHE.)
Ah! Blesht be the word, dear,
I now can afford, dear,
To tell ye that Paddy's in a courtin' av me;
I, too, have been larnin'
Since sunroise this mornin',
To "practise" wid Paddy whole a waitin' for ye!

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY
AND THE TOWN.

The ladies of St. James's
Go swaging to the play;
Their footmen run before them
With a "Stand by! Clear the Way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She takes her buckled shoon.
When we go out a-courting
Beneath the harvest-moon.

The ladies of St. James's
Wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at ombre,
With candles all of wax;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She dons her russet gown
And runs to gather May dew
Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's
They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
Was broken in the air;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
The breadth of heath and furze.
When breezes blow at morning,
Is scarce so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's
They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays forever,
Their red it never dies;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her color comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily,
It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's
With "Mercy!" and with "Lud!"
They season all their speeches
(They come of noble blood:)
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her shy and simple words
Are sweet as, after rain-drops,
The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's
They have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you—for seconds,
They frown on you—for weeks;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide
Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!
I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's,
And give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida—for Phyllida
Is all the world to me!
—Austin Dobson, in *Harper's Magazine*.

LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and Heaven be our
stay.
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his
side.

What's the world, my lass, my love—what can it
do?
I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and
new.
If the world have miss'd the mark, let it stand by,
For we two have gotten leave, and once more
we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me, thy man; now the song
begins.
"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart
wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will
shine,
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day.
—Jean Ingelow.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

The following exquisite love story, from *Blackwood's Magazine*, is by a new poet—David Wingate, a collier from his ninth year:

My little wife often round the church hill,
Sweet little, dear little, neat-footed Jane,
Walked slowly, and lonely, and thoughtful until
The afternoon bell chimed its call o'er the plain;
And nothing seemed sweeter
To me than to meet her
And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be,
My heart the while glowing,
The selfish wish growing
That all her affections were centred in me.

My life at once ('tis strange but 'tis true),
Sweet little, dear little, love-troubled Jane,
So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming grew,
The bell chimed and ceased though she heard not
its strain;
And I, walking near her
(May love ever cheer her
Who thinks all such wandering of sin void and free),
Strove hard to persuade her
That He who had made her
Had destined her heart-love for no one but me.

My little wife—well, perhaps this was wrong—
Sweet little, dear little, warm-hearted Jane,
Sat on the hillside till her shadow grew long,
Nor tired of the preacher that thus could detain,
I argued so neatly,
And proved so completely,
That none but poor Andrew her husband could be,
She smiled when I blessed her,
And blushed when I kissed her,
And owned that she loved and would wed none but
me.

Who is the author of the following charming little poem, which we find, uncredited, in an exchange? It has an unaffected naturalness and pathos, together with an emotional power of so uncommon an order as to stamp it as a specimen of the highest art.

NOTHING BUT A ROSE.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose;
Any wind might rob it of its savor—
Any wind that blows.

As she took it from my trembling fingers,
With a hand so chill,
Ah! that gentle touch in memory lingers—
Thrills and haunts me still.

Faded, wrinkled, crushed beneath these pages,
Wrinkled, fold on fold,
Once it lay upon her heart, and ages
Cannot make it old.

SEGOVIA AND MADRID.

It sings to me in sunshine,
It whispers all night long;
My heart-ache like an echo
Repeats the wistful song:
Only a quaint old love-lit,
Wherein my life lies hid:
"My body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid."

I dream and wake and wonder,
For dream and day are one,
Alight with vanished faces,
And days forever done.
They smile and shine around me,
As long ago they did,
For my body is in Segovia;
But my soul is in Madrid.

Through inland hills and forests
I hear the ocean breeze,
The creak of straining cordage,
The rush of mighty seas.
The lift of angry billows
Through which a swift keel slid,
For my body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid.

Oh, fair-haired little darlings,
Who bore my heart away,
A wide and woful ocean
Between us roars to-day:
Yet am I close beside you,
Though time and space forbid:
My body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid.

If I were once in Heaven,
There would be no more sea;
My heart would cease to wonder,
My sorrows cease to be;
My sad eyes sleep forever,
In dust and daisies hid,
And my body leave Segovia—
Would my soul forget Madrid?

—ROSE TERRY COOKE, in *Harper's Magazine*, April.

[HE AND SHE.]

I'll be at the window as he goes by—
As he goes by:
He'll lift his head to look at the sky,
The western sky,
To see if the sun has set for fair,
And suddenly there
Against the sky in the golden air
He'll see a pair
Of familiar eyes; and I shall see
As he looks at me
A sudden smile and a nod, maybe;
All this in three
Or perhaps in four swift moments—then,
Ah! then,
In another moment the world of men
For him, or, when
The street is turned, a different face
To take my place,
While I by my window here retrace
Each line of the face
Which smiled at me as it passed me by,
With a glance of the eye
That swept me in with the western sky,
The sunset sky.
Tomorrow I shall be at the window when
He passes again;
He will smile and nod, and then—ah! then,
The same old story over again!
Nora Perry.]

The Four Voices.

By sober Brown Beard, whom men guess to have
seen
Of Winters and Summer some thirty-and-seven,
Tripped lightly Gold Tresses of sweet seventeen,
The bonniest creature on this side of heaven.
“How pleasant the evening sighs that stir
The rustling leaves as the woods grow dim!”
Such aimless words spake his lips to her,
But his heart was muttering low to him:
“O that the summer of life were Spring!
O to have found her long Summers ago!
Is 't yet too late? Would this bright young thing
Give the hope of her youth to—ah, no, no, no?”
Yes, pleasant it is when the woods grow dim,
To hear the sound of the leaves that stir.”
Such trivial words said her lips to him,
But her heart was whispering low to her:
“Is there ever a man like the man that I see,
A man like the Baysrd of ages ago?
He thinks me childish and foolish, ah me!
Could he really care for—ah, no, no, no!”
Quoth his lips, “Good-night; you are now at home.”
Prayed his heart, “God love her, whose ever she
be!”
Said her lips, “Good night; you were kind to come.”
Sighed her heart, “No; he never, could never love
me!”
[London Society.]

EDITH B.—A correspondent informs us that the oft-quoted line, “Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear,” originated with Ruthven Jenkyns, and was first published in the *Greenwich Magazine for Marines* in 1701 or 1702. As a literary curiosity we quote the whole poem:

“Sweetheart, good-by! the flutt'ring sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the fav'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgotten every charm,
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.
“Sweetheart, good-by! one last embrace!
O cruel Fate! true souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever!
And still shall recollection trace
In Fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face,
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.”

THE BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE.

By PAUL H. HAYNE.

[We translate this little *chanson* from Madame Michelet's exquisite work, *The Story of my Childhood*. The bridegroom and bride introduced are supposed to be peasants of the extreme south of France, and the spirit of the song, if not its precise language, is national and characteristic.]

He took her by the hand
(Dainty little hand!),
Gently took and led her
Where the priest did stand
Smilingly to wed her.
“Come, little bride,
Tripping by my side
With little steps of little feet,
Each a footfall soft and sweet,
Come, little bride!”

He takes her by the hand
(Fervid little hand!),
Warmly takes and leads her
Where the dancers stand;
And he whispers, “Sweet,
Your fairy, twinkling feet
(The tiniest feet in France)
Were made to dance, dance;
Yet you must not glide too far,
Lest these eyes should miss their star.
But, little one,
Hold Arnaud by the hand
Till the merry dance is done!”

He clasped her by the hand
(Palpitating little hand!),
Warmly clasped and led
Where the wedding-feast was spread,
And—“Eat and drink,” he said,
“Little one!
But beware the spiky bone,
Lest your tender, pretty throat,
Made to set love sighs afloat
(Love sighs alone).
Be choked, my little one,
Ere the wedding-feast is done.”

FIRST LOVE.

Down under the mill, and there under the fir tree
By the spring, and looking far out in the valley,
She stands as she stood in the glorious Olden,
Swinging her hat in her right hand dimpled;
The other hand toys with a honeysuckle
That has tiptoed up and is trying to kiss her.
Her dark hair is twining her neck and her temples
As tendrils some beautiful Balizo marble.

“O, eyes of lustre and love and passion!
O, radiant face like the sea shell tinted!
White cloud with the sunbeams tangled in it!”
I cried, as I stood in the dust beneath her,
And gazed on the goddess my boy heart worshipped
With a love and a passion, a part of madness.

“Dreamer!” she said, and a tinge of displeasure
Swept over her face that I should disturb her;
“All of the fair world is spread out before you;
Go down and possess it with love and devotion,
And heart ever tender and touching as woman's,
And life shall be fair as the first kiss of morning.”
I turned down the pathway, was blinded no longer;
Another was coming, tall, manly and bearded.

I built me a shrine in the innermost temple—
In the innermost rim of the heart's red centre—
And placed her therein, sole possessor and priestess,
And carved all her words on the walls of my temple.
They say that he wooed her there under the fir tree,
That he won her one eve, when the katy-dids mocked
her.

He may have a maiden and call her Merinda;
But mine is the one that stands there forever,
Leisurely swinging her hat by the ribbons.

They say she is wedded. No, not my Merinda,
For mine stands there forever under the fir tree,
Gazing and swinging her hat by the ribbons.
They tell me her children reach up to my shoulder.
'Tis false. I did see her down under the fir tree
When the stars were all busy a weaving thin laces
Made red with their gold and the moon's yellow
tresses,
Slow swinging her hat as in days of the Olden.

—Joaquin Miller.

DOROTHY.

A REVERIE SUGGESTED BY THE NAME UPON A PANE.

SHE, then, must once have looked, as I
Look now, across the level rye,
Past church and manor-house, and seen,
As now I see, the village green,
The bridge, and Walton's River—she
Whose old-world name was Dorothy.

The swallows must have twittered, too,
Above her head; the roses blew
Below, no doubt—and, sure, the south
Crept up the wall and kissed her mouth—
That wistful mouth, which comes to me
Linked with her name of Dorothy.

What was she like? I picture her
Unmeet for uncouth worshiper—
Soft, pensive—far too subtly strung
To suit the sour bucolic tongue,
Whose thwarted prying could but see
“Ma'am Fine-airs” in Miss Dorothy.

How not? She liked, maybe, perfume,
Soft textures, lace, a half-lit room;
Perchance too candidly preferred
Clarissa to a gossip's word;
And, for the rest, would seem to be
Or dull or proud—this Dorothy.

Poor child—with heart the down-lined nest
Of warmest instincts unconfessed—
Soft, callow things that vaguely felt
The breeze caress, the sunlight melt,
But yet, by some obscure decree
Unwinged from birth—poor Dorothy!

Not less I dream her mute desire
To ached churl and booby squire,
Now pale, with timorous eyes that filled
At “twice-told tales” of foxes killed;
Now trembling when slow tongues grew free
“Twixt love and port—poor Dorothy!

’Twas then she'd seek this nook, and find
Its evening landscape balmy-kind;
And here, where still her gentle name
Lives on the old green glass, would frame
Fond dreams of half-heard harmony
“Twixt heart and heart. Poor Dorothy!

L'ENVOI.

These last I spoke. Then Florence said,
Behind me, “Dreams! delusions, Fred!
How strange it is you bards must go
So far to find a subject, though!
Are there no people living, pray,
Fit for a rhymers holiday?—
Besides, you make mistakes, you see:
’Twas I who wrote that “Dorothy.”

MY LITTLE COUNTRY COUSIN.

My little country cousin
Is really worth a dozen
Of the city girls you meet as you stroll along Broad-
way.

She's ever so much neater,
She's ever so much sweeter,
Just a modest little flower, not intended for display.

Pure as the sky above her,
None know her but to love her,
The very birds for her repeat their most delicious
song.

So bright she is and merry,
You will not think it very
Strange that the troubled heart for such a cheery
spirit longs.

So pretty and so youthful,
So roguish, yet so truthful,
My little country cousin, with her sweet, attractive
ways.

My favorite is, clearly;
Indeed, I love her dearly,
And find that language is too poor in which to speak
her praise.

My love I need not stifle,
With me she does not trifle,
Or bid me in the Lethæan wave my aspirations drown.
Ah, no; my precious jewel
Would never be so cruel,
For my little country cousin is the sweetest wife in
town.

—Josephine Pollard.

The fol-
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AND MIR
ed.—Ebs.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

ALEC. DUNHAM'S BOAT.

The following lines, written on occasion of the sudden death of one of Nantucket's—and the coast's—best-known pilots and boatmen, we reproduce below, with some verbal alterations and an added stanza by the author. The verses were very generally copied—generally, we may add, without credit to the INQUIRER AND MIRROR, in whose columns they originally appeared.—Eds.

There she lies at her moorings,
The little two-master,
Answering not now
The call of disaster.

Loose swings the rudder,
Unshipped the tiller—
Crossing the Bar so,
One sea would fill her!

Foresail and mainsail
In loose folds are lying;
Halliards and sheet-ropes

Unfastened are flying;
Sea-weed and sea-wreck
Alike may drift past her:

Yet this is the pilot-boat—
Where is her master?

Lantern at Great Point,
Brightly it burneth;
Beacon on Brant Point
The signal returneth.

High and far out to sea
Red Sankoty flasheth;
High and white on the shore
The crested wave dasheth.

Now strident Nor'easter
And smoky Sou'wester

Call for the pilot boat,
Eager to test her.

And a ship on the Bar
Lies as the waves cast her!

Unmoored lies the pilot boat—
Where is her master?

Oh, barque driving in,
God send that ye lee get,

Past Tuckernuck shoals,
The reefs of Muskeget.

Hark, there—minute guns!
And faster and faster;

But no more swift to aid
Flies the little two-master.

For the pilot one night
Left his boat as you see her—

That seaward, if signalled,
Slip of anchor would free her.

But not from her moorings
Came the pilot to cast her;

Though a signal he answered—
One set by the Master!

"Gone out? Why, his boat's in!
Man, they go out together—

There's none other for Alec.
Whatever the weather.

In her he was launched, man,
And it's jesting or scoffing,

That with her at her moorings,
He is out in the offing."

"Who said he was out, mate?
If you ask me which way

Went good pilot as ever
Brought ship into bay,

None may say how he cast off,
If to port or to starboard,

But of one thing I'm sure—
The pilot's safe harbored!"

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

Love's Autumn.

I WOULD not lose a single silvery ray
Of those white locks which, like a milky way,
Streak the dusk midnight of thy raven hair;

I would not lose, O Sweet! the misty shine
Of those half-saddened, thoughtful eyes of thine,
Whence love looks forth, touched by the shadow
of care;

I would not miss the droop of thy dear mouth,
The lips less dewy-red than when the south—
The young south-wind of passion—sighed o'er them;

I would not miss each delicate flower that blows
On thy wan cheek, like soft September's rose
Blushing but faintly on its faltering stem;

I would not miss the air of chastened grace,
Which, breathed divinely from thy patient face,
Tells of love's watchful anguish, merged in rest.

Nought would I lose of all thou hast, or art,
O friend supreme! whose constant, stainless heart
Doth house, unknowing, many an angel guest.

Their presence keeps thy spiritual chambers pure,
While the flesh fails, strong love grows more and
more
Divinely beautiful, with perished years.

Thus, at each slow, but surely deepening sign
Of life's decay, we will not, Sweet, repine,
Nor greet its mellowing close with thankless tears.

Love's spring was fair, love's summer brave and
bland,
But through love's autumn mist I view the land—
The land of deathless summers yet to be;

There I behold thee young again, and bright,
In a great flood of rare, transfiguring light;
But there, as here, thou smilest, Love, on me!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

OUR SAINTS.

'Tis not alone from legend an old story,
'Tis not alone from canvas dark with time,
That holy saints, crowned with celestial glory,
Smile down upon us from their height sub-
lime.

Not only from church windows, colored
brightly,
Do their blessed shadows fall across our way;
Ah, not alone in niches gleaming whitely,
With folded hands do they stand night and
day.

Who is there in this world who has not, hidden
Deep in his heart, a picture clear or faint,
Veiled, sacred, to the outer world forbidden,
O'er which he bends and murmurs low, "My
saint?"

A face, perhaps, all written o'er with sorrow,
whose faded eyes are dim with unshed tears;
And yet they hopefully look toward the morrow
And far beyond it, into brighter spheres.

A face whence all the sunshine of the morning
And brightness of the noon have passed away;
And yet, where clearly, surely, there is dawning
The wondrous radiance of that perfect day.

That perfect day, when, crowned with Heaven's
brightness,
Without a pain or care or mortal need,
With conqueror's palm, in robes of snowy white-
ness,
Our blessed shall stand, as very saints indeed.

Yes, God be thanked, though the pure saints of
story,
And holy martyrs that the artist paints,
Are veiled in radiance and crowned with glory,
There still are halos for these unknown saints.

—[The Outlook.

A Poem of Stecchetti's.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:

SIR: Apropos of the criticism on Stecchetti
contained in the valuable article on "Italian
Poetry" published in the *Evening Post* on De-
cember 24, I enclose a translation of one of his
best-known shorter poems, "Quando cadran le
foglie e tu verrai."

E. R. F.

NEW YORK, December 27.

When the leaves are falling
And the wind sighs drear,
Thou'lt come looking for my cross
In the churchyard here.

In a little corner
Thou'lt find it, quite alone,
Where the winds pass o'er it,
Pass, and sigh and moan.

And there, close beside it,
From out my heart have grown
A few small fair flowers:
Think of me, mine own!

Break the fragrant blossoms
For thy tresses bright;
They are love-words never uttered,
Verses which I never dared to write.

[In justice to Stecchetti, we think we
must criticise the foregoing by a rough
line-for-line version which preserves the
length and structure of the original, and
introduces no extraneous ideas.—ED. EVE-
NING POST.]

When with the falling leaves you seek
My grave again in holy ground,
You'll find the little corner thick
With flowers that have sprung up around.

O pluck then for your tresses fair
The flowers sprung from my heart. They are

Songs I conceived but never wrote,
And words of love I spake you not.

ALL SAINTS.

Men may not mark them in the crowded
ways;

The noisy world forgets to blame or praise
The poor in spirit; yet they pass along
Through silent paths, and make them glad
with song;

Theirs is the Kingdom where Love reigns
supreme,
And Faith soars higher than the poet's
dream;

Wrapped in the sunlight of eternal day,
Blessed are they.

God knows the patient souls who do His
will;

The mourners who can suffer and be still;
Waiting in silence for His healing balm;
The meek, whose hands shall clasp the vic-
tor's palm;

The hungry ones, whom He alone can feed;
The merciful; the pure in heart and deed;
The peacemakers—of these I hear Him say,
Blessed are they.

Father, we pray Thee that Thy light may
shine
Upon the world through every child of
Thine;

Into the haunts of darkness and distress
They come with all the power of blessed-
ness;

When Thou hast called them to Thy purer
sphere
The fragrance of their lives shall linger
here;

And through death's silence we shall hear
Thee say,

Blessed are they.

—Sarah Doudney, in Good Words.

"If a Dear Voice."

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

If a dear voice which was to us most dear,
And failed and faltered but the other day,
From the far heavenly place, alert and clear,
Could reach us when we sit and long to hear,
I think that this is what the voice would say:

"Why stand ye idly looking to the skies,
Or bending o'er the hiding earth in vain,
With voices mute, and wan and tearful eyes?
Life stronger is than death. Beloved, rise,
And share the hope which saints do not dis-
dain!

"I in full sunshine, you in darkest shade,
May share the same great gladness if we will;
For joy and grief and heaven and earth are
made

Equal and one to those who, unafraid,
Hold up their hearts like cups for God to fill.

"Into my cup He poured, like bright, swift
rain,

The draught which men call 'death,' and
name with fear;

And yours He filled with bitter loss and pain.
What matter? God's gift never is in vain.

Let us then drink the draught,—you there, I
here,—

"And smile, secure that each has what is best.
Be glad for me, as I am glad for you.

Work out your day like men, endure the test!

The hours will not be long till in the west
The reddening sun shall sink, and work be
through."

If a dear voice which was to many dear,
And failed and faltered but the other day,
Could reach us when we sit and long to hear,
And bless us, as it blessed for many a year,
I think that this is what the voice would say.

AN EASTER SONG.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

We bore to see the summer go;
We bore to see the ruthless wind
Beat all the golden leaves and red
In drifting masses to and fro.
Till not a leaf remained behind;
We faced the winter's frown, and said,
"There comes reward for all our pain,
For every loss there comes a gain;
And spring, which never failed us yet,
Out of the snowdrift and the ice
Shall some day bring the violet."

We bore—what could we do but bear?—
To see Youth perish in its prime,
And Hope grow faint and Joyance grieved,
And Dreams all vanish in thin air,
And Beauty, at the touch of time,
Become a memory, half believed;
Still we could smile, and still we said,
"Hope, Joy and Beauty are not dead;
God's angel guards them all and sees—
Close by the grave he sits and waits—
There comes a spring for even these."

We bore to see dear faces pale,
Dear voices falter, smiles grow wan,
And life ebb like a tide at sea,
Till underneath the misty veil
Our best beloved, one by one,
Vanished and parted silently.
We stayed without, but still could say,
"Grief's winter dureth not away;
Who sleep in Christ with Christ shall rise.
We wait our Easter morn in tears,
They in the smile of Paradise."

O thought of healing, word of strength!
O light to lighten darkest way!
O saving help and balm of ill!
For all our dead shall dawn at length
A slowly broadening Easter Day,
A Resurrection calm and still.
The little sleep will not seem long,
The silence shall break out in song,
The sealed eyes shall open—and then
We who have waited patiently
Shall live and have our own again.

—[From the Independent.

THE THREE HORSEMEN.

From the German.

Three horsemen halted the inn before,
Three horsemen entered the oaken door,
And loudly called for the welcome cheer
That was wont to greet the traveller here.

"Good woman," they cried, as the hostess came,
A buxom, rosy, portly old dame,
"Good woman, how's your wine and beer?
And how's your little daughter dear?"

"My house is ever supplied with cheer,
But my daughter lieth upon her bier."

A shadow over the horseman fell;
Each wrapped in thoughts he could never tell;
And silently one by one they crept
To the darkened room where the maiden slept.

The golden hair was rippling low
Over a forehead pure as snow,
And the little hands so closely pressed
Clasping a cross to the pulseless breast.

"I loved thee ere the death-chill lay
On thee, sweet child," and one turned away.
"I would have loved thee," the second said,
"Hadst thou learned to love me, and lived to wed."

"I loved thee always I love thee now,"
The third one cried as he kissed her brow;
"In the heavens to come our souls shall wed;
I have loved the living, I love the dead."

Then silently out from the oaken door
Three horsemen went to return no more.

GOD'S WAY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Our way had been to smooth her upward road,
Easing the pressure of each heavy load,

Never to let her white hand know a soil,
Never her back to feel the ache of toil.

Could we have shielded her from every care,
Kept her forever young and blithe and fair,

And from her body ward every pain,
As from her spirit all distress and strain,

This had been joy of joys, our chosen way.
God led her by a different path, each day.

Sorrow and work and anxious care He gave
And strife and anguish, till her soul grew
brave.

Through weary nights she leaned upon His
love,
Through cloudy days she fixed her gaze above.

Her dearest vanished, but in faith and trust
She knew them safe beyond the perished dust.

Refined by suffering, like a little child
She grew; into her Father's face she smiled.

And then, one day of days, an angel came;
In flute-notes sweet, she heard him breathe
her name.

Perhaps from out the rifted heaven she saw
Her mother's face look forth; in raptured awe

We caught the last swift glory in her eyes,
Ere, sleeping here, she woke in Paradise.

God's way was best, with reverent lips we
say,
God's way is best, and praise our God today.

Aria, Hans Heiling; Heinrich August Marschner (1796-1861).

An jenem Tag, da du mir Treue versprochen,
als ich in Wonn' und Schmerz zu deinen Fuessen rang,
da ist in meiner Brust der Morgen angebrochen
gestillt zum ersten mal war meiner Seele Drang.
Aus trueber freudenloser Nacht
bin ich zum hellen Leben da erwacht.
Du, ja du hast ueberschwenglich selig mich gemacht,
O lass die Treue niemals wanken,
halt fest die Liebe in deinem Herzen,
in dir nur lebe ich,
ich liebe dich so ohne Schranken,
ich liebe dich mit tausend Schmerzen,
mit Hoellenqualen lieb ich dich!
koenntest du je von mir lassen,
koennte je dein Herz erkalten,
Weh! uns beiden dann!
Schon bei dem Gedanken fassen mich die finstern Gewalten,
treiben zu graesslicher Rache mich an.
Ich liebe dich mit blutendem Herzen,
ich liebe dich mit endlosen Schmerzen,
mit Argwohn und Bangen,
mit rasendem Verlangen,
so lieb' ich dich!

THE ETERNAL SHORE.

Alone to land upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen be-
fore,
Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrance so sweet the soul may
faint.

Alone! Oh, that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,
Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange—
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone? The God we know is on that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know
more
Than of those who may appear
Nearest and dearest here;
Oh, is He not the life-long friend we know
More privately than any friend below?

Alone? The God we trust is on that shore,
The faithful one whom we have trusted
more
In trials and in woes.
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly
strife,—
Oh, we shall trust Him more in that new
life!

Alone? The God we love is on that shore,
Love not enough, yet whom we love far
more,
And whom we've loved all through,
And with a love more true
Than other loves,—yet now shall love him
more;—
True love of Him begins upon that shore!

So not alone we land upon that shore;
'Twill be as though we had been there be-
fore;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning
And be at home at once with our E-
ternal Love.
—F. W. Faber

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

O Thou, of comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O Thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.

O Light Divine, all light exceeding,
Fill with Thyself the inmost dwelling
Of souls sincere and lowly;
Without Thy pure divinity,
Nothing in all humanity—
Nothing is strong or holy.

Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruised reed!
Enkindle what is cold and chill.
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that guidance need.

Give to the good, who find in Thee
The Spirit's perfect liberty,
Thy sevenfold power and love.
Give virtue strength its crown to win,
Give struggling souls their rest from sin,
Give endless peace above.

—Translated by Dean Stanley.

DEATH.

FATHER RYAN.

Out of the shadow of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Into the light of the blest;
Out of the land very dreary,
Out of the world of the weary,
Into the rapture of rest:

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
Into a blissful to-morrow,
Into a land without gloom;
Out of a land filled with sighing—
Land of the dead and dying;
Into a land without tomb:

Out of a life of commotion,
Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,
Dark, with the wreck drifting o'er;
Into a land calm and quiet;
Never a blast howling by it;
Never a wreck on its shore:

Out of the land whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers—
Out of the land of decay—
Into the Eden where fairest
Of flowers, sweetest and rarest,
Never shall wither away:

Out of the world of the wailing,
Throng'd with the anguish'd and ailing,
Out of the world of the sad;
Into the world that rejoices—
World of bright visions and voices—
Into the world of the glad:

Out of a life ever lornful,
Out of a land very mournful,
Where in bleak exile we roam;
Into a joy-land above us,
Where there's a Father to love us—
Into our "Home—sweet Home."

—Mobile Gulf City.

INDECISION.

Invisible, unspeakable, whose voice
In the soft murmur of this neighboring sea,
From the beginning everlastingly
Is thy own witness, energize my choice;
Even now, by more than half the allotted span
Wisely assigne I, the unreturning years
In timorous doubts and all too scrupulous fears
Have dwindled sore my little term of man.

Must it be ever thus? even to the end
Fearing to do aught lest I do the wrong?
Shall I my spirit's patrimony spend?
Arise, O God! this hour and make me strong:
Let me this hour to fruitful usury lend
One talent in the napkin buried long.
—The Spectator.

IF.

If Jesus Christ is a man,
And only a man, I say
That of all mankind I will cleave to Him,
And to Him will I cleave away.

If Jesus Christ is a God,
And the only God, I swear
I will follow Him through Heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea and the air.

THE MASTER'S QUESTION.

"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be; if any man serve Me, him will My Father honor."—John, xii., 26

Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and the darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of my wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home no bread?
The Son of Man was among them—
He had nowhere to lay His head.

Have ye carried the living water,
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"
Have ye told My fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the "golden land?"

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death,
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door
And flitted across the shadows,
That I had been there before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear Me whispering beside you,
"Tis the pathway I often go!"
My brethren, My friends, My disciples,
Can ye dare to follow Me?
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be!

—Selected.

CHARITY.

The pilgrim and stranger who through the day
Holds over the desert his trackless way,
Where the terrible sands no shade have known,
No sound of life save the camel's moan,
Hears at last, through the mercy of Allah to all,
From his tent-door at evening the Bedouin's call:—

"Whoever thou art whose need is great,
In the name of God, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait."

For gifts in his name of food and rest
The tents of Islam of God are blest.
Thou who hast faith in the Christ above,
Shall the Koran teach thee the law of love?
O Christian! open thy heart and door,
Cry east and west to the wandering poor:—

"Whoever thou art whose need is great,
In the name of Christ, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait."

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OUTWARD OR HOMEWARD.

Still are the ships that in haven ride,
Waiting fair winds or turn of the tide;
Nothing they fret, though they do not get
Out on the glorious ocean wide.
O wild hearts, that yearn to be free,
Look, and learn from the ships of the sea!

Bravely the ships, in the tempest tossed,
Buffet the waves till the sea be crossed;
Not in despair of the haven fair,
Though winds blow backward, and leagues be lost.
O weary hearts, that yearn for sleep,
Look, and learn from the ships on the deep!

—[Spectator.

THE INVISIBLE LAND.

There was a land that lay beyond my sight
For which I vainly searched the great earth
through.

Thither, right often, my companions flew
At day-break, or at noontide, or at night,
And never came again. I took my flight,
Explored all portions of the globe, yet grew
No nearer where that mighty retinue
Had fled into the stately fields of light.
But once, when evening her dusk sails had spread,
And I was sleeping, a swift dream came o'er
My spirit, and in it I rising said,
"Now is the country mine, long sought before!"
And one I heard lament that I was dead;
And lo! the land stretched just beside my door!

—Andrew B. Saxton in Scribner for October.

purity and elevation in the poem by Angelina W. Wray, of which these are the closing lines:

Ah! soul of mine, thy watch was dreary—
Thy lonely watch with a shadowed sin;
But rest was sweet to thee, worn and weary,
When Christ, the Beautiful, entered in—
When Christ came in, as the morning splendor
Comes to the crests of the purple hills,
Or the evening twilight, pure and tender,
Thrilling the lutes of the dreaming rills.
Death and anguish grew dumb before Him;
The secret hid in the heart of pain
Sobbed itself into broken sorrow,
And made its mystery plain;
Then peace grew up where my strife had been,
Like the calm which sleeps on the still blue sea.
The old gods slumber both deaf and voiceless,
But Christ, all-loving, is loving me.
The old gods sleep with the dust around them,
The dust of centuries, dark and deep,
And men in the darkness still go doubting,
And grieve for the lost-ones held in sleep;
But God lives on in His strength and glory;
God lives and loves with a love divine.
By the light of His love I read life's story,
The key to the world is mine.

GOD'S REST.

It is the evening hour,
And thankfully
Father, thy weary child
Has come to Thee.
I lean my aching head
Upon thy breast,
And there and only there
I am at rest.
Thou knowest all my life,
Each petty sin;
Nothing is hid from thee
Without, within:
All that I have or am
Is wholly thine;
So is my soul at peace,
For thou art mine.
To-morrow's dawn may find
Me here, or there;
It matters little, since thy love
Is everywhere!

THE TRUE LENT.

(1647.)

Is this a fast to keep
The larder lean,
And clean,
From fat of beeves or sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged go,
Or show
A downcast look or sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
The sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumsise thy life;

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin—
Not bin;

And that's to keep thy Lent!
Robert Herrick.

WHEN.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should beat me past all fear and
sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey
through.

What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on.
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and
pray

For one more day.

And lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which harkens ever: "Lord, within Thy
keeping

How should I fear?

And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still
Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful,
tender,

My soul would lie

All the night long; and when the morning
splendor

Flushed o'er the sky

I think that I could smile—could calmly say:
"It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue you-
der

Held out a scroll,

On which my life was writ, and I with
wonder

Beheld unroll

To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and Mas-
ter,

Other than this:

Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss

The road, although so very long it be
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen.

Through thorns, through flowers, whether the
tempest hide Thee,

Or heavens serene,

Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know; my God, no hand reveal-
eth,

Thy counsels wise;

Along the path a deepening shadow stealth,
No voice replies

To all my questioning thought, the time to
tell,

And it is well.

Let me keep on abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,

Through a long century's repening fruition
Or a short day's,

Thou canst not come too soon, and I can
wait

If thou come late

—Susan Coolidge.

PRAYERS.

God, who created me
Nimble and light of limb
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword
Swift and sharp and bright.
Thou would I serve if I might;
And conquer if I can—
From day dawn till night,
Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and Truth,
Breathing in flower clay
The light and flame of youth,
Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay:
From pain, strife, wrong, to be free;
This best gift I pray,
Take my spirit to Thee.

Another volume of poems (published by
Charles Scribner's Sons) is "The High-Top
Sweetening and Other Poems," by Elizabeth
Akers. It is a book

THE END.

The course of the weariest river
Ends in the great gray sea;
The scorn for ever and ever,
Strives upward to the tree.
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are riven,
Complex although they be,
And peace will at last be given,
Dear, both to you and me.

Then, though the path be dreary,
Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and the head be weary,
Let faith inspire the soul;
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting
Speak truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting
When once the gem is lost.
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready
For plain and ambushed foes;
Though earnest and fancy steady
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with evening comes the light;
Through the dark are low winds complaining,
Yet the sunrise gilds the height;
And Love has his hidden treasure
For the patient and the pure;
And Time gives his fullest measure
To the workers who endure;
And the Word that no law has shaken
Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we "awaken"
We shall be "satisfied."

HAVE HOPE.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart the lowly
plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the
mountain's head—
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the shadow of
some pain,
And the smile is scarcely fitted ere the anguish tear
is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear,
And those lips cannot be human which never heaved a
sigh;
For without the dreary Winter there has never been a
year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest
Summer sky.

So the dreary life is passing—and we move amid its
maze,
And we grope along together, half in darkness, half
in light;
And our hearts are often hardened by the mysteries of
our ways,
Which are never all in shadow and never wholly
bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon and our weary feet a
guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the mean-
ing and the key;
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it hangs the
crucified,
And he answers all our yearnings by the whisper,
"Follow Me."

FAITH.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft
Like yonder tower built high above the roof;
Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds blow soft,
Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief.

For darkness passes; storms shall not abide,
A little patience and the fog is past.
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide
The singing flood returns in joy at last.

The night is long and pain weighs heavily;
But God will hold His world above despair.
Look to the east, where up the lucid sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair!

Let There Be Night.

We want the sunshine when our hearts are glad;
We want the smiling sky, the blaze of light,
The rose in bloom and every pleasant sight
The day can give us; but, when we are sad,

Pain-stricken, weary, then it is we ask
For the still Dark whereunto we may flee,
Far from all pitiless sight and sound, to be
Alone with our too heavy grief or task.

Wherein the soul the while it sorrowing keeps
Fretted with itself, may its own truth discern
Where it may cast its measuring lines, and learn
Its secret shallows and its untried deeps.

God must have known that thus all souls would
pray
In some most certain hour of need, and so
In merciful pre-knowledge, long ago,
He said, "Let there be Night as well as Day."
—Carlotta Perry, in *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay.
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting:
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy spirit
Be with me then, to comfort and uphold:
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—John G. Whittier, in *March Atlantic*.

For the Watchman and Reflector.

THE TWO LIVES.

BY REV. JAMES UPHAM, D. D.

Mine is the life that is,—
If praise and prayer
Relieve each care,
And help my soul its daily burden bear.

Mine is the life that is,—
If all the cheer
Of eye and ear
Is full of God, and therefore doubly dear.

Mine is the life that is,—
If 'mid my tears
And all my fears,
I look in trust to Him who ever hears.

Mine is the life that is,—
If all I know
Helps but to show
How grand the world of light to which I go.

Mine is the life that is,—
If sweetest love
Serves but to prove
How sweeter far must be the home above.

O, endless life to come!
I see afar
Gleam like a star
Thy gates ajar;

Within, behold thy bliss,
Thy service and thy songs,
And sin all gone—sole source of woe,
And saint and seraph throngs,
Thy God revealed in vision clear,
And Christ with glory crowned,
While vistas into vistas ope
In beauty all around.

And yet I wait,
For short, or late,
This side thy gate;
Nor wait through might of will,
Enforcing patience, till
My appointed time I fill;
For even here, 'mid toil, and care, and pain,
The heavenly manna for my food I gain;
And as the way my pilgrimage prolongs,
I make the desert vocal with my songs;
Proving the promise true that godliness
Confers the life to come,—and also this.

represents Mrs. Akers at her very best:
UNWEDDED.

O thou beloved, who shouldst have been mine own,
Serenely beautiful and wise and strong,
Consoler whom my life has never known,
How have I missed thee, seeking thee alone
All my life long!

Somewhere upon the wide and misty track
I stayed behind, or did not wait for thee,
And so must always mourn my bitter lack,
Since on this weary road we go not back,
Ah, woe is me!

Often, with sorely burdened heart and mind,
When there were none to aid or understand,
How have I groped, with tears, alone and blind,
In the thick darkness, longing but to find
Thy helpful hand!

For I believe that Love is doubly armed
Against all foes, and with unshaken breath
Could pass through pain and suffering unalarmed,
Could take up poisonous things, yet not be harmed,
And dare even death.

"And how shall Love, immortal and sublime,"
I said, "be hindered of its best estate
By any petty chance of space or time?"
Alas, my life has lost its freshest prime,
And still I wait.

How beautiful our mingled lives had been
Had we but found each other in your youth!
The world had grown, despite its stain and sin,
Sweeter because we two had lived therein
Our utter truth.

Then all the myriad ills which Fate contrives
Wherewith to fret men's hearts, to us had been
But notes along the sunshine of our lives;
Nought could have harmed us since the true soul
Thrives

By discipline.

Then this unending toil and ceaseless toss
Had never marred my life; the hindering load
Of worldly circumstance, of gain or loss,
Had seemed to us but cobwebs, stretched across
Our upward road.

Where art thou, Love? Far as the farthest pole
Hast thou, too, vaguely dreamed of what should be?
Or, marked early with some feeler's soil,
Hast struggled with thy bonds in grief and dole,
Longing for me.

I had been more than all the world to thee,
So proudly tender, so entirely true,
So wise and tireless in my ministry,
More dear than any other soul could be,
All my life through.

Alas! the sun's last glimmering has kissed
The highest mountain tops to gold; and now
The crimson west has changed to amethyst,
And all the vale is dim with chilly mist,
But where art thou?

Too late! Too late! the darkness gathereth,
And the night falls, pitiless as all death;
I cannot reach thee with this hopeless breath,
But when I walk the other side of death
Wilt thou not come?

A MOOD.

I.

The wind exultant swept
Through the new leaves overhead,
Till at once my pulses leapt
With a life I long thought dead,
And I woke as one who has slept
To my childhood—that had not fled.

II.

On the wind my spirit flew:
Its freedom was mine as well.
For a moment the world was new;
What came there to break the spell?
The wind still freely blew;
My spirit it was that fell.

The last poem of hers published anywhere
appeared in the Century. It was a touching
and beautiful sonnet; in which, also, one per-
ceives a certain aloofness from life that, it
seems, must have come from some unex-
pressed intimacy with the thought of death.

PAST.

There, as she sewed, came floating through her head
Odd bits of poems, learned in other days,
And long forgotten in the noisier ways
Through which the fortunes of her life now led;
And looking up she saw upon the shelf
In dusty rank her favorite poets stand,
All uncared for by her fond eye or hand;
And her heart smote her, thinking how herself
Had loved them once, and found in them all good
As well as beauty, filling every need;
But now they could not fill the emptiness
Of heart she felt even in her gayest mood:
She wanted once no work her heart to feed,
And to be idle once was no distress.

With strangely clear eyes W. Irred How-
ells beheld some of the contradictions of this
life. It appeared to her so full of them that
sometimes she seemed to shrink from the
thought of the future, almost as one stands
shrieking on the brink of an ice cold stream.
There is, I think, a suggestion of this mood
in the lyric:

I tripped along a narrow way,
Plucking the same flowers day by day;
The sun which round about me lay
Had never seemed to sink.

But now, at once, the path divides;
I see new flowers bloom on either side;
I stop, while doubt the sun half hides;
I have begun to think.

in the sacred flower:

"What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm, thus bearing up
To the blue sky thine alabaster cup
As to the shower?"

"Oh, love is most like thee,
The love of woman, quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and
fast

"Midst life's dark sea.
"And faith—oh, is not faith
Like thee, too, lily, springing into light
Still buoyantly above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath?"

Do You Remember?

Do you remember a day long past,
When we roamed alone through a wind-filled
wood,
And came to a ledge of rock at last,
Where with hands clasped close we silent stood?
We heard the murmur of silent streams,
The whisper of leaves that swayed above,
And over our souls swept the golden dreams,
That come with the dawn of love.

Do you remember the sigh that stirred
The bending grass in the rising breeze,
That brought us the note of a distant bird,
And wild, wild murmurs from far off seas?
The bird's call came like a happy song,
And we gave no heed to the sea's sad tone,
For fear is forgotten, and hope is strong,
With love's great gladness known.

Do you remember? will you forget?
These words are common and quickly said;
But they will be treasured when eyes are wet
With the tears of those who mourn us dead,
Not dead, but sleeping; we cannot die;
Our souls are deathless with love's sweet grace;
And wherever God's glorious kingdoms lie,
There I shall see your face.

Thomas S. Collier.

He set his face against the blast,
His feet against the flinty shard,
Till the hard service grew at last
Its own exceeding great reward.

The subtlest scheme of compromise
Was folly to his purpose bold;
The strongest mesh of party lies
Weak to the simplest truth he told.

For there was nothing base or small
Or craven in his soul's broad plan;
Forgiving all things personal,
He hated only wrong to man.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,
The social courtesies that bless
And sweeten life; and loved his friends
With most unworldly tenderness.

And safe with right and truth he is;
As God lives, he must live away;
There is no end for souls like his—
No night, for children of the day!

Ein Fichtenbaum Steht Einsam.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

A fir-tree standeth lonely
On a barren northern height;
He sleeps, while the snow-storm covers
His rest with a robe of white.

He dreams of a palm that sorrows
Afar in the Morningland,
In the desolate glare and silence
Of her burning waste of sand.

H. v. D., Jr.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare, bland and mild;
And there the world-worn Dante grasped his song
And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father of the rest;
A million wrinkles carved his skin;
A hundred winters snowed upon his breast,
From cheek and throat and chin.

Now Milton is no longer a "tall angel,"
but a "seraph strong"; for, says Dr. Van
Dyke, the seraphim hover on mighty wings
about the throne of God, chanting His
praise one to another, and bearing His mes-
sages from Heaven to Earth. A seraph
strong! That one phrase is worth more
than all of Dr. Johnson's ponderous criti-
cisms.

ROSSETTI'S GRAVE.

In a small flowerful churchyard by the sea,
He sleeps, the sweet earth o'er those weary
eyes

That shall awaken in Love's Paradise,
Made one with Him thro' all eternity!
Daisies and grass, and lovingest memory,
Winds that are faint of cloud-wrought sym-
phonies,
Solemn sea-music for his lullabies,
Prayer and heart-worship, all fair things bath
he!

Oh pardon, if I too, at his dear feet
Lay my small flower of praise that love him
so—

Our dear dead master! But a pilgrim I,
Who kneeling at his grave grow strong there-
by,
To tread that thorn-strewn road all souls must
know

Ere they attain Love's heaven cool and sweet.
—The Academy. EVELYN PYNE.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was fringed inch deep with pearl.

From sheds, new roofed with Carrara,
Came chattering the muffled crows,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little head-stone stood—
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good old father
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the lean ten sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

NOT THOU, BUT I.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

It must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup, and eat this bitter bread,
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine; if I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness, and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made
moan.

And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of sleep,
To know thine eyes are tearless though mine
weep;

And when this cup's last bitterness I drain
One thought shall still its primal sweetness
keep:

Thou hast the peace, and I the undying pain.

verses for children should be. The poems, *Mirrors of Life and Death* and *A Ballad of Boding*, are marked by that subtlety of thought which often carries Miss Rossetti's verse beyond the comprehension of the average reader, and the tone of both is grave. In spite of the poems for children which we have mentioned, and several other pieces which are light and musical as bird-songs, the pervading tone of the volume is serious and at times profoundly sad. The religious poems are very tender and beautiful, and eloquent of entire consecration and devotion. The religious sentiment has rarely found expression in sweeter or loftier tones than in some of Miss Rossetti's sonnets. In her sonnets, indeed, she reaches her highest success, and her work might well be studied by those who would experiment in this delicate and difficult form of verse. Take, for example, this from the "Monna Innominata":

"Trust me, I have not earned your dear rebuke,
I love, as you would have me, God the most;
Would lose not him, but you, must die he lost.
Nor with Lot's wife cast back a faithless look
Unready to forego what I forsook;
This say I, having counted up the cost,
Thus, though I be the feeblest of God's host,
The sorriest sheep Christ shepherds with his crook,
Yet while I love my God the most, I deem
That I can never love you overmuch.
I love him more, so let me love you too;
Yea, as I apprehend it, love is such
I cannot love you if I love not him.
I cannot love him if I love not you."

Or this from the same series:

"If there be any one can take my place
And make you happy whom I grieve to grieve,
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe
I do command you to that nobler grace,
That reader will than mine, that sweeter face;
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive
I too am crowned, while bridal crowns I weave,
And tread the bridal dance with joyous pace.
For if I did not love you, it might be
That I should grudge you some one dear delight;
But since the heart is yours that was mine own,
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,
Your honorable freedom makes me free.
And you companioned, I am not alone."

"SHOULD WE PART NOW?"

Should we part now? O love, how can we part?
Leave if thou wilt, thou canst not take away
The glory and the brightness of the day;
My soul will be with thine where'er thou art;
Till thou canst send the red blood from my heart
Thou canst not banish me, though I may stay
As silently; still shall my silence pray
Until thy spirit feel the vital smart.
I would not have thee suffer. O, my own,
I would not hold thee; thou shouldst still be free.
For when thou goest I am not alone;
Thou canst not take thyself away from me;
But thou canst dim the brightness of the sun
With clouds. O love, I would not have thee gone.
—Alice Wellington Rollins.

The Two Burdens.

Over the deep sea Love came flying;
Over the salt sea Love flew sighing.
Alas, O Love, for thy journeying wings!
Through turbid light and sound of thunder,
When one wave lifts and one falls under,
Love flew as a bird flies straight for warm springs.

Love reached the Northland, and found his own;
With budding roses, and roses blown,
And wonderful lilies, he wove their wreath.
His voice was sweet as a tune that wells,
Gathers and thunders and throbs and swells,
And falls and lapses in rapturous death.

His hands divided the tangled boughs,
They sat and loved in a moist green house,
With bird-song and sunbeams flitting through;
One note of wind to each least light leaf:
O Love, those days they were sweet but brief—
Sweet as the rose is, and fleet as the dew.

Over the deep sea Death came flying;
Over the salt sea Death flew sighing.
Love heard from afar the rush of his wings;
Felt the blast of them over the sea,
And turned his face where the shadows be,
And wept for a sound of disastrous things.

Death reached the Northland, and claimed his own;
With pale sweet flowers by wet winds blown
He wove for the forehead of one a wreath,
His voice was sad as the wind that sighs
Through cypress trees under rainy skies,
When the dead leaves drift on the paths beneath.

His hands divided the tangled boughs,
One Love he bore to a dark deep house,
Where never a bridegroom may clasp his bride—
A place of silence, of dust, and sleep.
What vigil there shall the loved one keep,
Or what cry of longing the lips divide?

[Harper's Magazine. PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

"They said of her, 'She never can have felt
The sorrows that our deeper natures feel.'
They said, 'Her placid lips have never spelt
Hard lessons taught by Pain; her eyes reveal
No passionate yearning, no perplexed appeal
To other eyes. Life and her heart have dealt
With her but lightly.' When the Pilgrims dwelt
First on these shores, lest savage bands should steal
To precious graves with desecrating tread,
The burial-field was with the ploughshare crossed,
And there the make her silken tassels tossed.
With thanks those Pilgrims ate their bitter bread,
While peaceful harvests hid what they had lost:
What if her smiles concealed from you her dead?"

(P. 226.)

For us no shadow on Life's solemn dial
Goes back to give us peace;
There is no resting-place in the stern trial
Until the heart-throbs cease;
We cannot hold Time fast, and bid him bless us;
And not for us the sun,
When shades fall fast, and doubts and woes oppress us,
Stands still in Gibeon.

And so, though hearts bleed, and eyes fill, un-
witting,
With tears that must not flow,
We grasp not the sweet hope before us flitting,
But bravely let it go.
Nay! not one word that friends and comrades proven
Might not undoubting speak.
Let the threads part until the web, unwoven,
Around us fall and break!

Perhaps, in that dim future now before us,
Through all your mortal scath,
My voice may blend for you in that grand chorus
Of Duty, Love, and Faith.
And surely all my life must be more tender,
Passing henceforth for aye
Through the soft shade of this supreme surrender
Unto the perfect Day.

Good-bye, then; but if life and life's denials
Be not an idle dream,
There yet shall come the guerdon of these trials
Beyond the things that seem.
When all this loss shall be but as a glamour
Of trouble passed away,
And far above Earth's transient gloom and clamor
Love's balm heals Love's delay.
G. HERBERT SASS.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

JULY 18TH.

Out of the life that was so hard to bear,
Clouded by sorrow and perplexed by care,
Out of the long watch and the heavy night,
She has gone forth into the light of light.

A tropic-blossom warm with sun and scent
Set in New England's chill environment,
Through heat of storm and stress of winter's
cold,
She kept the summer in her heart of gold.

Love was the life which pulsed her being
through;
No task too hard if set by Love to do,
No pain too sharp if Love called to endure,
No weariness she knew if Love was sure.

Her rose of Love was set with many a thorn,
Clouds veiled and hid the promise of her morn,
Thirsting and spent, she journeyed on unfed,
While Love, too often, gave her stones for bread.

But still 'mid waning hopes and deepening fears,
And brave, hard strivings through the ebbings
years,

Lifting her up when she was like to fall,
Love led her to the land where Love is all.

Heaven has received her as a welcome guest,
Balm of earth's tire with compensating rest,
Healing earth's grievous wound with sure con-
tent.

The sense of home after banishment.

But more to her than smile of vanished kin,
Or hands outstretched to greet and draw her in,
Or "Bonded Walls" of amethyst unpriced,
Is the clear vision of the Face of Christ!

That Face Divine, which, in her girlhood's day
Seeing she loved and never looked away,
Which, like a star in the dim firmament,
Guided her steps and moved where'er she went.

Out of the life that was not always sweet,
Out of the puzzle and the day's defeat,
Out of earth's hindering and alien zone,
The Lord of Love has led her to her own.
—[Susan Coolidge, in Independent.

PARTED.

Side by side are we still, though a shadow
Between us doth fall;
We are parted and yet are not parted,
Not wholly and all.
For still you are round and about me,
Almost in my reach,
Though I miss the old, pleasant communion
Of smile and of speech.

And I long to hear what you are seeing,
And what you have done,
Since the earth faded out from your vision,
And the heavens begun;
Since you dropped off the darkening ~~slit~~
Of clay from your sight,
And opened your eyes upon glory
Ineffably bright.

Though little my life has accomplished,
My poor hands have wrought,
I have lived what has seemed to be ages
In feeling and thought.
Since the time when our path grew so narrow,
So near the unknown,
That I turned back from the following after,
And you went alone.

For we speak of you cheerfully, always,
As journeying on;
Not as one who is dead do we name you;
We say, you are gone.
For how could we speak of you sadly,
We, who watched while the grace
Of eternity's wonderful beauty
Grew over your face?

Do we call the star lost that is hidden
In the great light of morn?
Or fashion a shroud for the young child
In the day it is born?
Yet behold this were wise to their folly
Who mourn, sore distressed,
When a soul, that is summoned, believing,
Enters into its rest!

—Phoebe Cary.

The following delightful poem is from "That New World and Other Poems," by Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, just published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston:

The Gift of Empty Hands.

A FAIRY TALE.

They were two Princes doomed to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath;
"Leave us our life and we will bring
Fair gifts unto our lord, the King."
They went together. In the dew
A charmed bird before them flew.
Through sun and thorn one followed it;
Upon the other's arm it lit.

A rose, whose faintest flush was worth
All buds that ever blew on earth,
One climbed the rocks to reach; ah, well,
Into the other's breast it fell.

Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground;
Gems of quick fire the other found.

One with the dragon fought to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;
The other breathed the garden's air
And gathered precious apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate
One took his fortune, one his fate;
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands,
The other torn and empty hands.

At bird, and rose, and gem, and fruit,
The King was sad, the King was mute;
At last he slowly said: "My son,
True treasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."

WHITTIER.

WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

Christ meets a soul beside the upper sea,
And to him saith
Welcome, thrice welcome! from the isles of
death

I welcome thee,
As one who ministering, by the lips of song,
Unto the sufferers of human wrong,
Most tenderly hast ministered to me.

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS.

Cliftondale, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL LINES.—The following lyric was taken from a monument in Kendall Green cemetery, London. A friend who has recently suffered the loss of a dearly beloved son requests that it be printed for the benefit of others in affliction:

THE SENSE OF LOSS.

It is not at the hour of death,
While mourning o'er the parting breath;
It is not while we look our last,
The present all—forgot the past;
It is not while we watch the eye
Closing with death's last quivering sigh—
We feel our loss.

It is not when we gently lay
The loved remains in death's array;
It is not while with noiseless tread
We gather round the sleeping dead,
And for a few and mourning days,
On what was precious fondly gaze—
We feel our loss.

It is not when love's labor done,
The coffin closed, we, one by one,
With trembling awe, approach and kneel,
And on the lid a farewell seal,
From lips that cannot speak a prayer,
So deep the struggling feeling there—
We feel our loss.

And when the last dread solemn rite
Ashes to ashes must unite,
In sable garb we stand around,
Bathing with tears the burial ground,
Which soon our treasure must conceal,
Then, then indeed, a grief we feel—
Yet not our loss.

But when a few more days are gone,
And we still weep, but weep alone,
When all is as it was before,
Save one we never can see more;
When others take that vacant place,
So lately filled by one dear face—
We feel our loss.

Ah, many a year may pass away,
And many a sunbeam round us play,
And many a cloud of heavy woe
Darken our pathway here below;
But joy or grief can ne'er efface
What memory's pen alone can trace—
There is our loss!

RECOMPENSE.

We are quite sure
That he will give them back—bright, pure
and beautiful—
We know he will but keep
Our own and his until we fall asleep;
We know he does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The here and there.
He does not mean—though heaven be
fair—
To change spirits entering there, that they
forget
The eyes upraised and wet,
The lips too still for prayer,
The mute despair.
He will not take
The spirits which he gave, and make
The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.
I do believe
They will receive
Us—you and me—and be so glad
To meet us that when most I would grow sad
I just begin to think about the gladness,
And the day
When they shall tell us all about the way
That they had learned to go,—
Heaven's pathways show.

My lost, my own and I
Shall have so much to see together by-
and-by.
I do believe that just the same sweet face
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy in that by-and-by.
I do believe that God will give a sweet sur-
prise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,
And that his heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy for
you and me,
As we have suffered most. God never
made
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for
shade.
And placed them side by side—
So wrought in one, though separate, mysti-
fied—
And meant to break
The quivering threads between. When we
shall wake
I am quite sure we shall be very glad
That for a little while we were so sad.
—George Kingle, in Salem Gazette.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

Lay the dear hands upon the silent breast;
Kiss the pale lips calm folded unto rest;
Life's setting sun hath shed
A tender radiance o'er the blissful dead;
The gathering darkness falls on you who weep.
For it is "His beloved to whom He giveth
sleep."

Touch the cold lids with softly reverent hand:
Whose eyes th' Eternal Countenance hath
scanned,
Though closed we may not mourn;
It is the ripened sheaf that has been borne
Into the granary that God doth keep
For those of "His beloved, to whom He giveth
sleep."

Not what you lose, but what his soul hath won,
Should dwell within your hearts; th' unshad-
owed sun
Doth meet his lifted eyes.
No longer life's pathetic mysteries
Shall thrill him with dismay: God's peace is
sleep,
And it is "His beloved to whom He giveth
sleep."

THE WAITING TIME.

There are days of deepest sorrow,
In the seasons of our life;
There are wild despairing moments,
There are hours of mortal strife;
There are times of stormy anguish,
When the tears refuse to fall,
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.
Youth and love are o't impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach;
And the heart grows sick with hoping,
Ere it learns what life can teach.
For, before the fruit be gathered,
We must see the blossoms fall;
And the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Loving once, and loving ever,
It is sad to watch for years
For the light whose fitful shining
Makes a rainbow of our tears,
It is sad to count at morning
All the hours to even-fall;
Oh, the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,
Though the sudden crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lays us low.
We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for our fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

For it wears the eager spirit,
As the salt waves wear the stone,
And hope's gorgeous garb grows threadbare,
Till its bright test tints are gone.
Then, amid youth's radiant tresses,
Silent snows begin to fall;
Oh, the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet at last we learn the lesson
That God knoweth what is best,
And a silent resignation
Makes the spirit calm and blest:
For we know a day is coming
For the changes of our fate,
When our hearts will thank Him meekly
That He taught us how to wait.

SOMETIME.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know
hereafter."—CHRIST.
Sometime, when all life's lessons have been
learned,
And sun and stars forever more have set—
The things which our weak judgment here have
spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes
wet,

Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine more in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right
And how what seemed reproof was love most
true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see;
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth
good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened
breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send,
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery would find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the hidden cups of gold,
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where weary feet, with sandals loose, may
rest,
Then shall we know and clearly understand—
I think that we shall say, "God knew the
best!"

OBSCURE MARTYRS.

They have no place in storied page,
No rest in marble shrine;
They are passed and gone with a perished
age,

They died and "made no sign."
But work that shall find its wages yet,
And deeds that their God did not forget,
Done for their love divine—
These were the mourners, and these shall be
The crowns of their immortality.

O! seek them not where sleep the dead,
Ye shall not find their trace;
No graven stone is at their head,
No green grass hides their face;
But sad and unseen is their silent grave—
It may be the sand or deep sea wave,
Or a lonely desert place;
For they needed no prayers and no mourning
bell—
They were tombed in true hearts that knew
them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were bro-
ken,
And dried sad eyes till theirs lost light;
We shall know at last by a certain token
How they fought and fell in the fight.
Salt tears of sorrow unhealed,
Passionate cries unchronicled,
And silent strifes for the right—
Angels shall count them and earth shall sigh
That she left her best children to battle and
die.

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

Following Rules on

PRE-EXISTENCE.

While sauntering through the crowded street,
Some half-remembered face I meet,

Albeit upon no mortal shore
That face, methinks, has smiled before.

Lost in a gay and festal throng,
I tremble at some tender song—

Set to an air whose golden bars
I must have heard in other stars.

In sacred aisles I pause to share
The blessings of a priestly prayer—

When the whole scene which greets mine eyes
In some strange mode I recognize

As one whose every mystic part
I feel prefigured in my heart.

At sunset, as I calmly stand,
A stranger on an alien strand—

Familiar as my childhood's home
Seems the long stretch of wave and foam.

One sails toward me o'er the bay,
And what he comes to do and say

I can foretell. A prescient lore
Springs from some life outlived of yore.

O swift, instinctive, startling gleams
Of deep soul-knowledge! not as *dreams*

For aye ye vaguely dawn and die;
But oft with lightning certainty

Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain,
To make old thoughts and memories plain—

Thoughts which perchance must travel back
Across the wild, bewildering track

Of countless aeons; memories far,
High-reaching as you pallid star,

Unknown, scarce seen whose flickering grace
Faints on the outmost rings of space!

WAITING.

The first glad day of summer saw our parting;
Our hopes were vague, our words were very few;
I murmured—from your passionate hold upstarting—
"I'll wait for you!"

Ah! I was young; the world was all before me;
My love should make life beautiful and true.
I said, when passionate parting pains came o'er me,
"There is so much to do!"

Come home! dearest, come home!

The summer waned, and anguish fell upon me,
Such heavy loss as wears the strength away;
And for a time its greatness seemed to stun me,
And so I lay

Weak and bewildered, with one wish forever
Haunting my nights and shadowing my days—
That I might fall upon your breast, ah! never
My head therefrom to raise.

Come home! dearest, come home!

A homesick child, lost in the dreary gloaming—
Such lone estate is haply like to mine;
My eyes are weary waiting for your coming,
My sun is slow to shine!
Do you remember, dear, that charmed season
When your strong arm upheld my faltering feet;
When life was set to rhyme unchilled by reason,
And oh, so wondrous sweet?

Come home! dearest, come home!

The red-leaved glories of the ripening autumn,
Sun-diamonds flashing on a dimpling sea,
These pleased me once; these now I cast no thought on:
You are away from me!

And I am very weary of this sorrow.
Where are you, oh, my best-beloved friend?
And must I ask to-morrow and to-morrow?
And what shall be the end?

Come home! dearest, come home!

I know too well, unless some cheering token
Comes o'er the sea. I am not less than brave;
But Want and Doubt and Toil, uncheered, unbroken,
Lead swiftly to the grave.

Yet you are dearer far to me than heaven,
And while you live I feel I can not die:
Pray the dear God will smooth what is uneven,
And bring you by-and-by!

Come home! dearest, come home!

I live my life as you would have me live it
If you were here, and earth were glorified;
For you will turn again—I do believe it—
And seek my side.
When you come back you'll find me worthier loving—
Pain and Endeavor keep us pure and true—
And oh! remember in your farthest roving,
I wait for you!

Come home! dearest, come home!

RESPICE FINEM!

I.

"Thou liest, Hope," 'tis said, when unful-
filled
Thy promises on life's worn footpaths rest;
When roofless stands the temple thou didst
build:—

But what say they who know and love thee
best?—

Though the rich light which filled the morn-
ing skies
Increase and fade into the depths of night,
We sin if we believe the radiance dies.
When, with slow steps, it leaves our common
sight:—

Once to have seen is surely still to see!—
So when we speak of early Hope as dead,
We take our hold of words but carelessly,—
Forgetful that on Hope the Spirit fed,
And gained—in losing even the truth to be—
The present truth of self-maturity!"

II.

Ah! still the heart sighs on?—Then seek again
Some larger light 'mid drifting clouds of
gloom;

For surely something, say you, must remain
After Hope's death—some flowers grace her
tomb!—

Nay—tenderly—for she may not be dead,
But sleeping, charmed, until your life kiss hers
Into the living Beauty which you fled

To place your love beside:—She ministers
Not as we do even to our dearest guest:—
For banquet as we may, hunger is still
A few hours distant only,—but her best
Comes last, and ends all hunger!—Wherefore
fill

Thy heart with sorrow? *Somewhere*, it must be
Thy pure, high Hopes touch God's Desires for
thee!

—The Spectator.

JOHN HOGBEN.

DANTE FROM LONGFELLOW'S MICHAEL ANGELO.

I turn for consolation to the leaves
Of the great master of our Tuscan tongue,
Whose words, like colored garnet-shirts in lava,
Betray the heat in which they were engendered.
A mendicant, he ate the bitter bread
Of others, but repaid their meagre gifts
With immortality. In courts of princes
He was a by-word, and in streets of towns
Was mocked by children, like the Hebrew prophet,
Himself a prophet. I, too, know the cry.
Go up, thou bad head! from a generation
That, wanting reverence, wanteth the best food
The soul can feed on. There's not room enough
For age and youth upon this little planet.
Age must give way. There was not room enough
Eve for this great poet. In his song
I hear reverberate the gates of Florence.
Closine upon him, nevermore to open;
But mingled with the sound are melodies
Celestial from the gates of paradise.
He came, and he is gone. The people knew not
What manner of man was passing by their doors,
Until he passed no more; but in his vision
He saw the torments and beatitudes
Of souls condemned or pardoned, and hath left
Behind him this sublime Apocalypse.

—The Atlantic Monthly.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have cross'd the bar.

—Tennyson

RUTH.—Of the many poems written on "Ruth,"
the following, which we find without an author's
name, is not the least meritorious. We think it so
well worth preserving that we insert it. Can any
one tell who wrote it?

When the sunlight kissed the hill-tops,
In the dew of early morn,
Ruth went out behind the reapers,
Through the golden shocks of corn.

Patience gleamed with her the pastures,
Hope sobbed softly in her sighs,
Love lit up her trembling features
With a glow of Paradise.

Then said Boaz to the reapers,
"Hers be all that each man leaves,
Trouble not the Jewish maiden,
Let her glean among the sheaves."

Long the master loved to linger
Looking backward o'er the plain,
Seeing there a sweeter treasure
Than the Summer-scented grain.

Ruth no longer haunts the pastures,
Sobs no more amid the corn,
Follows not the other reapers
Through the dewy fields of morn.

But the harvest songs from meadow,
Slumbrous hill-side, billowy plain,
Bear the tidings—"she is mistress
Over all the rustling grain."

Thus when Love and Hope and Patience,
Glean the pastures God has sown,
Softly angel-songs shall welcome
Us, the reapers, as his own.

BRAHMA'S ANSWER.

BY H. H. STODDARD.

Once, when the days were ages,
And the old Earth was young,
The high gods and the sages
From Nature's golden pages
Her open secrets wrung.
Each questioned each to know
Whence came the Heavens above, and whence the Earth
below.

Indra, the endless giver
Of every gracious thing
The gods to him deliver,
Whose bounty is the river
Of which they are the spring—
Indra, with anxious heart,
Ventures with Viochannu where Brahma is apart,

"Brahma! Supreme Being!
By whom the worlds are made,
Where we are blind, all seeing,
Stable, where we are fleeing,
Of Life and Death afraid—
Instruct us, for mankind,
What is the body Brahma! O Brahma! what the mind?"

Hearing as though he heard not,
So perfect was his rest,
So vast the Soul that erred not,
So wise the lips that stirred not—
His hand upon his breast
He laid, whereat his face
Was mirrored in the river that girt that holy Place!

They questioned each the other
What Brahma's answer meant,
Said Viochannu, "Brother,
Through Brahma the great Mother
Hath spoken her intent:
Man ends as he began—
The shadow on the water is all there is of Man!"

"The Earth with woe is cumbered,
And no man understands;
They see their days are numbered
By one that never slumbered
Nor stayed his dreadful hands.
I see with Brahma's eyes—
The body is the shadow that on the water lies."

Thus Indra, looking deeper,
With Brahma's self possessed,
So dry thine eyes, thou weeper!
And rise again, thou sleeper!
The hand on Brahma's breast
Is his divine assent,
Covering the soul that dies not. This is what Brahma
meant.

Tune: "INTEGER VITÆ."

TRANQUIL and peaceful is the path to heaven;
Where now so many, fresh from earth's ripe vintage,
So many happy, high, and blessed spirits
Wait to receive us.

There life is blissful! Shall the spirit tremble?
Bright heavenly angels wait to lead us yonder;
There dwell the spirits, purified by suffering,
Blessing and Blessed.

There our lost rosebuds in our hands shall open;
Love, pure and holy, in our bosoms glowing,
Flows from the Father, source of every blessing,
Living and loving.

DECEMBER 21, 1880.

FROM THE KORAN.

"When the sun is withered up,
And the stars from heaven roll;
When the mountains quake,
And ye let stray your she-camels, gone ten months
in foal:
When wild beasts flock
With the people and the cattle
In terror, in amazement,
And the seas boil and rattle;
And the dead souls
For their bodies seek;
And the child vilely slain
Is bid to speak.
Being asked, 'Who killed thee, little maid?
Tell us his name!'—
While the books are unsealed,
And crimson flame
Playeth the skin of the skies,
And Hell breaks ablaze
And Paradise
Opens her beautiful gates to the gaze;
Then shall each soul
Know the issues of the whole
And the balance of its scroll."
—Pearls of the Faith—E. Arnold.

AFFINITY.

We gave no sign, no outward difference
made
In speech or attitude, but in that hour
When first voice answered voice, glad and
afraid,
We saw a new life rise in strength and
power;
A Presence, Fate's strong shadow seemed
to call
To us, and touch us, and our spirits grew
Into each other, as shed tears might fall
At eye, and mingle with great drops of
dew.
So must it be, though we should live apart,
Or hand touch hand in hourly fellowship,
Years pass with never word from heart to
heart:
Or thoughts be daily read on brow and
lip.
As star knows star across the ethereal sea,
So soul feels soul to all eternity.
(English Illustrated Magazine.)

SOME TIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet, the prayer your lips have
pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope declining,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father has not heard your prayer,
You shall have your desire, some time, some-
where!
Unanswered yet—though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So anxious was your heart to have it done?
For years have passed since then, do not despair,
For God will answer you, some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? But you are not unheeded;
The promises of God forever stand;
To Him our days and years alike are equal.
"Have faith in God!" It is your Lord's com-
mand.
Hold on to Jacob's angel, and your prayer
Shall bring a blessing down, some time, some-
where.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say unanswered;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was ut-
tered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
Keep incense burning at the shrine of prayer,
And glory shall descend, some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock,
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries: "It shall be done, some time, some-
where."

Answered—

Take unto thyself, O Father,
This folded day of thine,
This weary day of mine;
Its ragged corners cut me yet,
O, still the jar and fret!
Father, do not forget
That I am tired
With this day of thine.

Breathe Thy pure breath, watching Father,
On this marred day of thine,
This wandering day of mine;
Be patient with its blur and blot,
Wash it white of stain and spot.
Reproachful eyes! remember not
That I have grieved thee
On this day of thine.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE KINGS.

A man said unto his angel,
"My spirits are fallen through
And I cannot carry this battle;
O brother! what shall I do?"

The terrible Kings are on me,
With spears that are deadly bright,
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his angel,
"Thou wavering, foolish soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.

Thy will is the very, the only,
The solemn event of things;
The weakest of hearts defying
Is stronger than all these Kings.

Though out of the past they gather
Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringletted Vain Desires,
And Vice with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires,

While kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt:

To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall!"
(Louise Imogen Guiney.)

Aaron Vanderwerker, 242 Livingston
Street, Brooklyn: "Some Time, Some-
where," asked for by 'An Appreciative
Reader' was written in 1879 by Miss Ophelia
G. Browning, the daughter of a Meth-
odist minister, and first appeared in May,
1880, in The Christian Standard under the
signature 'F. G. Browning.' It was soon
widely copied and attributed to Robert
Browning. Some years later the author,
who had become Mrs. Burroughs of Pough-
keepsie, had the unique pleasure of hearing
her poem repeated before an immense
throng at a religious gathering in Ocean
Grove, the audience, by request, joining in
the recital of the last stanza. Mrs. Bur-
roughs wrote the verses to comfort a
mother who was greatly distressed over the
spiritual indifference and worldliness of

BEN AZIM'S CREED.

In an old city under Eastern skies
There lived Ben Azim, whom men called the Wise;
And all sweet youths on noble deeds intent
For golden counsel to Ben Azim went.

Thus in the silver silence of the night
The sage beheld a Brahmin, strong and bright,
And young as Neptune when his lover hand
Caught back the waves from the enamored land,

Standing within the tent. "Master," he said,
"The way is long to seek the wiser dead;

"Therefore I come to thee. Tell me, I pray,
What best sufficeth for life's fitful day?"

"What dreams are whitest when the day is spent,
And memory and moonlight fill the tent?"

Then rare Ben Azim, laying wider brow
And broader gaze than puny spirits know,

Made answer: "Come, O Prince; the moon is high
Beneath its shining thou shalt find reply."

He led him onward where a glistening pile
Of marble makes the solemn moonshine smile,

And willing winds may draw the curtain's fold,
And fair and ravishing the scenes they hold.

Beneath a hundred prisoned moons swung low
In alabaster vases, glow on glow.

One lay in silken case, and smiled to see
The happy dancers in their graceful glee,

And sighed a little with the sighing lyre,
Whose lulling seems diviner than desire;

And smiled again because his Nourmahal
Answered with lifted, lighted eyes his call.

"No tumult save the viol's enters here,
Where cyclamen and musk are atmosphere.

"No schemes make discord in that charmed air,
Where to be careless is the only care.

"And ages shall wither and dead leaves fall,
And still some amorous, fawn-eyed Nourmahal

"Will feed his heart. Roses and maidens die,
But love and bloom and fragrance are for aye."

The Brahmin faced the teacher, with surprise,
And swift reproaches in his eager eyes.

"If this be life I comprehend," he said,
"The smile upon the faces of the dead."

Ben Azim's glance grew fond. "I do not say
Brahma hath left us no more royal way;

"But they who choose it walk with unshod feet,
As one I know walks yonder stricken street."

"Where dying children, feeling his caress,
Take it for their dead mother's tenderness;

"And men the plague had crushed are men again,
His courage being stronger than their pain.

"Poorer than lean pariahs, none may leave
A gift 'twould make him richer to receive,

"Because the treasures of the gods are theirs
Whose empty hands fall free of selfish cares;

"And he who only prays for other men
Is nearest Him who gives nor asks again;

"A ruler in the world which has no sway
Of lives so rich they give themselves away.

"The choice is thine, O Prince; this purple state,
Or that high loneliness; the night grows late."

"Yet stay my master," said the proud young voice
"Life is too lavish for this narrow choice,

"She gives her poets bay, her conquerors palm,
And power to princes, and to sages calm.

"Is there no boon of all she holds more fair?"
It was a sage who heard and answered there.

"Pleasure will feed the body, love, the soul,
For flesh nor spirit a meaner dole.

"Cressus has all of earth, the pure have heaven;
Is there a midland unto mortals given?"
Harper's Magazine.

AN HORATIAN LYRIC.

O blest is he, from business free,
Like the merry men of old,
Who tills his land with his own stout hand,
And knows not the lust of gold.

No sailor he on stormy sea,
No soldier, trumpet-stirred;
And he shuns the town and the haughty frown
Of the courtiers' fawning herd.

But he bids the vine with her tendrils twine
Around the poplar tall;
And he adds a graft, with a gardener's craft,
To the tree that climbs his wall.

Or a grazier keen, on the pastures green
He sees his oxen feed;
Or he shears his flock, or he brews a stock
Of his rustic nectar mead.

And when autumn at length, in his manly strength,
Has raised his fruit-crowned head,
He plucks the pear with its flavor rare,
And the grape with its clusters red.

With his knee on the sod he thanks his God
For his mercies and his favors free;
And he lays him along while he lists the song
Of the thrush in the old oak tree;

While the waters glide with the rippling tide,
And the zephyrs softly creep
O'er the quivering leaves, 'midst the murmuring
trees,
And lull the senses to sleep.

But when thundering Jove from his stores above
Sends wintry snows and rain,
And rock and wood, and field and flood,
Lay bound in his icy chain,

With many a hound, in the woods around,
He hunts the grizzly boar;
And ere daylight fade his gleaming blade
Is red with the monster's gore.

When the sun has set he spreads his net,
And the partridge, fluttering, dies;
He takes the hare in his crafty snare,
And the crane, a goodly prize.

'Mid joys like these what ills can tease—
Who could remember pain?
He feels no wrong, and he laughs at the throng
Of the cares that swell love's train.

If a loving wife—best staff of life—
Be his, and children dear,
The fire burns bright with its ruddy light
His homeward step to cheer.

At the cottage door, when his toil is o'er,
She stands with her smile so sweet,
And holds up her face with a modest grace,
His welcome kiss to meet.

And children glad swarm round their dad,
But the hungry man must dine;
So she spreads the cloth and he sups his broth,
While she pours out her home-made wine.

—[Blackwood's Magazine.]

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UNCONQUERED.

Deem not, O Pain, that thou shalt vanquish me,
Who know each treacherous pang, each last device,
Whereby thou barr'st the soul from Paradise!
At least who suffers constantly
Thy joyless fellowship, may gain
The lessons—only taught by Pain.
And know, tho' broken, that his will
Subdues thee still!
Man was not born the slave of things like thee
And thy companion, Death; the livelong day
He valiant strives, and holds you still at bay;
And when he can no longer see
For thick'ning shadows—faint and spent,
He bears his standards to his tent
And yields ye seeming victory:
But—he is free!
—Florence Earle Coates, in *Independent*.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Weary of myself and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.
And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed
me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"
"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye water
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"
From the intense, clear, star-sown vault
heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they
"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things within
them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.
"And with joy the stars perform their shining
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with not
All the fever of some differing soul.
"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."
O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear.
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"
—Matthew Arnold

CLEANTHES' HYMN TO ZEUS.

Quoted by St. Paul in his Address to the Athenians,
Acts xvii. 28.

Hail! mightiest of immortals! many a name
Bespeaks whose greatness evermore the same!
Ruler of Nature, whose dread sovereignty
Upholdeth all things by a fixed decree,
Thee I invoke, great king! for, frail and weak,
Fitting it is for man thy praise to speak.
For they who breathe the air and tread the
ground
Are all his offspring, and, compared with thee,
Are all his fleeting image of a sound;
Therefore my office and my joy shall be
To sing thy matchless power eternally!
This countless train of worlds their course fulfil,
Encircling earth, obedient to thy will.
Thy steadfast hand the thunderbolt doth fling,
That two-edged, fiery, ever-living thing,
With which, when rent, all Nature breathless
stands,
Fearing the power of thy resistless hands!
The mighty plan of nature thou dost guide,
Pervading all things, to all life allied!
Without thee, God, thy presence and thy care,
Nor in the earth, nor in the empyreal air,
Nor in the heaven divine, or tossing sea,
Can aught be done, save through the impiety
Of senseless man. Thy penetrating view
Can pierce the mazes of confusion through,
And render all things unperplexed and bright,
All discord harmony, all darkness light;
So that, or good or evil, all shall tend
To the fulfilment of one common end.

But this eternal purpose men deride,
And scorn this heavenly wisdom in their pride.
Oh! wretched men! still longing to possess,
Forever thirsting after happiness.
They neither seek to learn, nor care to know
This law divine, whose guidance can bestow
A life of honor, by the good beloved,
By reason guided, and by Heaven approved;
But now, alas! rush headlong onward still,
Each at the guidance of his own vain will.
Of some, ambition is the end and aim,
A thirst insatiate for the draught of fame;
Some blindly gain, and hoard, and worship gold,
While others yield to passions uncontrolled.
But thou, the all-bestowing God of love,
The thunder-ruling, cloud-compelling Jove!
Save from this mournful ignorance, this vain,
Distempered mind, and give us to attain
That wisdom which directs thy guiding hand,
In the wide circuit of thy just command;
So that, thus honored, we may honor thee,
In rendering worthier praise eternally;
Since not to men on earth, nor gods in heaven,
Can any higher, nobler task be given,
Than in one endless song to celebrate
This Law eternal, universal, great!

I FOLLOW CHEERFULLY.

CONDUCT me, Zeus, and thou, O Des-
tiny.
Wherever your decrees have fixed my
lot,
I follow cheerfully; and did I not,
Wicked and wretched I must follow
still.

CLEANTHES, 300 B. C.

HORACE, IV., 7.

The snows have fled, the trees their foliage clothes,
The grass the fields;
The rivers, lessening, flow along, and frost
To sunshine yields;
The Graces with their sister Nymphs begin
To lead the dance.
All things are fleeting here, says she who bids
The day advance.
The zephyrs banish cold, and summer comes
So soon to die,
As fruity Autumn lavishes his store
And hurries by.
Recurring moons repair celestial loss;
When we once fall,
Like Tullus and like Ancus rich we are
Dust, ashes all.
The Gods, may be, will not allow tomorrow's sun
On us to shine.
All things thy grasping heir shall lose which thou
Mak'st truly thine.
As soon as thou hast died, and Minos, stern,
Thy fate decides,
Nor wealth, nor piety, my friend,—ah no,
Nor wit besides—
Can rescue thee. Tho' Dian strive, in hell
Her love must stay.
In vain will Theseus strive Pirithous's bonds
To tear away.

J. M. M.

THE SPRITE OF THE GOO-GOO-GEE.

(W. J. Florence in the Sunny Hour.)

A fairy came from her opal cave
In the depths of the onyx sea,
And brought a babe with golden hair
And sparkling eyes, like dewdrops rare,
And lips like rose, and skin so fair,
And little fat hands, with dimples deep,
To rub his eyes when he wanted sleep,
And short plump legs, when he tried to creep.

The fairy stopped at a farmer's gate,
And said: "I'll enter here,
For a little mother wants a babe,
With bright blue eyes that sparkle clear,
And cheeks as pink as the Conch shell's ear,
And curls on its tiny pate."

Now behind this fairy, kind and true,
Came another sprite called Bug-a-boo,
From the land of the Goo-goo-gee.
Oh, he was a nasty pop-eyed elf,
That thought too much of his ugly self,
And, between both you and me,
He was after the babe that the fairy brought
From the depths of the Onyx sea.

When the babe was laid on its mother's lap,
It clapped its hands with glee,
And the fairy said, "I'll leave you here
If you will promise me
Never to cry or pout or fret,
But be a sweet and darling pet
And as good as good can be.

"If ever you are a naughty child
And cause your mamma pain,
The sprite from the land of the Goo-goo-gee
Will come some night down the chim-nee
And take you away from your mama's knee
To his cave in the black molasses sea,
And you won't come back again."

But this lovely child was very good,
And Bug-a-boo, you see,
Grew very mad because he could
Not get this fat ba-bee;
But he's running around the country yet,
As wild as he can be,
Watching very little pet,
To see if they cry or pout or fret,
For he says, "A child I'm bound to get,
Or my home on the Goo-goo-gee."

ROCKABY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

So, so, rockaby so!
Off to the gardens where dreamikins grow;
And here is a kiss on your winkiblink eyes.
And here is a kiss on your dimpled cheek,
And here is a kiss for the treasure that lies
In the beautiful garden way up in the skies
Which you seek.
Now mind these three kisses wherever you go—
So, so, rockaby so!

There's one little fumfay who lives there, I
know,
For he dances all night where the dreamikins
grow;

I send him this kiss on your droopydrop eyes,
I send him this kiss on your rosy-red cheek.
And here is a kiss for the dream that shall rise
When the fumfay shall dance in those far-away
skies

Which you seek.
Be sure that you pay those three kisses you
owe—

So, so, rockaby so!
And by-low, as you rockaby go;
Don't forget mother who loveth you so!

And here is her kiss on your weepydrop eyes,
And here is her kiss on her peachypink cheek,
And here is her kiss for the dreamland that lies
Like a babe on the breast of those far-away
skies

Which you seek—
The blinkyblink garden where dreamikins
grow—
So, so, rockaby so.

—Chicago Record.

The Runaway Boy.

Wunst I sassed my Pa, an' he
Won't stand that an' punished me—
Nen when he wuz gone that day,
I slipped out an' runned away.

I took all my copper cents,
An' climed over our back fence
In the jimson weeds 'at grewed
Ever' where all down the road.

Nen I got out there, an' nen
I runned some-an' runned again,
When I met a man 'at led
A big cow 'at shook her head.

I went down a long, long lane
Where wuz little pigs a-play'n';
An' a grea-big pig went "Boo!"
An' jumped up, an' skeered me, too.

Nen I scampered past, an' they
Was somebody hollered "Hey!"
An' ist looked ever' where,
An' they wuz nobody there.

I want to but I'm 'fraid to try
To go back. . . . An' by an 'by
Somepin' hurts my th'roat inside—
An' I want my ma-an' cried.

Nen a grea-big girl came through
Where's a gate, an' telled me who
Am I? an' ef I tell where
My home's at she'll show me there.

But I couldn't ist but tell
What's my name; an' se says, "Well,"
An' ist tooked me up an' says
"She know where I live, she guess."

And she telled me hug quite close
Round her neck!—on off she goes
Skipin' up the street! An' nen
Putty soon I'm home again.

An' my Ma, when she kissed me,
Kissed the big girl, too, an' she
Kissed me—ef I promise shore
I won't run away no more!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

It's quite a job to set my staves

THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT.

I.

On the top of the crumpetty tree,
The Quangle Wangle sat;
But his face you could not see
On account of his beaver hat.
For his hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells and buttons and loops and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

II.

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the crumpetty tree:—
"Jam; and jelly; and bread;
Are the best food for me!
But the longer I live on this crumpetty tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way,
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

III.

But there came to the crumpetty tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said: "Did you ever see
Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest on your lovely hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that.
O, please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best,
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee.

IV.

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree
Came the Stork, the Duck and the Owl,
The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl
(The Fimble Fowl with a corkscrew leg);
And all of them said—"We humbly beg,
We may build our homes on your lovely hat—
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!"
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee.

V.

And the Golden Grouse came there—
And the Pobble, who has no toes—
And the small Olympian Bear—
And the Dong with a luminous nose,
And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,—
And the Orient Calf from the land of Tute,—
And the Attery Squash and the Bisky Bat,—
All came and built on the lovely hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

VI.

And the Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,—
"When all these creatures move,
What a wonderful noise there'll be!"
And at night by the light of the Mulberry Moon,
They danced to the tune of the Blue Baboon,
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree;
And all were as happy as happy could be,
With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

—Edward Lear in London Society.

A Christmas Song.

[From the English Illustrated Magazine.]

Sleep, baby, sleep! the mother sings;
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

With swathes of scented bay thy bed
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

At midnight came the shepherds, they
Whom seraphs awakened by the way.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar
Ere dawn came guided by a star.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

They brought thee gifts of gold and gems,
Rich orient pearls, pure diadems,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

But Thou who liest slumbering there
Art King of kings, earth, ocean, air.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! the shepherds sing;
Through heaven, through earth, hosannas ring.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—John Addington Symonds.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulders, dear—
Your head like the golden rod—
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.
Away from life's worry and hurry and flurry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom.
We will float off together to a world of fair weather,
Where blossoms are always in bloom.
Just shut up your eyes and fold your hands—
Your hands like the leaves of a rose—
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an atlas shows.
On the north and the west they are bounded by rest,
On the south and the east by dreams,
'Tis the country ideal, where nothing is real,
But everything only seems.
Just drop down the curtain of your dear eyes—
Your eyes like the bright blue bell—
And we will sail out under star-lit skies
To the land where the fairies dwell.
Down the river of sleep our bark shall sweep
Till it reaches the magical isle,
Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,
And where we will pause awhile.
I will croon you a song as we float along
To that shore that is blessed of God.
Then ho! for that fair land, we're off for that rare
land,
The beautiful Land of Nod.

—Ella Wheeler.

THE EXPLORER.

LUCRECE.

Out of the unknown into the known,
From the infinite sea to the sea of Time
Cometh a voyager, sailing alone,
Steering with confidence all sublime
Straight to the land of joy and rest:
The tropic isle of his mother's breast!
Little he cares whether hall or cot
Shelter his shallop from wind and wet;
Cotton or velvet, he heedeth not—
Peasant or lord—they are nothing yet!
Crown for head and sceptre for hand
Are toys and playthings in baby-land.
Oh! but he finds out wonderful things!
The dome of his cradle high and wide;
The drowsy serse when the mother sings;
The swinging ebb of the outward tide,
Which somewhere underneath him seems
To drift him into the land of dreams!
Then wide awake, from the distance dim
In far, mysterious realms of space,
A soft, bright moon doth rise for him:
The tender round of his mother's face.
In this wide world finds he charm on charm,
As he rides round the room on his mother's arm.
Smiles and tears in your bonny eyes,
Shine and cloud on your coral lips,
Little Explorer, out of the skies,
Searching out truth with your finger-tips!
You know not yet, as we old folks know,
There is nothing new in this world below!
Ah! What disdainful looks you cast—
Captain, who sailed from the unknown shore!
Rogue's eyes answer me: "Not so fast,
Fitting my ears with your well-worn lore—
Baby or fairy or sprite or 'li—
You'll find I am something new myself!"

—Golden Rule.

TWILIGHT.

AFTER THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

Child, go and pray—for see! the night is here!
Through cloudy rifts the golden lights appear;
The hills' faint outline trembles in the mist;
Scarcely is heard a distant chariot—list!
The world's at rest; the tree beside the way
Gives to the evening wind the dust of day.

Twilight unlocks the hiding place of stars;
They gleam and glow behind night's shadowy bars.
The fringe of carmine narrows in the west,
The moonlight water lies in shining rest;
Furrow and foot-path melt and disappear,
The anxious traveler doubts the far and near.

It is the hour when angels stoop to earth
To bless our babes amid our careless mirth.
The little ones with eyes upraised in prayer,
With tiny, folded hands and white feet bare,
Ask at this twilight hour a blessing dear
Of him who loves his little ones to hear.

Then, while they sleep, a cloud of golden dreams,
Born in the calm of day's declining beams,
Waiting in shadow till the hour of night,
Fly to each couch and scatter visions bright;
As joyous bees seek honey-laden flowers,
Dreams hover near in slumber's peaceful hours.

O cradled sleep! O prayers of childhood blest!
O baby-voice, speaking a loving breast!
Thy happy prayer the darkness maketh light,
Turneth to song the solemn sounds of night,
As 'neath his wing the birdie hides his head,
Thou shelterest by thy prayer thy cradle-bed.

—Appleton's Journal.

BABY-LAND.

"How many miles to Baby-land?"

"Any one can tell;
Up one flight,
To your right;
Please to ring the bell."

"What can you see in Baby-land?"

"Little folks in white—
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright!"

"What do they do in Baby-land?"

"Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they!"

"What do they say in Baby-land?"

"Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings!"

"Who is the queen of Baby-land?"

"Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet."

[Hartford Times.]

GOOD NIGHT.

God keep you safe, my little love,
All through the night;
Rest close in His enclaving arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray,
Good night! God keep you in His care away.
Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts
About my head;
I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes stealing through the window bars,
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.
For I, though I am far away,
Feel safe and strong
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet—
The night is long—
I say with sobbing breath the old fond prayer,
Good night! Sweet dreams! God keep you everywhere

THE NEW SONG.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Listen to me, my little king.
Last evening I was asked to sing,
I—your mother; for you must know
It is not very long ago
Since halls were crowded with the fame
That cling so closely to my name,
Whilst I before the admiring throng
Stood the acknowledged "Queen of Song."

They were such songs, the songs I sang,
As pleased the multitude and rang
From pit to dome. Then the "encore,"
Which eloquently called for more.
Ah! pride ran riot in my heart;
I loved my fame, my power, my art,
And thought what more of happiness
Could life contain my days to bless!

Look at me, child! A year ago
Your violet eyes I did not know;
Your baby-voice I had not heard;
My heart's true depths had not been stirred
By tones ah! sweeter far than all
My voice had scattered through the hall:
My arms had never known the joy
Which you have taught, wee Baby Boy.

And since I've learned a sweet new song
The old ones are forgotten long.
My tongue has learned to fashion, dear,
Words such as only please your ear—
The language known in "Baby-land,"
And which we only understand;
And I am best content to sing
To one small auditor, my king!

In the old days I wore a crown
Of laurels. Now I bow me down
To feel the touch of baby-hands
Upon my brow. My heart demands
But your sweet smile of approbation,
Nor craves the plaudits of the nation.
So, when a song they asked of me
Last night, I said, It cannot be;

For every song I used to know
Has fallen softly, sweet and low,
Into a "lullaby," and he
For whom I sing has crown-ed me
With baby-kisses, all so sweet
That I lie captive at his feet.
So kiss me for my loyal speech,
Thou little king, whom love shall teach.

—Independent.

A DUTCH LULLABY.

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe;
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do
you wish?"
The old Moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring
fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old Moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night
long

Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afraid are we."
So cried the stars to the fishermen
three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam;
Then down from the sky came the
wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream
they dreamed,
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen
three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little
eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the
skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fisher-
men three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

MR. TENNYSON'S NEW POEM—DE PRO- FUNDIS.

[From the Nineteenth Century for May.]

Out of the Deep, my child, out of the Deep!
Where all that was to be in all that was
Whirled for a million years thro' the vast,
Waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light—
Out of the Deep, my child, out of the Deep!
'Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,
And every phase of ever heightening life,
And nine long months of ante-natal gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent—her dark orb
Touch'd with earth's light—thou comest, Darling
Boy;
Our Own; a babe in lineament and limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;
Whose face and form are hers and mine in one,
Indissolubly married, like our love;
Live and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race, thy kin, so well that men
May bless thee, as we bless thee, O young life,
Breaking with laughter from the dark; and may
The fated channel where thy motion lives
Be prosperously shaped and away thy course
Along the years of haste and random youth
Unshattered—then full current thro' full man;
And last, in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly dying power,
To that last Deep where we and thou are still.

MASTER ECKART'S SERMON.

(Strasburgh, 1320.)

BY R. H. STODDARD.

"Hear Doctor Eckart, hear him!" he began:
 "There was in days of old a learned man,
 Who, longing for the truth, eight years did pray
 That God would show him some one who the way
 Thereto would show. And on a time, when he
 Was in great longing and perplexity,
 He heard a voice from Heaven, or in his mind:
 'Go to the front of the church, where thou wilt find
 One that the way to blessedness will show.'
 Thither he went as fast as he could go,
 And found a man whose clothes to rags were worn,
 Whose bare and dusty feet were bruised and torn,
 Who looked like one acquainted long with sorrow.
 He greeted him with—'God give you good morrow.
 'I never had ill morrow.' Then said he,
 Wondering at what he heard, 'God prosper thee.'
 'I never had aught but prosperity.'
 'Heaven save you,' said the scholar. He again:
 'Other than saved I never was.' 'Explain;—
 I understand not.' 'Willingly,' said the man,
 Whose thoughts upon their conversation ran:
 'Thou wishest me good morrow, I reply,
 I never had ill morrow; for, am I
 Hungry or thirsty, I praise God; or say
 That I am shivering, as I am to-day—
 Fair or foul weather, hail, or snow, or rain—
 As I praised God before, I do again.
 Thence comes it that I never had ill morrow.
 And thou didst say as if I was in sorrow,
 God prosper thee, poor man! I answer thus:
 Sir, I have never been unprosperous:
 For I know how to live with God, and know
 That what He does is best, and make it so;
 Pleasure or pain, whatever may befall,
 I take it cheerfully, as best of all,
 And so I never had adversity.
 God bless thee, then saidst thou; and I to thee—
 I never was unblest. I long to be
 Only of God's will; to the Will Divine
 I have so given what once was will of mine
 That what God wills, I will, and all is well.'
 'But if God were to cast thee into Hell,
 What wouldst thou then?' the scholar asked. And
 he:
 'God cast into Hell? It could not be;
 His goodness holds Him back. But, if not so,
 I have two arms that would not let Him go:
 One is Humility, and therewith I
 Would straight take hold of his humanity;
 And with the other, that lifts me above
 Up to His Godhead, the right arm of Love,
 I would embrace Him till He came to me,
 And happier there with Him my soul would be
 Than in the Heavens without Him!' Thereupon
 The scholar mused, and understood anon
 That not the high and learned path he trod,
 But one much lower, nearest was to God.
 'Whence comest thou?' he asked. 'From God.' 'And
 where
 Hast thou found God?' 'Where I abandoned care—
 Where I abandoned all. I am a king;
 My kingdom is my soul, and every thing,
 Within, without, of which I have control,
 All that I am does homage to my soul;
 No kingdom on earth so great as this.'
 'And what hath brought thee to such perfect bliss?'
 Silence, and thought, a mind with God possessed:
 Resolved in nothing less than God to rest;
 I have found God—what more the Seraphim?
 And everlasting rest and joy in Him.'
 So Master Eckart spake, and went his way,
 And many wondered, as they do to-day.

HER WORLD.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Behind them slowly sank the western world,
 Before them new horizons opened wide—
 "Yonder," he said, "old Rome and Venice
 wait,
 And lovely Florence by the Arno's tide,"
 She heard, but backward all her heart had
 sped,
 Where the young moon sailed through the sun-
 set red,
 "Yonder," she thought, "with breathing soft
 and deep,
 My little lad lies smiling in his sleep."
 They sailed where Capri dreamed upon the
 sea,
 And Naples slept beneath her olive trees;
 They saw the plains where trod the gods of old
 Pink with the flush of wild anemones,
 They saw the marbles by the Master wrought
 To shrine the heavenly beauty of his thought.
 Still ran one longing through her smiles and
 sighs—
 "If I could see my little lad's sweet eyes!"
 Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed,
 Her baby lying warm against her breast,
 "What does she see?" he whispered, "can she
 guess
 The cruel thorns to those soft temples
 pressed?"
 "Ah, no," she said, "she shuts him safe from
 harms,
 Within the love-locked harbor of her arms,
 No fear of coming fate could make me sad
 If so, to-night, I held my little lad."
 "If you could choose," he said, "a royal boon,
 Like that girl dancing yonder for the king,
 What gift from all her kingdom would you bid
 Obedient Fortune in her hand to bring?"
 The dancer's robe, the glittering banquet hall,
 Swam in a mist of tears along the wall—
 "Not power," she said, "nor riches, nor delight,
 But just to kiss my little lad to-night!"
 —[The Independent.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY M. J. SAVAGE.

Across the bare fields, through the night,
 On cold winds desolately sighing,
 From the far East, where stars are bright,
 To be revealed with morning light,
 The young New Year comes flying.
 New Year, by darkness hovered,
 What new songs will you sing me?
 What new gifts will you bring me
 From out the undiscovered?
 Rare things the Old Year took away
 To hold forever in his keeping.
 Hopes that I thought would bloom some day,
 Children that round my knees did play;
 In his cold arms they now are sleeping.
 New Year, by darkness hovered,
 Can you bring back to me
 Those hopes, that childish glee,
 From out the undiscovered?
 Had a heart all innocent;
 The robes I wore were clean and white,
 At now my robe is soiled and rent,
 My heart is sad while I lament
 The chosen wrong, the slighted right.
 New Year, by darkness hovered,
 The lost peace I deplore
 Can you bring back once more
 From out the undiscovered?
 The Old Year's skies were very fair;
 Its flowers and grasses fresh and sweet;
 Its summer clouds, its sunsets rare,
 Its song—birds carolling in air,
 Its children sporting round my feet.
 New Year, by darkness hovered,
 In the new dawns that rise
 Will you bring fairer skies
 From out the undiscovered?
 The Old Year gave me books and "thought
 That wanders through eternity;"
 gave me human love that brought
 message straight from God, and taught
 my soul what heaven itself might be.
 New Year, by darkness hovered,
 A truer love, I know,
 You have not to bestow
 In all the undiscovered.
 Glad your face I cannot see,
 bid you welcome without fear
 after your secret gift may be,
 Father's hand hath sent it me;
 take it, be it smile or tear.
 New Year, by darkness hovered,
 I would not, if I might,
 Know what you hide from st
 There in the undiscovered.

IN A MARSHLAND CHURCHYARD.

Here where the dead men dream of life
 Under the grass and clover,
 White birds come from the sea-storm's strife,
 Circling the marshland over.
 Faintly ever, though winds blow free,
 Echoes the surge's thunder,
 Here where the dead men, home from sea,
 Hark with a dreamy wonder.
 Tired of tempest and racing wind,
 Tired of the spouting breaker,
 Here they come, at the end, to find
 Rest in the silent acre.
 Shore seems better when seas run high,
 Moaning in weary fashion;
 Sea seems better when life's awry,
 Swept by the storms of passion.
 Feet pass over the churchyard turf,
 Up from the sea or downward,
 One way leads to the raging surf,
 One to the perils townward.
 "Hearken, hearken!" the dead men call,
 "Whose is the step that passes?
 Knows he not we are safe from all
 Under the nodding grasses?"
 [Pall Mall Gazette.

THE OLD PLACE.

Only a turf hollow, a moss-grown stone,
 and a brier,
 A wandering, wantoning brier where the
 doorstone used to be,
 A wide and lonely field where the hawk-
 weed runs like fire,
 The skimming wing of the swallow, and
 a wind that blows from the sea.
 Once round a slender steeple fluttered that
 airy wing;
 Here stood the preacher, his lifted eye
 ablaze with the heaven's blue;
 There were the singing-seats, where my
 darling rose to sing—
 Your ears, O happy people that heard
 her, heard angels too!
 Hither I came through the clover while the
 bell tolled over the wood,
 The wood where we two had lingered in
 purple shadow and hush,
 Hearing a bird's song tolling the sorrow
 of solitude,
 And she sang the sweet song over—sweet-
 er she sang than the thrush.
 When we all turned us duly, as the old
 hymn left her lips,
 And proud and pallid with passion she
 saw me in my place,
 Worshipping her, and her only—that petal
 the wild bee nips—
 Is it the rose leaf truly or the flush that
 fled over her face?
 Strange and sweet are your flashes, O sum-
 mers lost and gone!
 In what far land do you treasure the
 thrills you stole from me?
 See, the old beam is lightwood; the snake
 slips under the stone;
 There is nothing but dust and ashes, and
 the wind that blows from the sea!
 —Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE THREE KINGS.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW IN ST. NICHOLAS FOR DECEMBER

Three Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltazar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And the Wise Men knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their sadd'le-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night over hills and dells,
And some times they nodded with head on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at the wayside wells.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltazar,
"Good people, I pray you tell us the news,
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered: "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain
Like riders in haste who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;
And said: "Go down into Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horse turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were
barred.

And only a light in the stable burned.
And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,—
The child that would be King one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet;
The gold was their tribute to a king;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With the clatter of hoofs in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

DECORATIVE ART.

The Origin of Indian Corn.

'Tis said that ever so long ago
A young maid walked by the river-side
Singing sweetly, soft and low,
To the music of the tide.
And the little maid was passing fair,
With eyes of tender, sunny blue.
With rosy lips and floating hair,
Of a wondrous golden hue.

Her fairy step on the velvet sod
Was light and soft as the falling snow;
But it reached the ears of a river-god,
Who lived in the waves below.
He saw the maid, with her floating hair,
Her rosy lips and her rounded form,
Her teeth like pearls. At the vision rare
His heart grew bold and warm.

"So fair a sight has never met
My eyes before!" said the ardent god.
"These mossy banks have never yet
By one so fair been trod!
The river-maids are fair to see;
But never one shall my eyes behold,
Though I live a thousand years," said he,
"Like this maid of mortal mould."

So said the god. "I will seek her side;
I must bring her home to live with me.
She must be mine, what'er betide!"
Said this vain god, boastfully.
Then, with a leap, he left the flood,
With never a care for right or wrong,
And sought the maiden where she stood,
Singing her little song.

Fear lent her wings. Afar she spies
A bank of reeds, tall, dark and dense;
And in this forest need she flies
Swift to their frail defence.
She said: "Oh! Reeds, I pray you hide
Me safe and sure from his cruel art."
They crowded around on every side;
Each reed had a tender heart.

They wound around her trembling form,
They twined themselves in her sunny hair;
To save the maid from threatening harm,
They wrought a marvel there.
For lo! when he parted the slender wall—
He looked on the simple power with scorn—
There in the midst, fair, straight and tall,
Stood a stalk of Indian corn.

This is the reason that night and morn
A gentle sigh, as of one who grieves
Over some loss, fills the fields of corn
And flutters its haunted leaves.
This is the reason it whispers so;
'Tis the soul of the maiden prisoned there,
That night and day, with a murmur low,
Burdens the summer air.

—Carlotta Perry in the Independent.

OCT. 4.

Up soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
As if a soul released from pain
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard; it was to him
An emblem of the seraphim;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone today
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs,
Together rose the feathered throngs
And, singing, scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

[Longfellow.]

[From the Atlantic Monthly for September.]

The Three Bells.*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that thy answer
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry,
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted,
"The Three Bells shall stand by!"

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

As thine, in night and tempest,
I hear the Master's cry,
And, tossing through the darkness,
The lights of God draw nigh!

*Many readers will remember Captain Leighton of the English ship Three Bells, who some years ago rescued the crew of an American vessel sinking in mid-ocean. Unable to take them off in the storm and darkness, he kept by them until morning, running down often during the night, as near to them as he dared, and shouting to them through his trumpet: "Never fear! Hold on! I'll stand by you!"

The Shipman's Tale.

From Harper's Monthly.

Listen, my masters. I speak naught but truth,
From dawn to dawn they drifted on and on,
Not knowing whither or to what dark end.
Now the north froze them, now the hot south scorched,
Some called to God, and found great comfort so;
Some gnashed their teeth with curses, and some laughed
An empty laughter seeing that they lived,
So sweet was breath between their foolish lips,
Day after day the same relentless sun,
Night after night the same un pitying stars,
At intervals fierce lightnings tore the clouds,
Showing vast hollow spaces, and the sleet
Hissed, and the torrents of the sky were loosed.
From time to time a hand relaxed its grip,
And some pale wretch slid down into the dark
With stifled moan, and transient horror seized
The rest who waited, knowing what must be.
At every turn strange shapes reached up and clutched
The whirling wreck, held on awhile, and then
Slit back into that blackness whence they came.
Ah, hapless folk, to be so tost and torn,
So racked by hunger, fever, fire, and wave,
And swept at last into the nameless void—
Frail girls, strong men, and mothers with their babes!
And were none saved?

My masters, not a soul!

Oh, shipman, woful, woful is thy tale!
Our hearts are heavy and our eyes are dimmed.
What ship is this that suffered such ill fate?
What ship, my masters? Know ye not?—the World.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

A POEM BY HELEN KELLER.

Mr. Wade sends to The Educator the following verses on "Autumn," which is said to be Helen's first poetical effort to appear in print. It is, considering the circumstances under which it was composed, a remarkable literary production:

AUTUMN.

Oh, what a glory doth the world put on
These peerless autumn days.
There is a beautiful spirit of gladness every-
where.
The wooded waysides are luminous with
brightly painted leaves;
The forest trees with royal grace have donned
Their gorgeous autumn tapestries;
And even the rocks and fences are broid-
ered
With ferns, sumachs and brilliantly tinted
ivies.
But so exquisitely blended are the lights and
shades,
The golds, scarlets and purples, that no sense
is wearied,
For God himself hath painted the landscape.
The hillsides gleam with golden corn;
Apple and peach trees bend beneath their
burdens of golden fruit;
The golden-rods, too, are here, whole armies of
them,
With waving plumes, resplendent with gold.
And about the wild grapes, purple and fair and
full of sunshine,
The little birds southward going
Linger like travellers at an inn,
And sip the perfumed wine;
And far away the mountains against the blue
sky stand
Calm and mysterious, like prophets of God,
Wrapped in purple mist.
But now a change o'er the glorious sky has
come,
The threatening clouds stand still;
The skies are dark and solemn;
The mists of morning hide the golden face of
day;
And a mysterious hand is silently stripping the
trees,
And with rustle and whirl the leaves descend,
And like little frightened birds
Lie trembling on the ground.
Bare and sad the forest-monarchs stand
Like kings of old, all their splendor swept
away.
And down from his ice-bound realm in the
north
Comes Winter with his snowy locks, and tear-
drops frozen on his cheeks;
For he is the brother of Death, and acquainted
with Sorrow.
Autumn sees him from afar,
And, as a child to her father runneth,
So to the arms of kindly Winter fleeth,
And in his mantle of snow
He tenderly folds her lovely form,
And on his breast she falls asleep
Ere yet the storm-winds have loosed their fury
Upon a white and silent world.
She sleeps unconscious of the sorrow that must
be,
And dreams, perchance, of sylvan music,
And the splendor that was, and will be hers
again;
For Autumn dies not, 't is as the poet said:
"There is no death. What seems so is transi-
tion."
All that is divine lives
In some nobler sphere, some fairer form.

LORRAINE, LORREE.

When Charles Kingsley was visiting the United States an ugly attack of pleurisy held him on a sick bed for several days in Colorado. Lying there, his thoughts busy with life and its problems across the sea, he penned this poem—the last he ever wrote:

"Are you ready for your steeple chase, Lorraine,
Lorraine, Lorree?"

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Barum,

You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at
Coulterlee,

You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to
see,

To keep him straight, to keep him first, and win the
run for me.

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Barum.

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lor-
raine, Lorree,

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,
Barum.

"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might
see,

And I will not ride Vindictive with this baby on my
knee;

He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must
he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine,
Lorree;

Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the run

for me.
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no help
for me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lor-
raine, Lorree.

"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for
seasons three;

But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for
me,

And be killed across a fence as last for all the world
to see?"

She mastered young Vindictive Oh! the gallant lass
was she,

And kept him straight and won the race as near as
near could be;

But he killed her at the brook against a pollard
willow tree.

Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the
world to see.

And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine,
Lorree.

BETWEEN THE GATES.

Between the gates of birth and death
An old and saintly pilgrim passed,
With look of one who witnesseth
The long-sought goal at last.

"O thou whose reverent feet have found
The Master's footprints in thy way,
And walk thereon as holy ground,
A boon of thee I pray.

"My lack would borrow thy excess,
My feeble faith the strength of thine;
I need thy soul's white saintliness
To hide the stains of mine.

"The grace and favor else denied
May well be granted for thy sake."
So, tempted, doubting, sorely tried,
A younger pilgrim spake.

"Thy prayer, my son, transcends my gift;
No power is mine," the sage replied,
"The burden of a soul to lift,
Or stain of sin to hide.

"Howe'er the outward life may seem,
For pardoning grace we all must pray;
No man his brother can redeem
Or a soul's ransom pay.

"Not always age is growth of good;
Its years have losses with their gain;
Against some evil youth withstood
Its hands may strive in vain.

"With deeper voice than any speech
Of mortal lips from man to man,
What earth's unwisdom may not teach
The Spirit only can.

"Make thou that holy Guide thine own,
And, following where it leads the way,
The known shall lapse in the unknown
As twilight into day.

"The best of earth shall still remain,
And Heaven's eternal years shall prove
That life and death, and joy and pain
Are ministers of Love."

Independent.] [John Greenleaf Whittier.

Following are Mr. Whittier's verses:—

THE TWO ANGELS.

God called the nearest angels who dwell with him above:
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," he said, "my angels! a wall of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost
world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the
asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of
pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like
rain!"

Two faces bowed before the Throne veiled in their golden
hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of
air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the
angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in
rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith too
strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a smile of
cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it
fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered into
hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the
Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat
thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling
flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal
spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to
heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin
forgiven!"

CHILD OF SILENCE.

BY SARAH E. HEALD.

SAD Child of Silence!

In vain for thee the earth resounds
On every side with sweetest sounds;
In vain for thee the wild bird's song,
Or hum of insect, borne along
By whispering wind, till all the air
Is filled with melody so rare.
All, all "Earth's voices" do but seem
To thee a past, a pleasant dream.

Lone Child of Silence!

And in thy silence all alone
Thou ne'er canst hear the sweetest tone,
The ringing laugh of happy child,
Rustle of leaves, or tempest wild.
Silent to thee the voice of mirth,
Whispers of love and songs of earth.
Thy words of prayer and hymns of praise
Only in silence canst thou raise.

Meek Child of Silence!

Bend meekly to thy Father's will,
And since he bade the world be still,
And hushed for thee each pleasant sound,
That swells the earth and sky around,
Humbly believe his will is best
And still content in silence rest.
No storm can break the willow bent,
And grace to humble souls is sent.

Glad Child of Silence!

And be thou glad, O silent heart.
Sweet sounds of earth are only part
The moan of pain: the wail of woe
May still be heard wher'er we go.
Thou canst not know the unkind word;
The rough, harsh tone is all unheard.
Be glad—so live, when death shall come,
Thou'lt hear the Angels call thee home.

LLEWELLYN PARK.

NIGHT UNTO NIGHT.

The day hath speech for all, and tells the
glory

And strength of its Creator, hour by hour;
But sweeter tones take up the endless story,
When night reveals the hiding of His
power:

A deeper flush on the horizon glowing,
A softer shadow on the moss-grown sod,
And, through the hush, the sound as of a
going

Among the trees of God.

At His command, with splendor unabated
And eye undimmed, the warrior-sun goes
down,

While the attendant cloudlets, new created
In gold and purple, wait on His renown;
He bids the mighty hand of night discover
The starry regions, till, at His behest,
Arrayed in light a myriad worlds watch over
This one world in its rest!

The curtain of the twilight softly falling
Where the high hills their all-night vigils
keep,

The fitful twitter of the bird recalling
The madrigals of morning ere they sleep;
The field flowers folded for the night se-
curely,

The shadows borne like dreams o'er hill
and dale,
All tell of mercies long since promised surely,
Of love that cannot fail.

All day His vast and marvelous creation
Declares His power and goodness undefiled,
Then having given its evening-time oblation,
Sleeps at His footstool as a wearied child;
Amid the world His eye alone can number,
His watchful care sustaineth great and
small;

And nightly, with a love that cannot slumber,
His rest enfoldeth all!

—Mary Rowles Jarvis.

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK-SONG.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that
he may sift you as wheat."—Luke xii: 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its center.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

—Harper's Magazine for March.

SAFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

I pity so all mothers who may be
Bereaved with living sons—my sympathy
Is always with them first. Only to bless,
My darling came, and cheer me with his sunni-
ness;

Stainless he came and went, he knew no sin,
Heaven's gates flew open and he entered in.

My boy is safe, and safely housed beside,
The many mansions just across the tide
But lately rang with his sweet, welcome song;
No more I fear that danger may betide.
For safe are they who 'neath His wings abide;
Who walk with Him may never know a stain,
The years may come and they may go again,
No dust of life may soil them, and their feet
Never grow weary, for heaven's paths are
smooth.

Hedged in by Love.
Sometimes I fear he may be lonely, even there
May miss his mother's loving kiss—
Time's always mocking at Eternity—
And immortality will far outshine
Such love as mine.

A little further on and I shall see
Fond arms outstretched waiting to welcome me;
A little further on and I shall hear
A soft voice, sweet and clear, that only yester-
day I heard.

Sweeter than song of bird, more tender than the
touch
Of sympathy to those who sorrow much.

Ay, pity those mothers with erring sons,
Tremble for them, we only are the ones
Who must not fear nor weep—sleeping as only
His beloved sleep.

Our treasure safe in heaven,
Over your child disease may hang even now,
Unseen by you pain may have sealed his brow,
And care and guilt and grief may come to stay,
But mine, my child is safe always, no blight
Can touch my child to-night.

NELLY HART. WOODWORTH.

LOVE.

Love is not bond to any man,
Nor slave of woman, howso fair;
Love knows no architect or plan;
She is a lawless wanderer,
She hath no master over her,
And worships not her worshipper.

But though she knoweth law nor plan—
Though she is free as light and air—
Love was a slave since time began.
Lo, now behold a wondrous thing:
Love may be led by silken string,
Yet from stone walls she taketh wing.

O wild sweet roses that bud and blow
Along the way my love may go;
O moss-green rocks, that touch her dress,
And grass that her dear face may press;

O maple tree whose brooding shade
For her a summer tent has made;
O golden-rod and brave sun-flower,
That flame before my maiden's bower;

O butterfly on whose light wings
The golden summer sunshine clings;
O birds that flit o'er wheat and wall,
And from cool hollows pipe and call;

O falling waters, whose distant roar
Sounds like the waves upon the shore;
O winds that down the valley sweep,
And lightnings from the clouds that leap,

O skies that bend above the hills,
O gentle rains and babbling rills,
O moon and sun that beam and burn,
Keep safe my love till I return.

Once when a maiden maidenly went by,
Or when I found some wonder in the grass,
Or when a purple sunset slow did pass,
Or flaming star fell silent through the sky;
Once when I heard a singing ecstasy,
Or saw the moon's face in the river's glass,
Then I remembered that for me, alas!
This beauty must for ever and ever die.
But now I may thus sorrow never more;
From fleeting beauty thou has torn the pall,
For of all beauty, Love, thou art the core,
And though the empty shadow fading fall—
Though lesser birds lift up their wings and soar—
In leaving thee alone, Love, I have all.
—R. W. GILDER.

BY-AND-BY.

Be quiet, restless heart! The long light lies
In gleams of lingering sunshine on the hill:
The home-bound swallow, twittering as he flies,
Makes silence seem more still.

The shadows deeper grow, and in the woods
The air a latent sweetness holds in fee;
An odor faint of yet unblossomed buds—
So like, dear heart, to thee!

Far distant in the soft, cerulean deep,
Where the horizon bounds the nether world,
Great ships becalmed, like brooding birds asleep,
Lie with white sails loose furled.

In peace the day is ended, and the night
Falleth as doth a veil upon the sea;
Along its bosom come with swift-winged flight
The gray mists, silently.

O anxious heart, how Nature speaks! Her power
How leisurely she uses! How intense
The infinite peace of her most fruitful hour!
How soft her influence!

Time bath she for her storms to sweep the main;
To rock the tree tops with her winds of wrath;
To bring forth fragrance in the summer rain;
And time for snow she hath!

So, dear, for all thy eager soul desires,
She keeps sweet times and seasons. In her mood
Is hid for thee all passion's subtle fires
To round thy womanhood.

Cease, then! and in this dewy twilight, move
As one who asks not whither, cares not why;
This gift for all holds still the Eternal Love—
God's endless by-and-by.

—[Lucretia, in Sunday Afternoon for June.

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK."

I.
Will it pain me then forever,
Will it leave me happy never,
This weary, weary gnawing of the old dull pain?
Will the sweet yet bitter yearning,
That at my heart is burning,
Throb on and on forever, and forever be in vain?

II.
O weary, weary longing!
O sad, sweet memories thronging
From the sunset-lighted woodlands of the dear and
holy East!
O hope and faith undying!
Shall I never cease from sighing?
Must my lot among the shadows for evermore be
cast?

III.
Shall I never see the glory,
That the Christ-knight of old story,
Sir Galahad, my hero, saw folded round his sleep?
The full completed beauty,
With which God glids dull duty,
For hearts, that burn towards heaven from the ever-
lasting deep.

IV.
From the conflict ceasing never,
From the toil increasing ever,
From the hard and bitter battle with the cold and
callous world?
Will the sky grow never clearer?
Will the hills draw never nearer,
Where the golden city glitters, in its rainbow mists
unpearled?

V.
Ah me! that golden city!
Can God that have no pity?
I have sought it with such yearning for so many bit-
ter years!
And yet the hills' blue glimmer,
And the portals' golden shimmer
Fade over with the evening, and the distance never
nears!

VI.
O weary, weary living!
O foemen unforgiving!
O enemies that meet me on the earth and in the air!
O flesh, that clogs my yearning!
O weakness aye returning!
Will ye never cease to trouble? Will ye never, never
spare?

VII.
Will my soul grow never purer?
Will my hope be never surer?
Will the mist wreaths and the cliff-gates from my
path be never rolled?
Shall I never, never win it,
That last ecstatic minute,
When the journey's gerdon waits me behind the
hills of gold?

VIII.
Alas! the clouds grow darker,
And the hills loom ever starker,
Across the leaden mist-screen of the heavens dull and
grey!
Thou must learn to bear thy burden,
Thou must wait to win thy gerdon,
Until the day break cometh and the shadows flee
away!

—J. P., St. Pauls.

HEIMWEH.

At Naples is a garden by the sea,
Warmed with the lavish splendor of the sun,
And filled, from wall to wall, with wanton growth
Of roses, white and crimson in their bloom.
A broken fountain spills a slender stream
Of limpid water from its crumbling brim,
And a fair naiad, fallen from her throne,
Lies smiling, in her green nest of the grass,
At the young violets crowding round her knee.
There, when the days are still, and glad content
Gathers her happy children to her heart,
I sit alone, to feel the healing sun
Send its warm pulses through my veins like wine,
Finding in birds, and bees, and fearless things,
That come and go along the tangled ways,
Good company, to cheer my solitude;
But when mine ear, attent to finest sounds,
Hears in the blossom-laden bough o'erhead,
The plaintive jargon of the tolling bees,
And when, through all the heavy-scented air,
The faint, pervasive breath of violets near
Steals like a dream of some remembered bliss,
Oh! then the blue sea and the blue sky
Fade into gray behind a mist of tears,
Through which I see our rugged orchard trees,
Flushed with the tender beauty of the May,
Where robins build and chide the oriole,
That in and out, among the drifted blooms,
Repeats his golden syllable of song
Through the thin air the rapid swallows go,
Fleet upon fleet, with dusky wings for oars,
Till my heart wakes with one tumultuous throb,
And, filled with longing, cries for home and thee.
—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, in Independent.

"NO MORE SEA."

Aye, artists come to paint it; and writers, to put
in a book,
How grand in storm, and fair in calm, the old
North Sea can look.

I've wondered to hear them talking, how to mimic
in music or song,
The voice that thrills the brooding air with its
thunder low and long;

Since never aught but itself, I wot, could sound
like its angry roar,
When its brekers rise to the east winds' call, to
crash on the rocky shore.

But rough or smooth, in shade or shine, the face
of the mighty main
Can speak of little else to me, but memory, fear,
or pain.

Father and husband, and bold, bright boy, it has
taken them one by one;
I shall be alone in the churchyard there, when
my weary days are done.

God never sent me a maiden bairn, to stay by me
to the last,
So I sit by the restless tides alone, by the grave of
all my past;

By the waves so strong and pitiless, that have
drowned life's joy for me,
And think of "the land where all shall meet, the
land where is no more sea."

Yet I cannot rest in meadow or fell, or the quiet
inland lanes,
Where the great trees spread their rustling arms
over the smiling plains.

I can't draw breath in the country, all shadowed,
and green, and dumb,
The want of the sea is at my heart, I hear it call-
ing, "Come."

I hearken, and rise, and follow; perhaps my men
down there,
Where the bright shells gleam, and the fishes dart
'mid sea-weeds' tangles fair,

Will find me best, if still on earth, when the
Angel's trump is blown,
On the sand reach, or the tall cliff side, ere we
pass to the great White Throne.

So Summer and Winter, all alone, by the break-
er's lip I wait,
Till I see the red light flush the clouds, as He
opens the golden gate;

And though at the sound of the rising waves I oft-
times tremble and weep,
When the air is void of their glorious voice I can
neither rest nor sleep.

And strangest of all the promises writ in the
Book, to me,
Is how on the shores of Paradise, "there shall be
no more sea."

—[All the Year Round.

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful!
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottago-
gate,

And the vine on the garden-wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of the Summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful
there

In their loveliest luster come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the germs
Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temple of our God—
The God who starred the uplifted sky,
And flowered the trampled sod;
When He built a temple for himself,
And a home for his priestly race,
He reared each arch in symmetry,
And curved each line with grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They shall bud and blossom, and bear
the fruit.

While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
In Paradise shall bloom!

'MONGST THE HILLS O' SOMERSET.

'Mongst the hills o' Somerset
 Wisht I was a-roamin' yet!
 My feet won't get usen to
 These low lands I'm trompin' through
 Wisht I could go back there, and
 Stroke the long grass with my hand,
 Kind o' like the sweetheart's hair
 Smoothed out underneath it there!
 Wisht I could set eyes once more
 On our shadders, on before,
 Climbin' in the airy dawn,
 Up the slopes 'at love grewed on,
 Natchurl as the violet,
 'Mongst the hills o' Somerset!

How t'u'd rest a man like me
 Jest fer 'bout an hour to be
 Up there where the morning air
 Could reach out and ketch me there!
 Snatch my breath away, and then
 Rensh and give it back again
 Fresh as dew, and smellin' of
 The old pinks I ust to love,
 And a-flavorin' every breeze
 With mixt hints o' mulberries
 And May-apples from the thick
 Bottom lands along the crick
 Where the fish bit, dry er wet,
 'Mongst the hills o' Somerset!

Like a livin' pictur' things
 All comes back; the bluebird swings
 In the maple, tongue and bill
 Trillin' glory fit to kill!
 In the orchard jay and bee
 Ripens the first pears for me,
 And the "Prince's Harvest" they
 Tumble to me where I lay
 In the clover, provin' still
 "A boy's will is the wind's will."
 Clean ferret is time and care,
 And thick hearin', and gray hair—
 But they's nothing I ferget
 'Mongst the hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged—to be edzact,
 Very middle-aged, in fact,—
 Yet a-thinkin' back to then,
 I'm the same wild boy again!
 There's the dear old home once more,
 And there's mother at the door—
 Dead, I know, for thirty year,
 Yet, she's singin', and I hear;
 And there's Jo, and Mary Jane,
 And pap comin' up the lane!
 Dusk's a-fallin', and the dew,
 'Pears like, it is fallin' too—
 Dreamin' we're all livin' yet
 'Mongst the hills o' Somerset!

—James Whitcomb Riley in the Century.

SAYS HE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
 "Whatever the weather may be—
 It's plaze, if ye will, an' I'll say me say—
 Supposin' to-day was the winterest day.
 Wud the weather be changing because ye cried,
 Or the snow be grass were ye crucified?
 The best is to make your own summer," says he,
 "Whatever the weather may be," says he
 "Whatever the weather may be!"
 "Whatever the weather may be," says he—
 "Whatever the weather may be,
 It's the songs ye sing an' the smiles ye wear
 That's a-makin' the sunshine everywhere;
 An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,
 Wid the bird in the bush an' the bud in the tree,
 Whatever the weather may be," says he—
 "Whatever the weather may be!"
 "Whatever the weather may be," says he—
 "Whatever the weather may be,
 Ye can bring the spring wid its green and gold,
 An' the grass in the grove where the snow lies
 cold.
 An' ye'll warm your back wid a smiling face,
 As ye sit at your heart like an owld fireplace,
 Whatever the weather may be," says he—
 "Whatever the weather may be!"

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
 sought is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
 exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel
 grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.
 O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the
 bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the
 bugle trills,
 For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you
 the shores a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager
 faces turning;
 Here, Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
 still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
 nor will,
 The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage
 closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
 object won;
 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

UNCLE WILLIAM'S PICTURE.

Uncle William, last July,
Had his picture took.
"Have it done, of course," says I,
"Jes the way you look!"
(All dressed up, he was, for the
Barbecue and jubilee
The Old Settlers held.) So he—
Last he had it took.

Lide she'd coaxed and begged and plead,
Sence her mother went:
But he'd cough and shake his head
At all argyment;
Mebby clear his throat and say,
"What's my likeness 'mount to, hey,
Now, with mother gone away
From us, like she went?"
But we'd projick'd round, tell we
Got it figgered down
How we'd get him, Lide and me,
Drivin' into town;
Bragged how well he looked, and fleshed
Up around the face, and fresned
With the morning air; and breshed
His coat-collar down.

All so providential! Why,
Now he's dead and gone,
Picture 'pears so lifelike I
Want to start him on
Them old tales he ust to tell
And old talks, so sociable,
And old songs he sung so well
'Fore his voice was gone!

Face is sad to Lide, and they's
Sorrow in the eyes—
Kisses it sometimes, and lays
It away and cries:
I smooth down the hair, and 'low
He is happy, anyhow,
Beln' there with mother now—
Smile and wipe my eyes.

—James Whitcomb Riley in the January
Century.

AT THE CARPENTER'S BENCH.

Isn't this Joseph's son?—ay, it is He;
Joseph, the carpenter—same trade as me;
I thought as I'd find it; I knew it was here;
But my sight's getting queer.

I don't know right where as His shed must ha'
stood;
But often, as I've been aplaning my wood,
I've took off my hat, just with thinking of He
At the same work as me.

He wasn't that set up that He couldn't stoop down,
And work in the country for folks in the town;
And I'll warrant He felt a bit pride, like I've done,
At a good job begun.

The parson, he knows that I'll not make too free;
But on Sunday I feels as pleased as can be,
When I wears my clean smock, and sits in a pew,
And has thoughts not a few.

I think of as how not the parson hiesen,
As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men—
Not he knows as much of the Lord in that shed,
Where He earned His own bread.

And when I goes home to my missus, says she,
"Are ye wanting your key?"
For she knows my queer ways, and my love for the
shed
(We've been forty years wed.)

So I comes right away by myself, with the book;
And I turns the old pages and has a good look
For the text as I've found, as tells me as He
Were the same trade as me.

Why don't I mark it? Ah, many says so,
But I think I'd as lief with your leave, let it go;
It do seem that nice when I fall on it sudden—
Unexpected, ye know.

—Hartford Courant.

A FRIENDLY HAND.

(From the New York Press.)

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feelin'
kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't
let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, oh, my brethren, for a fel-
ler just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly
sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the
tear-drops start,
And you sort o' feel a flutter in the region
of the heart
You can't look up an' meet his eyes; you
don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a
friendly sort o' way!

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its
honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses; but a good
world after all.
And a good God must have made it—least-
ways, that's what I say
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a
friendly sort o' way!

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

It was out on the Western frontier—
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters;
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows didn't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them;
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a candle at her feet.
Pantaloons stood ready and waiting!
It was time for the going on,
But the clown in vain searched wildly;
The "property-baby" was gone!

He murmured impatiently hunting,
"It's strange that I cannot find—
There! I've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men,
The clown bent over the cradle—
"I must take you, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near;
She lifted her baby gently;
"You'll be very careful, dear!"
"Careful? You foolish darling—"
How tenderly it was said!
What a smile shone through the chalk and paint—
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,
Misrule for the time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,
Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and a flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of glass!"
Said the clown to Pantaloons.

The jovial fellow nodded:
"I've a couple myself," he said,
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!"
Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby-laugh! It was echoed
From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer there sprang up
With: "Boys, it's the real thing!"
The ring was jammed in a minute,
Not a man that did not strive
For "A shot at holding the baby—"
The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court right royally—
The fair little baby-king—
Till one of the shouting courtiers,
A man with a bold, hard face,
The talk for miles of the country,
And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled, "look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"
There never was such a hat-full
Of silver, and gold, and notes;
People are not always penniless
Because they don't wear coats!

And then: "Three cheers for the baby!"
I tell you those cheers were meant;
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.
And there was a sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said:
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
But with faces strangely bright,
The audience, somewhat lingeringly,
Flocked out into the night.
And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
"He wasn't a bit afraid!"
He's as game as he is good-looking—
Boys, that was a show that paid!"

—Margaret Vandegrift.

A BLESSING ON THE DANCE.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

[From "Christmas Night in the Quarters," Scribner
for January.]

O Mahsr! let dis gath'rin' an' a blessin' in vo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard for what we does—you knows it's
Chrismus night;
An' all de baluce ob de yeah, we does as right's we
kin—
Ef dancin's wrong—oh, Mahsr! let de time excuse de
sin!

We labors in de vineya'd—workin' hard, an' workin'
true—
Now, shorely you wont notus, ef we eats a grape or
two,
An' takes a leetle holiday—a leetle restin'-apell—
Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in tresh, an' labor twicet
as well.

Remember, Mahsr—min' dis, now—de sinfulness ob
sin
Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit wha' we goes an' does it in:
An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance
an' sing:
A-feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon
wing.

It s'ems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mont be wrong—
That people raly ought to dance, when Chrismus comes
along;
Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in
de trees;
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet
king;
We has no harp to sonn' de chords, to help us out to
sing;
But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we
knows—
An' folks don't 'spise de villet-flow'r bekase it aint de
rose.

You bless us, please sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to
night;
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin'
right;
An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untell we comes to die,
An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de
sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anjuls we's a-gwine to jine 'em
soon:
Our voices we's a-trainin' for to sing de glory tune:
We's ready when you wants us, an' it aint no matter
when—
O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home.
Amen.

PLEDGE TO THE DEAD.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

From the lily of love that uncloses
In the glow of a festival kiss,
On the wind that is heavy with roses
And shrill with the bugles of bliss,
Let it float o'er the mystical ocean
That breaks on the kingdom of night—
Our oath of eternal devotion
To the heroes who died for the right.

They loved, as we love, yet they parted
From all that man's spirit can prize;
Left woman and child broken hearted,
Staring up to the pitiless skies
Left the tumult of youth, the sweet guerdon
Hope promised to conquer from Fate,—
Gave all, for the agonized burden
Of death for the Flag and the State!

Where they roam on the slopes of the mountain
That only by angels is trod,
Where they muse by the chrystalline fountain
The springs in the garden of God,
Are they lost in unspeakable splendor?
Do they never look back and regret?—
Ah! the valiant are constant and tender,
And honor can never forget.

Divine in their pitying sadness
They grieve for their comrades of earth;
They will hear us and start into gladness,
And echo the notes of our mirth;
They will lift their white hands in a blessing
We shall know by the tear that it brings—
The rapture of friendship confessing
With harps and the waving of wings!

In that grim and relentless upheaval
Which blesses the world through a curse,
Still bringing the good out of evil—
The garland of peace on the hearse!—
They were shattered, consumed and forsaken,
Like the shadows that fly from the dawn;
We may never know why they were taken,
But we always shall feel they are gone.

If the wind that sighs over our prairies
No longer is solemn with knells,—
But lovely with flowers and fairies,
And sweet with the calm Sabbath bells;
If virtue, in cottage and palace,
Leads Love to the bridal of Pride,
'Tis because out of war's bitter chalice
Our heroes drank deeply—and died!

Ah! grander in doom-stricken glory,
Than the greatest that linger behind,
They shall live in perpetual story
Who saved the last hope of mankind!
For their cause was the cause of the races
That languished in slavery's night;
And the death that was pale on their faces
Has filled the whole world with its light!

To the clouds and the mountains we breathe it,
To the freedom of planet and star;
Let the tempests of ocean enwreath it,
Let the winds of the night bear it far—
Our oath that till manhood shall perish,
And honor and virtue are sped,
We are true to the cause that they cherish,
And eternally true to the dead!

RELIGIOUS.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

(I. Peter v., 7.)

In the silence of night,
At the dawning of light,
Everywhere,
Comes a voice to my ear:
Peace, my child, I am here;
Have no care!
Cast it all upon Him, He cannot be untrue—
He will never forsake, for He careth for you:
His the care.

Yes, leave it with Him,
The lilies all do,
And they grow:
They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew—
Yes, they grow:
They grow in the darkness, all hid by the
night;
They grow by the sunshine, revealed in the
light—
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting,
They need not your care
As they grow:
Dropped down in the valley,
The field, anywhere,
There they grow.
They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure
white;
They grow clothed in glory by heaven's own
light—
Sweetly grow.

The grasses are clothed
And the ravens are fed
From His store:
And you who are loved,
And guarded and led,
How much more
Will He clothe you and feed you and give you
His care?
Then leave it with Him, He is everywhere—
Ample store.

Does your toil seem in vain?
Is your heart filled with pain,
Hurt and sad?
When the harvest is grown
From the seed you have sown,
'Twill be glad!
For others shall reap the rich fruits of the
word
Which came from your lips and was willing
ly heard;
Harvest glad.

In the end of the years,
When the Bridegroom appears
For His own;
When He gathers His Bride
With Himself to abide
On His throne;
Then will sower and reaper together rejoice,
And exultingly shout with one heart and one
voice:
Harvest Home!

Then leave it with Him,
'Tis more dear to His heart,
You well know,
Than the lilies that bloom,
Or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow,
Whatever the need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him, for you are His
care:

You—you know.
—Rev. E. B. Miner, in the Interior.

THE GATE CALLED BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Lame from his birth; and who is not as much,
Though in his body he be stout and strong;
And in his mind an athlete for the truth:
In conscience, too, a giant against wrong?

For who that guesses what a man may be,
In all his powers and graces how divine,
And then bethinks him of the thing he is—
So far below that glory, God, of thine—

Though he were greatest of the sons of men,
"Why callest thou me good?" he still would
say;
And all the heights already won would point
To higher peaks along the heavenly way.

Lame from our birth; and daily we are brought,
And at the gate called Beautiful are laid;
Sometimes its wonder makes us free and glad;
Sometimes its grandeur makes us half afraid.

The gate called Beautiful; and yet methinks
No word can name it that begins to tell
How soar its pillars to the highest heavens,
And how their roots take hold on lowest hell,

With what designs its panels are inwrought,
O'ertraced with flowers and hills and shining
seas,
And glorified by rise and set of suns,
And Junos of Blossom and October trees!

So beautiful, yet never quite the same!
The pictures change with every changing
hour;
Or sweeter things come stealing into view,
Which stronger things had hidden by their
power.

There all the stars and systems go their way;
There shines the moon so tender in her grace;
And there, than moon or star or sun more fair,
The blessed wonder of the human face.

Faces and faces! some of children sweet,
And some of maidens fresh and pure and true,
And some that lovelier are at evening time
Than any can be while the years are few.

This is the gate called Beautiful; it swings
To music sweeter than was heard that day
When St. Cecilia, wrapt in ecstasy,
Heard through her trance the angelic round-
delay.

Music of little children at their play,
Of mothers hushing them to sleep and dreams,
Of all the birds that sing in all the trees,
Of all the murmuring of all the streams.

And at this gate, not at wide intervals,
Are we, lame from our birth, laid tenderly,
But daily; and not one day passes by
And we look not upon this mystery.

Gate of the Temple? surely it is that!
It opens not into vacuity:
For all its beauty it is not so fair
But that a greater beauty there can be.

Thy beauty, O my Father! All is thine;
But there is beauty in Thyself, from whence
The beauty Thou hast made doth ever flow
In streams of never-failing affluence.

Thou art the Temple! and, though I am lame—
Lame from my birth, and shall be till I die—
I enter through the gate called Beautiful,
And am alone with Thee, O Thou Most High!

SALUTATION.

O Fortune, thou whose potent hand doth hold
All gifts, unlocking with thy golden keys
Love, fame, wealth, powers and pleasures manifold,
Bring to my friend the olive boughs of peace!

For in this storm-tossed world what shall avail
Thy largess of the glittering shows of life?
Some day is sure to see their splendors fail,
Dimmed by earth's dreary clouds of pain and
strife.

But the tranquillity of soul that grows
From holy living and a conscience clean,
Sweeter than fragrance of the new-blown rose,
Clearer than stainless heights of heaven
serene—

O Fortune, with that blessing crown my friend,
With that divine content, that golden ease
The pure in heart alone may comprehend;
So bring my friend the olive boughs of peace!

[Celia Thaxter.

A SONG OF CRICKET.

"Lord's, 1873.
"Tell them, Harrow has won again!
Shout with a heart and will!
Shout till it floats across the plain,
And echo around the hill!
Four sad years of a long defeat
Over and gone to-day;
Flash the news till the gladness greet
Continents far away;
Say how, honor and fame at stake,
Somebody played for the old school's sake!

"True as the speeding bullets go,
Quick as the fencer's wrist,
Eton played to the fast and slow,
Be it break, or rise, or twist;
Faint and feeble we hung the head;
Hope in the heart sank low;
"Seventy-three, we surely said,
Will be just like "Seventy-two—
Then was the turn of the wizard's wand—
Somebody, somebody, bowled left-hand!

"Two of us all too soon are gone—
Hark to the Eton cheer!
One that we put our hopes upon
Had chosen to wait a year.
Slow we counted them—run for run—
How many more to tie?
Loud we boasted the cut for one,
And treasured the single bye—
Somebody! cover—or longstop—or—
Somebody's hitting about for four.

"And somebody bowled them straight and strong,
And somebody high and true,
And somebody threw to an inch along,
Till somebody's hands were lue;
And when at the last we trembling said,
'Can any one now be found
To keep, with valor of hand and head,
For a hundred runs, his ground?'
Somebody—ah! he would, we knew—
Somebody played it steady through!
"To the ropes the last hit gayly went,
As the first to the ropes had gone,
And we breathed as divers breathe, all sport;
Who rise to the air and sun.
And ever when Harrow toils in vain,
And the Harrow hopes are low,
May patience come to the rescue then,
And pluck with the patience go;
And in all, and more than all, our play,
Somebody do as he did to-day!"
—Harrow Songs. E. E. BOWEN.

Day by Day.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Give us this day, dear Lord, our daily bread;
We do not ask tomorrow's till it come;
But on the journey, day by day, are fed,
Until Thou guide us to our heavenly home.

Give us this day the patience that we need,
So many little things our spirits try;
Give us the word with eager love to heed,
Content, although our wish Thou mayst deny.

Give us this day Thy wisdom; when perplexed
We know not how to turn nor what to do;
Save us, we pray, from being weakly vexed,
And lead us, hour by hour, this one day through.

Give us this day the courage and the cheer
To face Thy foes, and ours, with look serene;
Reveal Thyself so constant and so near,
That we shall see Thee, not a cloud between.

Give us this day more loyalty to Thee,
More hatred to the sin that wounds Thy heart;
More grace Thy loving followers to be,
Choosing in Thee, for aye, the better part.

Give us this day our own light cross to bear,
As though it bore us on to heights divine;
Give us to realize, Thy cross who share,
That still the heaviest end, dear Lord, is Thine.

Give us this day our daily bread;
Thou knowest all our wants, that want we bring,
And in Thy footsteps, Saviour, as we tread,
We hail Thee Master and we crown Thee King.
—Christian Intelligencer.

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"A soldier of the Union mustered out,"
Is the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt sea-wave,
Nameless and stateless. Sentinel or scout,
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout
Of battle when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions storming the redoubt!
Thou unknown hero, sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return.

—[The Ark.

THE SILENT MELODY.

"Bring me my broken harp," he said;
"We both are wrecks—but as ye will—
Though all its ringing tones have fled,
Their echoes linger round it still;
It had some golden strings, I know,
But that was long—how long!—ago.

"I cannot see its tarnished gold,
I cannot hear its vanished tone,
Searce can my trembling fingers hold
The pillared frame so long their own;
We both are wrecks—a while ago
It had some silver strings, I know,

"But on them Time too long has played
The solemn strain that knows no change,
'd where of old my fingers strayed
The chords they find are new and strange—
Yes! iron strings—I know—I know—
We both are wrecks of long ago.

"We both are wrecks—a shattered pair—
Strange to ourselves in Time's disguise.....
What say ye to the lovesick air
That brought the tears from Marian's eyes?
Ay! trust me—under breasts of snow
Hearts could be melted long ago!

"Or will ye hear the storm-song's crash
That from his dreams the soldier woke
And bade him face the lightning flash
When battle's cloud in thunder broke?
Wrecks—nought but wrecks!—the time was when
We two were worth a thousand men!"

And so the broken harp they bring
With pitying smiles that none could blame;
Alas! there's nought a single string
Of all that filled the tarnished frame!
But see! like children overjoyed,
His fingers rambling through the void!

"I clasp thee! Ay..... mine ancient lyre....
Nay, guide my wandering fingers..... There!
They love to dally with the wire
As Isaac played with Esau's hair.....
Hush! ye shall hear the famous tune
That Marian called The Breath of June!"

And so they softly gather round:
Rapt in his tuneful trance he seems:
His fingers move: but not a sound!
A silence like the song of dreams.....
"There! ye have heard the air," he cries,
"That brought the tears from Marian's eyes!"

Ah, smile not at his fond conceit,
Nor deem his fancy wrought in vain;
To him the unreal sounds are sweet—
No discord mars the silent strain
Scored on life's latest, starlit page—
The voiceless melody of age.

Sweet are the lips of all that sing,
When Nature's music breathes unsought,
But never yet could voice or string
So truly shape our tenderest thought
As when by life's decaying fire
Our fingers sweep the stringless lyre!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes in the Atlantic Monthly.

Dear love, good-night. And tender sleep,
Seal up her lids like these drowsed flowers,
To make day fair when they unclose.
Be hushed around her, Night, and keep
Thy silent guard on her repose;
But speed thine hours.

Dear love, sleep on. This weary space
I wake and long for day and thee,
And count the slow stars from their west.
Sleep, while I hunger for thy face,
Sleep, dearest, in unbroken rest,
But dream of me.

[Augusta Webster.

TO O. W. H. ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTH-DAY.

From The Critic.

Dear Wendell, why need count the years
Since first your genius made me thrill,
If what moved then to smiles or tears,
Or both contending, move me still?

What has the calendar to do
With poets? What Time's fruitless tooth
With gay immortals such as you
Whose years but emphasize your youth?

One air gave both their lease of breath;
The same paths lured our boyish feet;
One earth will hold us safe in death,
With dust of saints and scholars sweet.

Our legends from one source were drawn,
I scarce distinguish yours from mine,
And don't we make the Gentiles yawn
With "You remembers!" o'er our wine!

If I, with too senescent air,
Invade your elder memory's pale,
You snub me with a pitying "Where
Were you in the September Gale?"

Both stared entranced at Lafayette,
Saw Jackson dubbed with L.L.D.
What Cambridge saw not strikes us yet
As scarcely worth one's while to see.

Ten years my senior, when my name
In Harvard's entrance-book was writ,
Her halls still echoed with the fame
Of you, her poet and her wit.

'Tis fifty years from then to now;
But your last leaf renews its green,
Though, for the laurels on your brow
(So thick they crowd), 'tis hardly seen.

The oriole's fledgelings fifty times
Have flown from our familiar elms;
As many poets with their rhymes
Oblivion's darkling dust o'erwhelms.

The birds are hushed, the poets gone
Where no harsh critic's lash can reach,
And still your winged brood sing on
To all who love our English speech.

Nay, let the foolish records be
That make believe you're seventy-five:
You're the old Wendell still to me,—
And that's the youngest man alive.

The gray-blue eyes, I see them still,
The gallant front with brown o'erhung,
The shape alert, the wit at will,
The phrase that stuck but never stung.

You keep your youth as yon Scotch fir
Whose gaunt line my horizon hems,
Though twilight all the lowlands blurs,
Hold sunset in their ruddy stems.

You with the elders! Yes, 'tis true,
But in no sadly literal sense,—
With elders and co-evals too,
Whose verb admits no preterite tense.

Master alike in speech and song
Of fame's great antiseptic style,
You with the classic few belong
Who tempered wisdom with a smile.

Outlive us all! Who else like you
Could sift the seedcorn from our chaff,
And make us with the pen we knew
Deathless at least in Epitaph?

JAMES RUSSELL LOW.

Wollaton, 29th August, 1884.

ANOTHER NEW SONNET BY TENNYSON. It would seem that the editor of the new English review, the *Nineteenth Century*, had contracted with Mr. Tennyson for a sonnet a month. The June number contains this fine tribute to Victor Hugo—the third sonnet which Mr. Tennyson has contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*:

TO VICTOR HUGO.

Victor in poetry! Victor in romance!
Cloud weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears!
French of the French and lord of human tears!
Child-lover, bard, whose fame-lit laurels glance,
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance
Beyond our strait their claim to be thy peers!
Wierd Titan, by thy wintry weight of years
As yet unbroken! Stormy voice of France,
Who dost not love our England, so they say;
I know not! England, France, all men to be,
Will make one people, ere man's race be run;
And I, desiring that diviner day,
Yield the full thanks for thy full courtesy
To younger England in the boy, my son.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WAR TADPOLES

of Moore and the "songs" of Lover and Lever. Here, for example, is a glorious strain from "Lyra Celtica," the singer of which, Dr. John Todhunter, is a poet of rare genius, who may well be content to be forgotten for the various volumes which he has published, provided he is remembered, as we think he should be, for this single, homely love song:

MAUREEN.

O, you plant the pain in my heart with your wistful eyes,
Girl of my choice, Maureen!
Will you drive me mad for the kisses your shy sweet mouth denies,
Maureen!

Like a walking ghost I am, and no words to woo.

White rose of the West, Maureen;
For it's pale you are, and the fear that's on you is over me too,
Maureen!

Sure it's our complaint that's on us, ashore, this day,

Bride of my dreams, Maureen;
The smart of the bee that stung us, his honey must cure, they say,
Maureen!

I'll coax the light to your eyes, and the rose to your face,

Mavourneen, my own Maureen;
When I feel the warmth of your breast, and your nest is my arms' embrace,
Maureen!

O where was the King o' the World that day only me,

My one true love, Maureen,
And you the Queen with me there, and your throne in my heart, machree,
Maureen!

BEN BOLT.

["Ben Bolt" is one of the features in Du Maurier's "Trilby." It is the song which the heroine sings so abominably at the beginning of the book, and so divinely toward the close of it, but which a little later on she sings in her old manner again, and is accordingly hooted off the stage in London. It seems that in 1843, Dr. Thomas Dunn English (now a member of Congress from New Jersey) was asked by N. P. Willis to write a sea-song for the New Mirror. "Ben Bolt" was the result. In 1846, a hanger-on of the Pittsburg Theatre gave Nelson F. Kneass a garbled version of the words of the song. Kneass set it to music and sung it in a play called "The Battle of Buena Vista." The piece travelled with him all over the country, "was picked up by all the minstrel troupes, went wherever the English language was spoken, was sung in London, and had all kinds of parodies and replies among the street ballads of that city." Half-a-dozen other settings were published, but none of them had the popularity of Kneass's air, which was adapted from a German melody, the original of which was afterward published with the same words.]

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile.

And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree, with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were playmates then
There are only you and I.

There's a change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my inmost heart
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

[Thomas Dunn English.]

(FOR THE TEMPERANCE.)
THE FEAST OF EASTER.

Glorious Easter! Christ hath risen
 From the tomb—His earthly prison!
 Risen that we too may rise to life
 From the grave of Death—the portal
 Of the light and life immortal
 Where He reigns—beyond the skies.

Royal Feast! The King doth make it!
 Generous Feast! All may partake it
 Who obey His loving call;
 Putting on the robe of gladness
 Casting off the yoke of sadness
 And the penitential pall.

Bring of all earth's gifts, the sweetest
 Bring of all earth's gifts, the meekest
 To adorn His holy shrine—
 Bring a faith that may not falter,
 Purest offering on His altar
 Worthiest of His name Divine.

Twine fresh green with fairest flowers,
 Gathered in from fragrant bowers,
 The of life the emblem meet
 Pulpit, Font and Altar wreathing
 With spring blossoms incense-breathing
 Thus the Feast of Feasts we greet.

Over all, the sunlit glory—
 And again the same old story
 Ever new, yet often told.

Gladly in the early dawning
 Of the blessed Easter morning
 Now, as in the days of old;
 Now, as then, Christ's words are spoken,
 Blood poured out, and Body broken,
 In "these gifts of bread and wine."
 Now, as then, Christ gives His blessing,
 Needy, faithful souls refreshing
 With the food of love Divine.

—Eloise H. Thatcher.

Easter Morning, 1873.

A SONG FOR THANKSGIVING.

A few late roses linger and smiling deck the
 sod,
 And the world is like a picture where the har-
 vests smile to God:
 There's a greater joy in living—for no blessing
 He denies.
 And the soul's divine thanksgiving drifts in in-
 cense to the skies!
 Through the darkness and the danger—through
 the peril of the past,
 To the starred and stormless haven He has led
 our ships at last.
 And with richest treasures laden we have furled
 the flags above.
 For the garlands of His glory and the banners of
 His love.
 Sing sweet thy sweet Thanksgiving; O Soul! and
 ring ye bells.
 Till the world shall catch the chorus and the
 anthem heavenward swell!
 For His love and for His mercy—for His cross
 and chastening rod.
 For His tender benedictions, let the whole world
 thank its God!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

THE NEW GUEST.

A friend stands at the door:
 In either tight-closed hand
 Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three-score;
 Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land
 Even as seed the sower.
 Each drops he, treads it in, and passes by;
 It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

O good New Year, we clasp
 This warm shut hand of thine.
 Losing forever, with half sigh, half gasp,
 That which from ours falls like dead fingers'
 twine:

Ay, whether fierce its grasp
 Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
 That it was blessed; let the Old Year go.

O New Year, teach us faith!
 The road of life is hard.
 When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us
 scathe,
 Point thou to Him whose visage was more
 marred
 Than any man's; who saith—
 "Make straight paths for your feet!" and to
 the oppress—
 "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp-like hope
 Above this unknown way,
 Kind Year, to give our spirits freer scope,
 And our hands strength to work while it is day.
 But if that way must slope
 Tombward, O bring before our failing eyes
 The lamp of life, the hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love—
 Love of all human-kind;
 Love special, close—in which like sheltered dove,
 Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
 And love that turns above
 Adoringly; contented to resign
 All loves, if need be, for the Love divine.

Friend, comest thou like a friend,
 And whether bright thy face,
 Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend—
 We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
 And trust thee to the end.
 Knowing thou ledest onward to those spheres
 Where there are neither days, nor months, nor
 years.

—Miss Mulock.

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SUNRISE IN VENICE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Night seems troubled and scarce asleep:
Her brows are gathered in broken rest;
Sullen old lion of dark Saint Mark,
And a star in the east starts up from the deep,
White as my lilies that grow in the west.
Hush! men are passing hurriedly.
I see the yellow, wide wings of a bark
Sail silently over my morning star.
I see men move in the moving dark,
Tall and silent as columns are—
Great sinewy men that are good to see,
With hair pushed back and with open breasts;
Barefooted fishermen seeking their boats,
Brown as walnuts and hairy as goats—
Brave old water-dogs, wed to the sea,
First to their labors and last to their rests.

Ships are moving! I heard a horn;
A silver trumpet it sounds to me,
Deep-voiced and musical, far a-sea. . .
Answers back, and again it calls.
'Tis the sentinel boats that watch the town
All night, as mounting her watery walls,
And watching for pirate or smuggler. Down
Over the sea, and reaching away,
And against the east, a soft light falls—
Silvery soft as the mist of morn,
And I catch a breath like the breath of day.

The east is blossoming! Yea, a rose,
Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss,
Sweet as the presence of woman is,
Rises and reaches and widens and grows
Right out of the sea, as a blossoming tree;
Richer and richer, so higher and higher,
Deeper and deeper it takes its hue;
Brighter and brighter it reaches through
The space of heaven and the place of stars,
Till all is as rich as a rose can be,
And my rose leaves fall into billows of fire.
Then beams reach upward as arms from a sea;
Then lances and arrows are aimed at me.
Then lances and spangles and spars and bars
Are broken and shivered and strewn on the sea;
And around and about me tower and spire
Start from the billows like tongues of fire.

Harper's Magazine for August.

The Sunset Land.

In the land of the wonderful sun and weather,
With green under foot and with gold over head,
Where the sun takes flame, and you wonder whether
'Tis an isle of fire in his foamy bed;
Where the ends of the earth they are wedding to-
gether
In a rough hewn fashion, in a forge flame red.
In the land where the rabbits dance delicate mea-
sures,
At night by the moon in the sharp chapparal;
Where the squirrels build homes in the earth and
hoard treasures;
Where the wolves fight in armies, fight faithful and
well,
Fight almost like Christians; fight on and find plea-
sures
In strife, like to man turning earth into hell!
Where the plants are as trees; where the trees are as
towers
That toy, as it seems, with the stars at night.
Where the roses are forests; where the wild-wood
flowers
Like incense spilled down in some sacrament rite.
'Tis the new-fashioned world; how silent with won-
der
Stand all things around you: the flowers are faint
And lean on your shoulder. You wander on under
The broad, gnarly boughs, so colossal and quaint,
You breathe the sweet balsam where boughs break
asunder—
The world seems so new, as if smelling of paint.
JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE VOICE OF THE PESTILENCE

[This splendid poem was written in 1831 on the approach of the cholera from the East toward the western parts of Europe, and it is appropriate to its renewed appearance and westward progress, as mentioned in recent journals About 1873.]

Breathless the course of the pale white horse,
Bearing the ghastly form—
Rapid and dark as the spectre bark,
When it sweeps before the storm!
Balefully bright through the torrid night
Ensanguined meteors glare—
Fiercely the spires of volcanic fires
Stream on the sulphurous air!

Shades of the slain through the murderer's
brain
Flit terrible and drear—
Shadowy and swift the black storm drift
Doth trample the atmosphere!
But swifter than all, with a darker nail
Of terrors around my path,
I have arisen from my lampless prison—
Slave of the high God's wrath!

A deep voice went from the firmament,
And it pierced the caves of earth—
Therefore I came on the wings of flame
From the dark place of my birth!
And it said, "Go from the South to the North
Over yon wandering ball—
Sin is the king of that doomed thing,
And the sin beguiled must fall!"

Forth from the gates of the uncreate,
From the portals of the abyss—
From the caverns dim where vague forms swim
And shapeless chaos is!
From Hade's womb—from the joyous tomb
Of Erebus and old night—
From the unseen deep where death and sleep
Brood in their mystic might—
I come—I come—before me are dumb
The nations aghast with dread—
Lo! I have passed as the desert blast—
And the millions of earth lie dead!

A voice of fear from the hemisphere
Tracketh me where I fly—
Earth weeping about her widowhood—
A wild and desolate cry!
Thrones and dominions beneath my pinions
Cower like meanest things—
Melt from my presence the pride and the plau-
sure
Of pallor-stricken kings;
Sorrow and mourning supremely scorning
My throne in the boundless air—
My chosen shroud is the dark-plumed cloud
Which the whirling breezes bear!

Was I not borne on the wings of morn
From the jungles of Jessore.
Over thy plain of the purple main
To the far Mauritian shore!
To the isles which sleep on the sunlight deep
Of a coral paved sea;
Where the blue waves welter beneath the shelter
Of heaven's serenity.
From the womb of the waters athirst for slaugh-
ter
I rose that thirst to sate.
The green isles are graves in the waste of the
waves;
Their beauty is desolate!

From the wild Eyrthean the noise of my pean
Rolled on the southern blast—
Eternal Taurus made answering chorus
From the glaciers lone and vast!
Did I not pass his granite mass,
And the rigid Caucasian hill,
Over burning sand—over frost-chained lands—
Borne at my own wild will?

Then hark to the beat of my hastening feet,
Thou shined in the sea.
Where are thy dreams that the ocean streams
Would be safety unto thee?
Awaken! Awaken! My wings are shaken.
Athwart the troubled sky
Streams the red glance of my meteor lance.
And the glare of my meteor eye!
Hearken! Oh hearken! My coming shall darken
The light of the festal cheer;
In thy storm-rocked home, the northern foam,
Nursling of ocean—hear.

IMPRISONED.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Lightly she lifts the large, pure luminous shell,
Poes it in her strong and shapely hand.
"Listen," she says, "it has a tale to tell,
Spoken in language you may understand."

Smiling, she holds it at my dreaming ear:
The old, delicious murmur of the sea
Steals like enchantment through me, and I hear
Voices like echoes of eternity.

She stirs it softly. Lo, another speech!
In one of its dim chambers, shut from sight,
Is sealed the water that has kissed the beach
Where the far Indian Ocean leaps in light.

Those laughing ripples, hidden evermore
In utter darkness, plaintively repeat
Their lapsing on the glowing tropic shore
In melancholy whispers low and sweet.

O prisoned wave that may not see the sun!
O voice that never may be comforted!
You cannot break the web that fate has spun;
Out of your world are light and gladness fled.

The red dawn nevermore shall tremble far
Across the leagues of radiant brine to you;
You shall not sing to greet the evening star,
Nor dance exulting under heaven's clear blue.

Inexorably woven is the web
That shrouds from you all joy but memory;
Only this tender, low lament is left
Of all the sumptuous splendor of the sea.

From the Atlantic Monthly for July.

Larcom, Mrs. Thaxter, Dana, Cranch, Lathrop, C. T. Brooks, Mrs. Whitman, Story and other of our New England poets. Among the prettiest things in the collection is a poem on Hawthorne's Grave, by Frank Dexter Mason—who died last summer at Cambridge, on the very threshold of manhood. Its brevity and beauty, and the chance that it may be overlooked among so many exquisite pieces, are sufficient reasons for quoting it:

"Tall pines like sentinels by night and day
Keep watch and ward above his place of rest,
And when the sun has vanished down the west,
And night and darkness hold their mystic sway;
When the pale moon looks down through clouds of
gray
On the white city where to sleep addressed
Naught can disturb the dwellers, naught molest;
When all is still, so still that one may pray—
Then, then those forest veterans, those old trees
Standing on guard for many a long, long year,
Clasp hands, and pointing where the genius lies
And has so long lain undisturbed at ease,
They say, 'Does not the time at length draw near?
Long have we watched; when will the sleeper rise?'"

Francesca of Rimini, A Poem, by A. S. H., which reaches us in a slender little volume of less than fifty pages from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co., is a most pathetic story, told in dainty and delicate verse, of rare sweetness and beauty. It shows culture and self-restraint. The lines are exquisitely finished, and the poem breathes throughout a deep and tender sentiment. We could quote from it almost at random without going amiss of a good passage. The following lines will perhaps serve to indicate the grace and delicacy of thought and construction which characterize the poem:

"Beyond were shadowed spaces of a wood,
Low boughed, where on the river's edge of sand,
Waist deep, and scarcely stirred, the sedges stood,
And blossoms, strewn as by a sower's hand,
Sailed out into the open pasture-land,
Where, like a white arm wound about the lea,
The river kept the meadows from the sea.
There might she hear, among the wind-blown boughs
Such sounds as fain would set her feet in some
New place, beyond the far hills' lighted brows,
Where the limbs above, with gesture dumb,
Swayed beckoning, and the swift stream cried,
Come!
And on its bosom floating to the sea
The blossoms answered, Follow, follow me.
O Nature! Sweet to every stricken one,
Thy voices, infinite in harmony,
Chant secret things of peace. And thou alone
Shalt lull to slumber, motherwise, all cry
Of pain, e'en as at last so tenderly
Thou gatherest our honor or our shame
Unto thy silent bosom whence we came."

Few books of recent verse will so richly repay the moments required for perusal as this. It has been received by A. Williams & Co.

PHIL

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For the News-Letter.

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

I.

On the slope of science's hill-side,
Stands a tree both strong and old;
With its lofty branches pointing
The way to the toiler bold.

II.

He willingly lingers to learn,
'Neath its classic, grateful shade,
All things pertaining to the route
What evils he must evade.

III.

When he leaves its friendly shelter,
And pursues his steep ascent:
He feels *stronger* by the wisdom,
Which, in kindness, it has lent.

IV.

Feels repaid for all the trouble,
Which has been to him thus far;
And encouraged, *toils* he on,
Following his guiding star.

V.

O noble tree! much cherished,
By many hearts in our land;
They look to thee, as most worthy
The homage, thou dost command.

A. A. E.

22. "Yes, my native land, I love thee,"
the first line of a hymn written by Rev. S.
Smith, when a student in Andover Theological Seminary. It is printed in Porter's
torical Reader, 1831, and is entitled—

NEW MISSIONARY HYMN.

Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well:
Friends, connections, happy country;
Can I bid you all farewell?

Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!

Happy home! indeed I love thee,
Can I—can I say—Farewell?

Can I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,

Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?

Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!

Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!

Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell

How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!

Let me hasten—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds the canvas swell—

Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.

Glad I bid thee,
Native land!—Farewell—Farewell!

W.

Blaine

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The following verses were written by
Hon. Edward M. Gardner, Judge of Probate,
some months since, on his sixtieth birthday.
They are finely expressive of the feelings of
one in his situation; afflicted with a malig-
nant cancerous affection, from which he is
still suffering.

O! why do we linger, embarrassed with clay,
Why shudder to look at the tomb?
Beyond the bright blue in the beautiful day,
There's a world of perennial bloom.

There are pleasures in life full enough and to spare,
To make us all happy at heart,
There are evils to wean us away from its care,
Long before it is time to depart.

The bright singing birds with their vestures of gold,
Make us pause on the threshold of home;
Mark! they carolled their song in the Eden of old,
They will sing in the Eden to come.

Are we loth to give up here the bright summer day?
There were bright ones long centuries ago;
In the centuries far hence, when we've mouldered
away,

They will gladden the world with their glow.

But what are such days on this cumbrous soil,
To the bland, balmy sunshine of Heaven?
Where each may grow warm in the smile of his God,
Renewed, disenthralled and forgiven?

We have friends, weeping friends, that would fain bid
us stay;

Let us heed not the sigh or the tear;
There are those up in Heaven, the long laid away,
More in number than those who are here.

O! Father of mercy, dispel every doubt,
From the tinsel of time make me free,
If there linger one wish for delay, drive it out,
From a heart that clings closely to Thee.

As my day is, give strength to press fearlessly on,
Through anguish, and sorrow and gloom,
To that sweet, shining shore where the blessed have
gone,
Triumphant o'er death and the tomb.

A VISION.

When do I see thee, most beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of thine eyes
Before, thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that love through thee made known?

Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone),
Close-kissed and eloquent of still raptures
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring—
How then should sound upon life's darkening slope

The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of hope,

The wind of death's imperishable wing?

—Rossetti.

Nov. 30.

How shall we span with comfortable thought
The worlds of life and death, and make them one?

By calling both one household, large and fond,
Just as it is when comes the evening hour,
The most are weary; some have gone to rest—
The babes, the aged, and the feeble ones;
The strong and active sit awhile and talk
Of all that has been done, and is to do;
Of the day's happenings to the ones asleep;
Of what will make them glad when morning comes;

And in the intervals of play or work
The eye of each is lifted now and then
To note the hour upon the old clock's face.
Whose heart outbeats so long the human one.
Then comes the thought that it is growing late,
That very soon we, too, must go to sleep.
Oh! what sweet comfort, that from first to last,
Sleeping or waking, all are in God's home,
And one paternal roof doth cover all!

[Charlotte Fiske Bates (b. 1838).

BEYOND.

The stranger wandering in the Switzer's land,

Before its awful mountain tops attain—
Who yet, with patient toil, hath gained the stand,

On the bare summit where all life is stayed,

Sees far, far down, beneath his blood-dimmed eyes,

Another country, golden to the shore,
Where a new passion and new hopes arise,
Where southern blooms unfold for evermore.

And I, lone sitting by the twilight blaze,
Think of another wanderer in the snows,
And on more perilous mountain tops I gaze
Than ever frowned above the vine and rose.

Yet courage, soul! nor hold thy strength in vain;
In hope o'ercome the steep God set for thee,
For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lie thine Italy.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

spiracy of rontuac.

5495. The poem asked for is probably the one below, by James Whitcomb Riley.

A. W. R.

KISSING THE ROD.

O heart of mine, we should n't

Worry so!

What we've missed of calm we could n't

Have, you know!

What we've met of stormy pain,

And of sorrow's driving rain,

We can better meet again

If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour.

We have known

When our tears fell with the shower.

All alone—

Were not shine and shadow blent

As the gracious Master meant?

Let us temper our content

With His own.

For, we know, not every morrow

Can be sad;

So, forgetting all the sorrow

We have had.

Let us fold away our fears

And put by our foolish tears

And through all the coming years

Just be glad.

TWO SONNETS.

Ah, Thou Bold Titan.

[WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.]

"From out the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul!"

W. E. HENLEY.

I.

Ah, thou bold Titan! Flushed with deathless pride,

In thy unvanquished, still victorious soul,
What thunders of black fate about thee roll,
Of fiercest lightnings flash, thou hast not cried
For mercy to dumb heaven, but still defied
All powers of ill the wrathful gods control,
E'en though their bolts might shatter life's fair whole.

Or but the smaller shrines that spring beside
The central temple! Thus the legend told
In ancient days, whose witching story still
Our hearts can never hear without a thrill
Of reverent awe, not marveling that of old
While half-gods walked the earth, ere God was known,

Men set thee close to Jove's resplendent throne!

II.

And yet—A star of never-fading glow,
Down-reaching through all time, One Form we see,

Diviner, yet more human, verily,
Than any greatest god of long ago,
Ay, so divine His love might well bestow
From out its riches immortality.
So human He cried out, "If it may be,
Let this cup pass!"—Oh heart, we cannot know,
But even to Him methinks, when He had cast
His spirit prostrate at His Father's feet,
The marah draft of death could scarce grow sweet!

Nay! Yet the pallid lips proclaimed at last

The noblest victory manhood ever won—

Triumph and not defeat—*Thy Will be done!*

STUART STERN.

DAY BY DAY.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun

Which sinks should bear me past all fear
and sorrow

For any one,

All the fight fought, all the short journey
through.

What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,

But just go on.

Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter

Aught that is done;

But rise, and move, and love, and smile,
and pray

For one more day.

And lying down at night for a last sleeping,

Say in the Ear

Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within Thy keeping

How should I fear?

And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,

Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,

My soul would lie

All the night long; and when the morning splendor

Flashed o'er the sky

I think that I could smile, could calmly say,
"It is His day!"

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always;

Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's;

Thou canst not come too soon, and I can wait

If Thou come late.

—Susan Coolidge.

SONNETS ON PRAYER.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take
What parched rounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stand forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves the wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong—
That we are ever overborne with care,—
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled,—when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee?

When hearts are full of yearning tenderness
For the loved absent whom we cannot reach
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech,
The spirit's true affection to express;
When hearts are full of innermost distress,
And we are doomed, inactive by,
Watching the soul's or body's agony,
Which human effort helps not to make less;
Then like a cup, capacious to contain
The overflowings of the heart, is prayer;
The longing of the soul is satisfied,—
The keenest darts of anguish blunted are;
And though we cannot cease to yearn or grieve,
Yet have we learnt in patience to abide.
—Rev. R. C. French.

PARDON AND REST.

No crown, no palms for me!
These are for victors in the fight; but I
Have been the vanquished one on every field.
O Saviour, who hast hope for such revealed,
Low at Thy mercy seat behold me lie.

Turn not Thy face away!
Deal not in wrath with Thine unworthy child!
Yes, I have sinned, yet there is grace with Thee,
Thou givest mercy, pardon full and free
To fallen wanderers on the desert wild.

No thought of triumph now!
That dream is over. Rest is all I crave;
A little peace after such deadly strife,
Some leaves of healing from the Tree of Life,
A glimpse of hope and heaven beyond the grave.

And for what yet remains
Of my sad pilgrimage, grant, O my God,
Meek, humble faith, to suffer and be still;
Meekly to watch Thy hand, to do Thy will;
Humbly to bow beneath Thy chastening rod!

Dark stream of life, rush on
To the eternal ocean full and fast,
If only o'er the waves may fly the dove
Of heavenly peace, and beckon from above,
To where a pardoned soul shall rest at last.
—From the German.

Remembered.

From the Christian Advocate.

Not be missed if another succeed me,
Down the fields that in spring I have sown;
Ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the per,
Only remembered by what he has done.
Self, but the truth that in life I have spoken;
Self, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Is on to ages—all about me forgotten,
The truth I have spoken, the things I have done.
By living be; so be my dying;
My name be unblazoned, unknown;
And unmixed, I shall yet be remembered—
Remembered by what I have done.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

The time for toil is past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home.

Each laden with his sheaves,
Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few light and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late—

Yet these are all my sheaves.
Full well I know I have more tares than wheat—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves,
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility—
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.
—From Elizabeth Akers Allen's Poems.

ONE LIFE, ONE LAW, ONE LOVE.

Hymn written (by request) for the Unitarian reception, Unity church, Chicago, Monday evening, September 18, 1893.

O prophet souls of all the years,
Bend o'er us from above;
Your far-off vision, toils, and tears,
Now to fulfilment move!

From tropic clime and zones of frost
They come, of every name—
This, this our day of Pentecost;
The Spirit's tongue of flame!

The ancient barriers disappear:
Down bow the mountains high;
The sea-divided shores draw near
In a world's unity.

One life together we confess,
One all-indwelling Word.
One holy Call to righteousness
Within the silence heard;

One Law that guides the shining spheres
On through space they roll,
And speaks in flaming characters
On Sinai's of the soul;

One Love, unfathomed, measureless,
In ever-flowing sea,
Which holds within its vast embrace
Time and eternity. F. L. Hosmer.

Christian Register.

Thy prayer shall be fulfilled; but how?
His thoughts are not as thine;
While thou would'st only weep and bow
He saith, "Arise and shine!"
Thy thoughts were all of grief and night;
But his of boundless joy and light.
Thy Father reigns supreme above;
The glory of his name
Is grace and wisdom, truth and love,
His will must be the same.
And thou hast asked all joys in one
In whispering forth, "Thy will be done."
—F. R. Havergal.

22. "Yes, my native land, I love thee,"
The first line of a hymn written by Rev. S. Smith, when a student in Andover Theological Seminary. It is printed in Porter's *Devotional Reader*, 1831, and is entitled—

NEW MISSIONARY HYMN.

Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country;
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home! indeed I love thee,
Can I—can I say—Farewell?
Can I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds the canvas swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land!—Farewell—Farewell!

W.

The following verses were written by
Hon. Edward M. Gardner, Judge of Probate,
some months since, on his sixtieth birthday.
They are finely expressive of the feelings of
one in his situation; afflicted with a malignant cancerous affection, from which he is
still suffering.

O! why do we linger, embarrassed with clay,
Why shudder to look at the tomb?
Beyond the bright blue in the beautiful day,
There's a world of perennial bloom.

There are pleasures in life full enough and to spare,
To make us all happy at heart,
There are evils to wean us away from its care,
Long before it is time to depart.

The bright singing birds with their vestures of gold,
Make us pause on the threshold of home;
Mark! they carolled their song in the Eden of old,
They will sing in the Eden to come.

Are we loth to give up here the bright summer day?
There were bright ones long centuries ago;
In the centuries far hence, when we've mouldered away,
They will gladden the world with their glow.

But what are such days on this cumbrous soil,
To the bland, balmy sunshine of Heaven?
Where each may grow warm in the smile of his God,
Renewed, disenthralled and forgiven?

We have friends, weeping friends, that would fain bid us stay;
Let us heed not the sigh or the tear:
There are those up in Heaven, the long laid away,
More in number than those who are here.

O! Father of mercy, dispel every doubt,
From the tinsel of time make me free;
If there linger one wish for delay, drive it out,
From a heart that clings closely to Thee.

As my day is, give strength to press fearlessly on,
Through anguish and sorrow and gloom,
To that sweet, shining shore where the blessed have gone,
Triumphant o'er death and the tomb.

SCOTLAND'S LAMENT.

Robert Louis Stevenson, Died Dec. 3, 1894.

Her hands about her brow are pressed,
She goes upon her knees to pray;
Her head is bowed upon her breast,
And oh, she's sairly failed the day!

Her breast is old, it will not rise,
Her tearless sobs in anguish choke;
God put his finger on her eyes,
And then it was her tears that spoke.

"I've ha'en o' brawners a flow,
My Walter mair renown could win,
And he that followed at the plough;
But Louis was my Benjamin!

Ye sons wha do your little best,
Ye writing Scots, put by the pen;
He's deid, the ane abune the rest,
I winna look at write again!

It's suns the leave their childhood drap,
I've ill to ken them, gaen sae gray;
But aye he climbed intil my lap,
Or pu'd my coats to mak me play.

He egged me on wi' mirth and prank,
We hangit gowans on a string,
We made the doakens walk the plank,
We mairit snails without the ring.

"I'm auld," I pant, "sic ploys to mak,
To games your mither shouldna stoup."
"You're gey an' auld," he cries me back,
"That's for I like to gar you loup!"

O' thae bit ploys he made sic books,
A' mither's cam to watch us playing;
I feigned no to heed their looks,
But fine I kent what they was saying!

At times I lent him for a game
To north and south and east and west,
But no for lang, he sune cam hame,
For here it was he played the best.

And when he had to cross the sea,
He wouldna lat his een grow dim,
He bravely dree'd his weird for me,
I tried to do the same for him.

Ahint his face his pain was sair,
Ahint hers grat his wae'fu' mither;
We kent that we should meet nae mair,
The ane saw easy thro' the ither.

For lang I've watched wi' trem'ling lip,
But Louis ne'er sin syne I've seen,
The greedy island kept its grip,
The cauldri'f oceans rolled atween.

He's deid, the ane abune the rest,
Oh, wae, the mither left alane!
He's deid, the ane I loo'd the best,
Oh, mayna I hae back my nain!"

Her breast is old, it will not rise,
Her tearless sobs in anguish choke,
God put his finger on her eyes,
It was her tears alone that spoke.

Now out the lights went stime by stime,
The towns crept closer round the kirk,
Now all the firths were smooored in rime,
Lost winds went wailing thro' the mirk.

A star that shot across the night
Struck fire on Pala's mourning head,
And left for aye a steadfast light,
By which the mother guards her dead.

"The lad was mine!" Erect she stands,
No more by vain regrets oppress't,
Once more her eyes are clear; her hands
Are proudly crossed upon her breast.
McClure's Magazine.] [J. M. Barrie.

THE PASSING OF A POET.

Dim are the "Underwoods" of song;
A shadow falls the leaves along;
A blight, as from the wintry skies,
Upon the "Children's Garden" lies.
"The Ebb Tide" of the saddened year
Drops seaward with a memory dear,
And winds from southern oceans sped
Bear tidings of a poet dead.

A poet dead! 'Tis never so—
No death shall heaven's elected know;
For Fame re-strings the broken lyre,
Her breath re-lights the extinguished fire,
And death but yields the soul its key
To gates of immortality.

He who in far Samoa died
Lives in the whole broad world beside,
And life's eclipse dims not one grace
Upon his "glorious morning face."
Brave was the garrison that lay
In that "beleaguered fort of clay."

A soul for truth, a mind for art,
Still captained by a hero's heart.
Nor once did he the fight give o'er
Till "voices from the eternal shore"
Called him to meet, the pen laid by,
His "cheerful General on high."

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let him lie!"
But long his words of lusty cheer
Shall earth's discouraged children hear,
And lives in happier grooves shall run
For Robert Louis Stevenson.
Literary World.] [Edward A. Church.

IN MEMORIAM: R. L. S.

Across the seas the subtle tongue of flame
Whispers the heavy word, a spirit rare
Hath passed beyond our love, beyond despair,
Hath left us—for a man, a common name.
He was so great! What else chose to frame,
Essay, or tale, or song, his genius there
Made it his own. Not one word can we spare
Of all he wrote: this much from Death we
claim.

This man, who drew for us with charmed pen
The wide, calm reach of night, hot passion's
tread,

Till our dull pulses quickened as we read—
Till a long-lost heart-swell came back again,—
This one, who seemed a god, creating men,
He was a man like us, and he is dead.

B. A. HEYDRICK.

FOR TODAY.

Nov. 21.

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were
honey.

Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears
was sweet,
Like summer gone forth of the land his songs
made sunny.

To the beautiful veiled bright world where
the glad ghosts meet,
Child with father, and bridegroom with bride,
and anguish with rest,
No soul shall pass of a singer than this more
blest.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were filled
and brightened,
As a forest with birds, with the fruit and
the flower of his song.

For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their
cares were lightened,
For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered
his name so long.

By the living and dead lips blest that have
loved his name,
And clothed with their praise and crowned
with their love for fame.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers that
close not,
That shrink not by day for heat or for cold by
night.

As a thought in the heart shall increase when
the heart's self knows not,
Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our
eyes as a light;

Shall wax with the years that wane and the
seasons' chime,
As a white rose thornless that grows in the
garden of time.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair
names and famous,
To the soft, long sleep, to the broad, sweet
bosom of death;

But the flower of their souls he shall take not
away to shame us,
Nor the lips lack song forever that now lack
breath.

For with us shall the music and perfume that
die not dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and
we farewell.

[Swinburne's "To the Memory of Barry Corn-
wall."]

A DIRGE

Why do ye sorrow for him that is dead?
Why sing ye dirges o'er Arduan's bier?
Died he a lingering death in his bed?
Died he in anguish, in shame, or in fear?

Nay, for he died in the clamorous fray,
Facing a thousand, yet scornful to fly;
Fought where his duty had bidden him stay,
Fell where his duty required him to die.

Died? Nay, he liveth; his honor remains.
When shall his people that honor forget?
Sing ye no dirges, but praise him in strains
Bright as the glory that circles him yet.
"Idylls of the North." [R. H. Forster.

Threnody.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Oct. 6, 1892.

From the Nineteenth Century.

I.

sublime and serene when time had power upon it
and ruled its breath.
ned it, bade it be glad or sad, and hear what
change in the world's ear saith,
bes more fair in the starrier air whose glory
lightens the dusk of death.

s that sink on the wan sea's brink, and moons that
kindle and flame and fade,
ve more clear for the darkness here the stars that
set not and see not shade
and rise on the lowlier skies by rule of sunlight
and moonlight swayed.

when night for his eyes grew bright, his proud
head pillowed on Shakespeare's breast,
nd in hand with him, soon to stand where shine the
glories that death loves best,
sed the light of his face from sight, and sank sub-
limely to radiant rest.

II.

above us and all our love, beyond all reach of its
voiceless praise,
nes for ever the name that never shall feel the
shade of the changeful days
and chill the delight that still sees winter's light on
it shine like May's.

ong as death is the dark day's breath whose blast
has withered the life we see
re where light is the child of night, and less than
visions or dreams are we:
ong as death; but a word, a breath, a dream is
stronger than death can be.

ong as truth and superb in youth eternal, fair as the
sundawn's flame
u when May on her first-born day bids earth exult
in her radiant name,
es, clothed round with its praise and crowned with
love that dies not, his love-lit fame.

III.

ter far than the morning star, and sweeter far than
the songs that rang
a through heaven from the choral Seven when all
the stars of the morning sang,
es the song that we loved so long—since first such
love in us flamed and sprang.

of and glows as a sunlit rose from mead to moun-
tain, from sea to sea,
it with love and with pride above all taint of
sorrow that needs must be,
e must live for an hour, and give its rainbow's
glory to lawn and lea.

rough tears shall the new-born years behold him,
crowned with applause of men,
al t last from a lustrous past to life that lightens
beyond their ken,
nd dead, and from earthward led to sunward,
er guided of Imogen.

of

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

love ruled his spirit. His was heart too great
to heed the comments of the narrow few;
he had so much for God and man to do
that, thinking not of self, he could not wait
but labored lovingly, early and late.
Many have found his words of wisdom true,
or with them came some revelation new
from God that made diviner man's estate,
Christ-like he gave his life. Who could do
more?

his true was he unto his Master here
that all the world now sorrows for his loss.
friend of the friendless, suffering and poor,
broke for hungry hearts God's bread of
life.

ad and glorious gospel of the cross.
CHARLES EDWARD PRATT.
Boston, Mass.

FOR TO-DAY.

Nov. 26.

He knew what mortals know when tried
By suffering's worst and last extreme;
He knew the ecstasy allied
To bliss supreme.

Souls, hanging on his melody,
Have caught his rapture of belief;
The heart of all humanity
Has felt his grief.

His hymns of victory, clear and strong,
Over the hosts of sin and doubt,
Still make the Christian's battle-song,
And triumph-shout.

Tasting sometimes his Father's grace,
Yet for wise purposes allowed
Seldom to see the "smiling face"
Behind the cloud;

Surely when he was left the prey
Of torments only Heaven can still,
"God moved in a mysterious way"
To work his will.

Yet many a soul through life has trod
Untroubled o'er secure ground,
Nor knew that "closer walk with God"
His footsteps found.

As ravens to Elijah bare,
At morn and eve, the promised bread;
So by the spirits of the air
His soul was fed.

And, even as the prophet rose
Triumphant on the flames of love,
The fiery chariot of his woes
Bore him above.

Oh, shed no tears for such a lot,
Nor deem he passed uncheered, alone;
He walked with God, and he was not,
God took his own!
[Phoebe Cary's "Cowper's Consolation."]

"BUT ONCE I PASS HIS WAY."

It was a Quaker's motto, old and quaint,
That met my eye, "But once I pass this
way."

And if there be a gentle word to say,
To soothe the suffering one, or cheer the
faint.

Then be it mine to speak that word to-
day:
But once I pass this way."

For all along the weary path of years
Souls wander blindly neath the heat of
day:

Some, worn and bruised, onward press
the way.

So dimly visible through falling tears,
Is there no word of comfort I can say?
But once I pass this way.

Oh, soul of mine! in all the strength of
God,

Rejoicing, follow in thy Master's way:
In love to cheer, in tenderness to pray;

Each step but marks a footprint where he
trod.

His name thou bearest on the King's
highway—

But once I pass this way.
And if there be, indeed, some weaker one,
Who falls and stumbles on the mountain
way,

Thy strength, thou tender Christ, be
mine to-day

To help him homeward ere the set of sun.
Thy privilege, O soul, ends with the day—
But once I pass this way.

—Cora E. Grover.

THE GARDEN'S GRIEF.

A FLOWER FOR CELIA THAXTER'S GRAVE.

[For the Transcript.]

When I go down to Appledore
I shall climb up a stony street
To find a hospitable door
In an old garden, quaint and sweet,
And if I cross the well-worn sill
My eyes will all at once grow wet
At thought of her who somewhere still
Sings "Sunrise never failed us yet."

Then, as with her in days of yore,
I'll walk the dear old garden through,
And with the flowers she tends no more
I'll talk of her whose heart was true
To old-time beauty as to truth.
They'll tell me they cannot forget
The friend who sang, in days of youth,
"The sunrise never failed us yet."

"She loved us," they will say to me,
In wordless language flowers speak,
"Simple, old-fashioned things are we,
Yet pleasure brightened in her cheek
When she came down the paths to say
'Good morning, dears!' while we were wet.
In that sweet voice that sang, one day,
'The sunrise never failed us yet.'"

We miss her so! A shadow fell
Between us and the sun that day
When to the garden Azrael
Came with his message, "Come away!"
We pine for what so much we miss.
Alas the loss that love has met
In losing her whose song was this—
"The sunrise never failed us yet."

But sometime to the garden bowers
The soul of her will come, to say
Sweet things to all her dear old flowers,
And that will be a happy day!
We watch for her. And she will come—
The friend we never can forget,
Who sang to lives that grief made dumb,
"The sunrise never failed us yet!"

EBEN E. REXFORD.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand;
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.
I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest,
In hush of sweet submission,
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That Thou art watching closely
My truest need;
That Thou, my Good Physician,
Art working still;
That all Thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfill.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!
But what beside?
'Tis no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide.
In every hour of faintness,
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy,
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus
As Thine own gift,
And true though tremulous praises
I now uplift.
I am too weak to sing them,
But Thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow,—
Thou art so near!

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
Forevermore.
And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me.

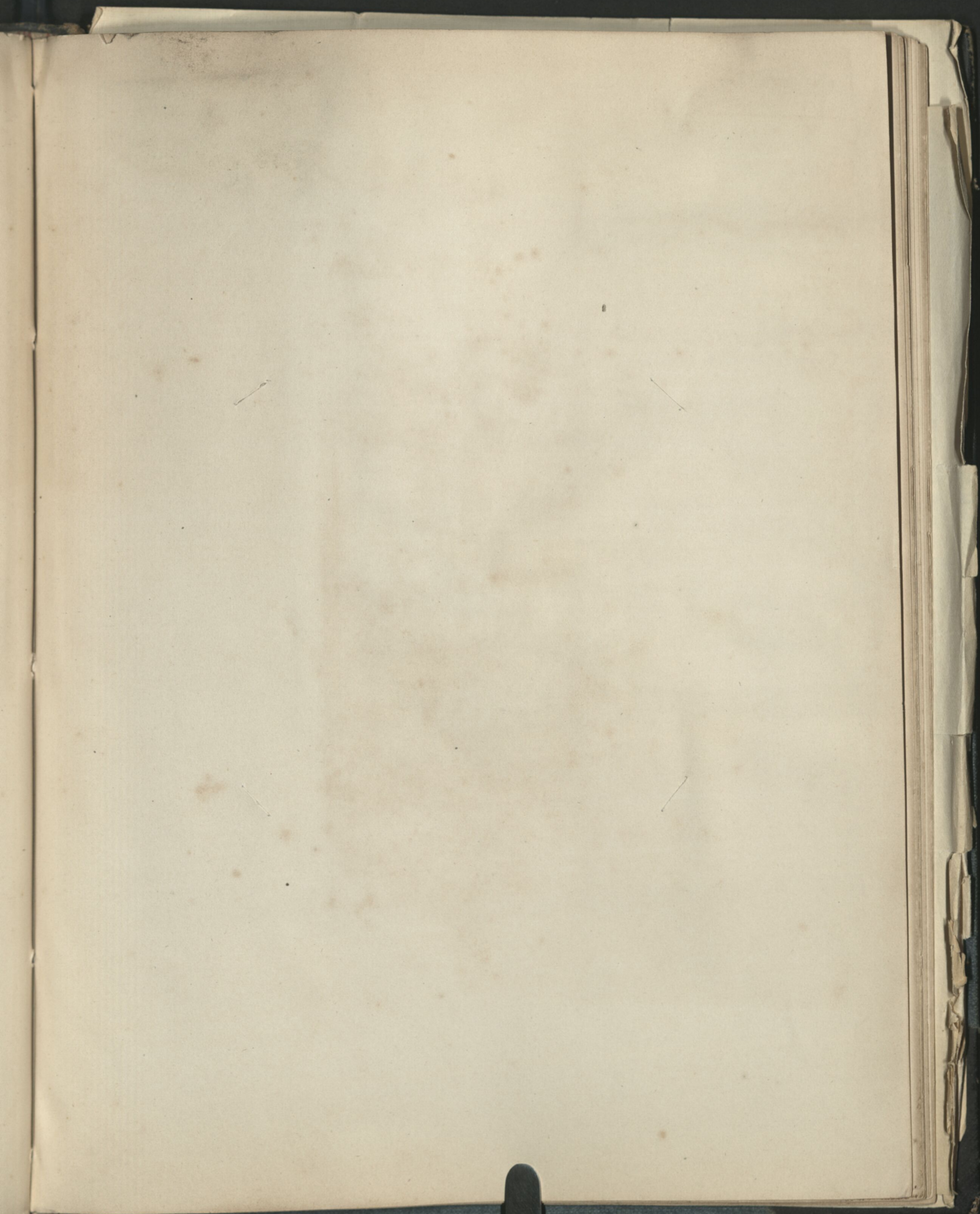
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

"Master! all-helpful! help me now!
Here at thy feet I humbly bow;
Have mercy, Buddha! help me now!"
She groveled on the marble floor,
And kissed the dead child o'er and o'er.
And suddenly upon the air
There fell the answer to her prayer:
"Bring me to-night a Lotus tied
With thread from a house where none has died."

She rose, and laughed with thankful joy,
Sure that the god would save the boy.
She found a Lotus by the stream;
She plucked it from its noonday dream,
And then from door to door she fared,
To ask what house by death was spared.
Her heart grew cold to see the eyes
Of all dilate with slow surprise:
"Kilvany, thou hast lost thy head;
Nothing can help a child that's dead.
There stands not by the Ganges' side
A house where none hath ever died."
Thus through the long and weary day.
From every door she bore away
Within her heart, and on her arm,
A heavier load, a deeper harm.
By gates of gold and ivory,
By wattled huts of poverty,
The same refrain heard poor Kilvany,
The living are few—the dead are many.

The evening came, so still and fleet,
And overtook her hurrying feet,
And, heart-sick, by the sacred fane
She fell, and prayed the god again.
She sobbed and beat her bursting breast:
"Ah! thou hast mocked me! Mightiest!
Lo! I have wandered far and wide—
There stands no house where none hath died."
then And Buddha answered, in a tone *the gentle*
Soft as a flute at twilight blown,
But grand as heaven and strong as death
To him who hears with ears of faith:
"Child, thou art answered! Murmur not!
Bow, and accept the common lot."

Kilvany heard with reverence meet,
And laid her child at Buddha's feet.



[From the Atlantic Monthly for December.]

The Legend Beautiful.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial,
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Kneelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory, thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he,
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine

Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry, calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

SELECTED.

ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD.

"And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him." (Gen. v: 24.)

I sometime turn me from the page of glory,
The tales of heroes and the paths they trod,
And think upon Him of whose life-long story
Is simply told us that he "walked with God."

No record of his deeds, if great or lowly,
No roll of battles fought or triumphs won:
He "walked with God," and in that presence holy,
Whatever deed he wrought was nobly done.

No record of the task of his fulfilling,
Whether he watched with shepherds on the plain,
Or labored patiently, the rich soil tilling:
He "walked with God," and could not toil in vain.

No record of his wealth, if little earning,
Or if the flocks on all the hills were his,
He "walked with God," and to Him daily turning
For daily need, was heir to all that is.

No record of his fame, if to him bending,
Men crowned with homage all his length of days;
Or humble and unknown to his life's ending;
He "walked with God," and could forego man's
praise.

No record if his path was bright or dreary,
If through the barren waste or pleasant vale;
He "walked with God," and howsoever weary,
He leaned upon an arm that could not fail.

We know not if men followed his meek leading,
If human feet kept pace beside his own;
Or if he walked where all passed by unheeding;
He "walked with God," and could not be alone.

We do not know what were the dreams he cherished,
When fond affections around his heart did cling,
How oft his hopes along the wayside perished:
He "walked with God," and lacked for no good
thing.

We do not know what bitterness oppressed him;
We do not know what secret tears he shed;
We cannot know what griefs and ills distressed him;
He "walked with God," and so was comforted.

We do not know how oft his footsteps stumbled,
How oft he faltered on his journey's length,
How oft he fell, and lay abased and humbled;
He "walked with God," and he renewed his strength

We do not know what danger loomed before him,
How oft he quailed at some unlooked-for foe;
He "walked with God," and while that arm upbore
him,
Where'er it led he might not fear to go.

We know not if he always felt that guiding,
Or if no shadow ever dimmed his sight;
He "walked with God," and in his care abiding,
Was safe with Him in darkness or in light.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes;
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse,
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor,
Passing nod or answer will refuse,
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair, young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the wild southwester mischievous brows,
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Leach and tear the ragged shore she views,
Twenty seasons:—
Never one has brought her any news,
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

TWO OR THREE.

There were only two or three of us,
Who came to the place of prayer,
Came in the teeth of a driving storm,
But for that we did not care,
Since after our hymns of praise had risen,
And our earnest prayers were said,
The Master Himself was present there
And gave us the living bread.

We knew his look in our leader's face,
So rapt and glad and free;
We felt his touch when our heads were
bowed.
We heard His "Come to Me!"
Nobody saw Him lift the latch,
And none unbarred the door;
But "Peace" was His token to every heart,
And how could we ask for more?

Each of us felt the load of sin
From the weary shoulder fall;
Each of us dropped the load of care,
And the grief that was like a pall;
And over our spirits a blessed calm,
Swept in from the Jasper sea,
And strength was ours for toll and strife
In the days that were thence to be.

It was only a handful gathered in
To the little place of prayer,
Outside were struggle and pain and sin,
But the Lord Himself was there;
He came to redeem the pledge He gave—
Wherever His loved ones be,
To stand Himself in the midst of them,
Though they count but two or three.

And forth we fared in the bitter rain,
And our hearts had grown so warm,
It seemed like the pelting of summer flow-
ers,
And not like the crash of a storm.
"Twas a time of the dearest privilege
Of the Lord's right hand," we said,
As we thought how Jesus Himself had
come
To feed us with living bread.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

God leaves a touch of the angel in all

FEED MY SHEEP.

That was a narrow street,
Where trod thy blessed feet;
And that a noisy throng
That followed thee along,
And many a one was such
We scarce would deign to touch—
But thou wast pressed upon by the unfold-
ed sheep,
And very close to them thy place didst
keep,
And it is thus
Thou sayest to us,
"Oh, if ye love Me, feed my sheep!"

That was a toilsome way,
And that a sultry day
When thou didst, by the well,
Of living water tell,
And kindly speak to one,
As if that one alone,
The straying one, of all the world had
need most deep,
And thou no thought but to reclaim thy
sheep,
And it is thus
Thou sayest to us,
"Oh, if ye love Me, feed my sheep!"

That was a loveless word,
Which, by strange spirit stirred,
Forbade the children grace
To see thy shining face—
But thou didst call them near,
And smile away their fear;
And one such little one the symbol seemed
to thee,
Of thy great heavenly kingdom yet to be!
And it is thus
Thou sayest to us,
"Oh, feed my lambs, if ye love Me!"

That was a green hillside,
By Gallilee's soft tide;
And sweet the garden's shade
By ancient olives made.
We often follow there
Thy words of life to share—
But oh! the multitude of thine untended
sheep!
Speaks there a voice within our spirit's
deep—
Thy voice to us,
And speaks it thus,
"Oh, if ye love Me, feed my sheep!"
—Mrs. Merrill E. Gates, in The Advance.

THE SECRET OF HAFIZ.

I have heard a fearful secret,
To the Shah I will not tell it;
I will hide it from my sweetheart,
From my merry, dear companions.
When they ask.

This it is: The clod I trample
Was the skull of Alexander,
And the waters of the ocean
In the veins of mighty princes
Once ran red.

And the dust clouds of the desert,
Were the lips of lovely women;
Where are they, and they who kissed
them?

Power dies and beauty passes,
Naught abides.

Where is Jamshyd and his beaker?
Solomon, and where his mirror?
Which of all the wise professors
Knows where Kaus and Jamshyd flour-
ished?

Who can tell?

They were mighty, and they vanished,
Names were all they left behind them;
Glory first, and then an echo—
Then the very echo hushes.
All is still.

O my Shah, ask not my secret;
Sweetheart, I must hide it from you;
They who hear it are not many;
Power dies and beauty passes.
Naught abides.

—E. R. Thayer.

FATE.

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"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;
The spray of the tempest is white in
the air;

The winds are out with the waves at
play.

And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

"The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at
play.

And I shall not join in the chase to-
day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase
in glee;

And the town that was builded upon a
rock

Was swallowed up in the earthquake
shock.

—BRET HARTE.

TO WHICH KINGDOM?

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A hush in the school-room prevailed;
Each heart with expectancy burned,
For the Kaiser was coming that day,
And all eyes to the portals were turned.

And now he has entered the room,
Lo, that Kaiser, so stately and proud;
He has gazed on each sunny head there
That before him in reverence is bowed.

And now every heart gives a throb,
As before him is stationed a class,
And the Kaiser, so great and so tall,
Thus questions a bright little lass:

"To which kingdom belongeth this rose?"

Taking one from the vase by his side;
Her blue eyes were lifted to his,
"To the Vegetable," quick she replied.

"Right, right, little maiden; and this?"
And forth from his pocket he drew
A fair jeweled watch, with its chain,
And then held it up to her view.

Not a doubt to her blue eyes arose,
As she stood 'neath the Kaiser's proud
gaze,

But clear came her answer again,
"To the mineral, sir, if you please."

With a smile at her answer so quaint,
Said the Kaiser, so mighty and high:
"And now, little maid, can you tell
Of which kingdom a member am I?"

Ah! poor little maid, 'twas indeed
A specimen strange to her eyes;
She gazed at the Kaiser, so tall,
But mute were her lips with surprise.

A specimen rare—that wise little maid
That question had not heard before;
Of the kingdoms three, to which he belonged,
That Kaiser—it puzzled her sore.

The elephant great she had seen,
And the spotted tigers as well,
And the lions, too, with bristling mane,
And their kingdom she quickly could tell.

But a Kaiser! ah, never before
Had she seen one so stately and grand;
Sure, not with the rose or the watch,
Or the elephant huge, could he stand.

A sweet puzzled look filled her eyes,
And she stood in a wondering maze;
On the stately form and the kingly brow
Of the Kaiser she fixed her gaze.

But now springs a light to her eyes,
As, placing his hand on her head,
"To which kingdom?" he questions again,
"To the Kingdom of Heaven!" she said.

Ah! wise little maid, may thy words
A prophecy true unfold,
And when thou shalt enter the Kingdom
above,
Thou may'st then the Kaiser behold.

—N. Y. Tribune.

I was not resolute in heart and will
To rise up suddenly and seek Thy face,
Leaving the swine-husks in the desert place,
And crying, "I have sinned; receive me still!"

I could not even at the Shepherd's voice
Startle and thrill, with yearnings for the
fold,
Till he should take me in his blessed hold,
And lay me on his shoulder and rejoice.

But lying silent, will-less in the dark,
A little piece of silver, lost from Thee,
I only knew Thy hands were seeking me,
And that I bore through all Thy heavenly
mark.

—Elizabeth Waterhouse.

If It Were True..... Lover's Year Book (Roberts Bros.)

If it were really true that you were living,
You whom my soul has always loved the best,
Could you not come to me once more, forgiving,
And lay your head again upon my breast.

If I had known how sadly I should grieve you,
If I had only known it was the last,
There's nothing in the world had made me leave you;
And now, Dear Heart, the tender dream is past.

Can you not see how I have missed you, dearest,
How I regret I ever gave you pain,
How even then I held you first and nearest?
O Love, if you could only come again!

I would be kinder to you. I was fretful;
Life had so much that was too hard to bear;
I did not understand how, self forgetful,
Your love had lightened every pain or care.

We grow too sure of those who never give us
A single anxious thought; they are our own.
I did not dream that death would dare to rob me
Until I found my priceless treasure gone.

And now beside your grave I watch the sunset,
As we so oft have watched the changing skies.
I wonder if this tender purple violet
Has drawn its dreamy beauty from your eyes.

This golden-rod is like your flowing tresses;
This lily like your innocent, pure breast;
This wild rose, blushing to the wind's caresses
May owe its bloom to lips my own have pressed.

I hate these vampire flowers that grow above you;
I cannot bear to think that you are there.
I feel that you are passing, while I love you,
To other forms of Life, however fair.

Yet were it really true that you are living,—
Your own pure life no mocking chance has known,
Would you not come, sweet consolation giving
For grief and doubt that have so bitter grown?

You must see clearly from the height where sorrow
And pain and death have lifted your white soul.
Can you not give some promise of the morrow,
If you have found this life is not the whole?

Can you not come to me, and stoop and kiss me;
Say you forgive the thoughtless words I said,—
They haunt me now,—and that you love and miss me,
And, O My Darling, that you are not dead?

Through the Twilight..... Bliss Carman Low Tide on Grand Pre (Webster)

The red vines bar my window way;
The Autumn sleeps beside his fire,
For he has sent this fleet-foot day
A year's march back to bring to me
One face whose smile is my desire,
Its light my star.

Surely you will come near and speak,
This calm of death from the day to sever!
And so I shall draw down your cheek
Close to my face—so close!—and know
God's hand between our hands forever
Will set no bar.

Before the dusk falls—even now
I know your step along the gravel,
And catch your quiet poise of brow,
And wait so long till you turn the latch!
Is the way so hard you had to travel?
Is the land so far?

The dark has shut your eyes from mine,
But in the hush of brooding weather
A gleam on twilight's gathering line
Has riven the barriers of dream:
Soul of my soul, we are together
As the angels are!

THE CHARIOTEER.

By Amos R. Wells.

O God, take the reins of my life!
I have driven it blindly, to left and to right,
In mock of the rock, in the chasm's despite,
Where the brambles were rife,
In the blaze of the sun and the deadliest
black of the night.

O God, take the reins of my life!
For I am so weary and weak.
My hands are a-quiver, and so is my heart,
And my eyes are too tired for the teardrops
to start,
And the worn horses reek
With the anguishing pull and the hot, heavy
harness's smart,
While I am all weary and weak.

But Thou wilt be peace, wilt be power.
Thy hand on the reins and Thine eye on the
way,
Shall be wisdom to guide and controlling to
stay.
And my life, in that hour,
Shall be led into leading, and rest when it
comes to obey;
For Thou wilt be peace and all power.

Now, Lord, without tarrying, now!
While eyes can look up and while reason re-
mains,
And my hand yet has strength to surrender
the reins,
Ere death stamp my brow
And pour coldness and stillness through all
the mad course of my veins—
Come, Lord, without tarrying, now!

I yield Thee my place, which is Thine.
Appoint me to lie on the chariot floor;
Yea, appoint me to lie at Thy feet, and no
more,
While the glad axles shine,
And the happy wheels run on their course
to the heavenly door.
Now Thou hast my place, which is Thine.
—The Outlook.

AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE-SONG.

BY H. C. BUNNER.

Tell me what within her eyes
Makes the forgotten spring arise,
And all the day, if kind she looks,
Flow to a tune like tinkling brooks;
Tell me why, if but her voice
Falls on men's ears, their souls rejoice;
Tell me why, if only she
Doth come into the companie,
All spirits straight enkindled are,
As if a moon lit up a star.

Tell me this that's writ above,
And I will tell you why I love.

Tell me why the foolish wind
Is to her tresses ever kind,
And only blows them in such wise
As lends her beauty some surprise;
Tell me why no changing year
Can change from spring, if she appear;
Tell me why to see her face
Begets in all folk else a grace
That makes them fair, as love of her
Did to a gentler nature stir.

Tell me why, if she but go
Alone across the fields of snow,
All fancies of the springs of old
Within a lover's breast grow bold;
Tell me why, when her he sees,
Within him stirs an April breeze;
And all that in his secret heart
Most sacredly was set apart,
And most was hidden, then awakes,
At the sweet joy her coming makes.

Tell me what is writ above,
And I will tell you why I love.

—[From "Rowen,"]

A real gain has been made in our literature when such a song has been written as the "Letter Song" in Samuel Minturn Peck's new volume, "Rings and Love Knots." The song is perfectly simple, deliciously sweet. It is fit to be placed with those exquisite pieces of verse chosen by Poe as illustration for his essay on the poetic principle. To take a line out of it is to pluck a butterfly's dainty plumage; if quoted at all it must be quoted all, thus we may be pardoned for giving it in its entirety:

"Who is it dreams of thee all the night
Till the last star dies in the gray?
Who is it calls thee his heart's delight,
Though many a league away?
Who is it wishes thy sorrow to bear,
Leaving the joy for thee?
Who is it breathes thee a song and prayer?
Come look in my heart and see,
Dear heart,
Look in my heart and see.

Who is it longs for the touch of thy hand,
The sound of thy feet at the door?
And who would give all the gold in the land
To gaze on thy face once more?
Who is it craving thy voice to beguile
Grim cares that will not flee?
Whose eyes are a-thirst for thy winsome smile?
Come look in my heart and see,
Dear heart,
Look in my heart and see.

Whose are the veins that laugh and leap
Whenever thy name is heard?
Whose are the eyes that fain would weep
To think of a hope deferred?
Whose is the arm that will not fail,
If ever thy need shall be?
Whose is the love that never grows pale?
Come look in my heart and see,
Dear heart,
Look in my heart and see.

A SONG AT TWILIGHT.

BY ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

Lay your hand, sweet wife, in mine;
Half divine
Was the love of long ago.
Dawn's bright hues no longer glow,
And we watch, with fading sight,
Day turn night.

Sitting here at twilight's fall,
I recall

All our days of changing weather;
How we met black care together—
Fought him till he turned to fly,
You and I.

And the hours of glad content
We have spent!
Perfect love and perfect life,
We have run their round, sweet wife,
But of all those hours so blest,
This is best.

For at first, ah, well we knew
We were two,

Loving, striving still to mingle,
Yes, how oft our wills were single;
Now our lives are almost done—
We are one!

—[From Songs of Life, Love and Death.]

Four-Leaf Clover

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry-blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck—
If you search you will find where they
grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have
faith,
You must love and be strong—and so—
If you work, if you wait, you will find the
place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

LIFT ME UP.

Out of myself, dear Lord,
Oh, lift me up!
No more I trust myself in life's dim maze,
Sufficient to myself in all its devious ways;
I trust no more, but humbly at thy throne
Pray, "Lead me, for I cannot go alone."

Out of my weary self,
Oh, lift me up!
I faint—the road winds upward all the way;
Each night but ends another weary day.
Give me thy strength, and may I be so blest,
As on the "heights" I find the longed-for rest.

Out of my selfish self,
Oh, lift me up!
To live for others, and in living so,
To bear a blessing wheresoe'er I go;
To give the sunshine, and the clouds conceal,
Or let them but the silver sides reveal.

Out of my lonely self,
Oh, lift me up!
Though our hearts with love are running o'er,
Though dear ones fill my lonely home no more,
Though every day I miss the fond caress,
Help me join in others' happiness.

Out of my doubting self,
Oh, lift me up!
Help me to feel that thou art always near,
E'en though 't is night, and all around seems
drear,
Help me to know that though I cannot see,
It is my Father's hand that leadeth me.

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A CHILD'S TRIBUTE.

(The following was written by a young girl in Dr. Eustis's church, in Springfield, and spoken to him with a presentation of flowers, at a gathering on the eve of his departure for Europe):

Long centuries ago,
When our dear Saviour lived upon the earth
Teaching the eager multitudes who came,
Healing the sick, the deaf, the blind and lame,
Wearied by toil, He called His chosen few
And bade them turn aside awhile with *Him* to
rest.

So our dear pastor, now—
Long years a follower in his Master's steps,
A welcome visitor by beds of pain,
Guiding lost souls to light and peace again,
Boldly upholding truth though all oppose—
Burdened by care, must turn aside awhile and
rest.

I bring these fragrant flowers,
Gift of the little children of your flock.
May every petal speak our love to you,
Each leaf a little kiss and kind adieu.
And please get well, dear pastor, very soon;
Then when you come again to preach to us,
We'll take such kind and loving care of you,
You'll never need again to turn aside and *rest.*

SERENITY.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brooks that spring in yonder hight;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

—British Weekly.



IF CHRIST WERE HERE TONIGHT

IF Christ were here tonight and saw me tired
And half afraid another step to take,
I think He'd know the thing my heart desired
And ease that heart of all its throbbing ache.

If Christ were here in this dull room of mine
That gathers up so many shadows dim;
I am quite sure its narrow space would shine,
And kindle into glory, around Him.

If Christ were here, I might not pray so long,
My prayer would have such little way to go,
'Twould break into a burst of happy song,
So would my joy and gladness overflow.

If Christ were here tonight, I'd touch the hem
Of his fair seamless robe, and stand complete
In wholeness and in whiteness; I, who stem
Such waves of pain, to kneel at His dear feet.

If Christ were here tonight, I'd tell him all
The load I carry for the ones I love,
The blinded ones; who grope and faint and fall,
Following false guides, nor seeking Christ above.

If Christ were here! Ah, faithless soul and weak,
Is not the Master ever close to thee?
Deaf is thine ear, that can't not hear him speak,
Dim is thine eye, His face that cannot see.

Thy Christ is here, and never far away,
He entered with thee when thou camest in;
His strength was thine through all the busy day,
He knew thy need, He kept thee pure from sin.

Thy blessed Christ is in thy little room,
Nay more, the Christ himself is in thy heart;
Fear not, the dawn will scatter darkest gloom,
And Heaven will be of thy rich life a part.

Written for The Congregationalist by
MARGARET E. SANGSTER





fall,
st above.

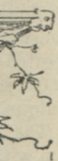
weak,

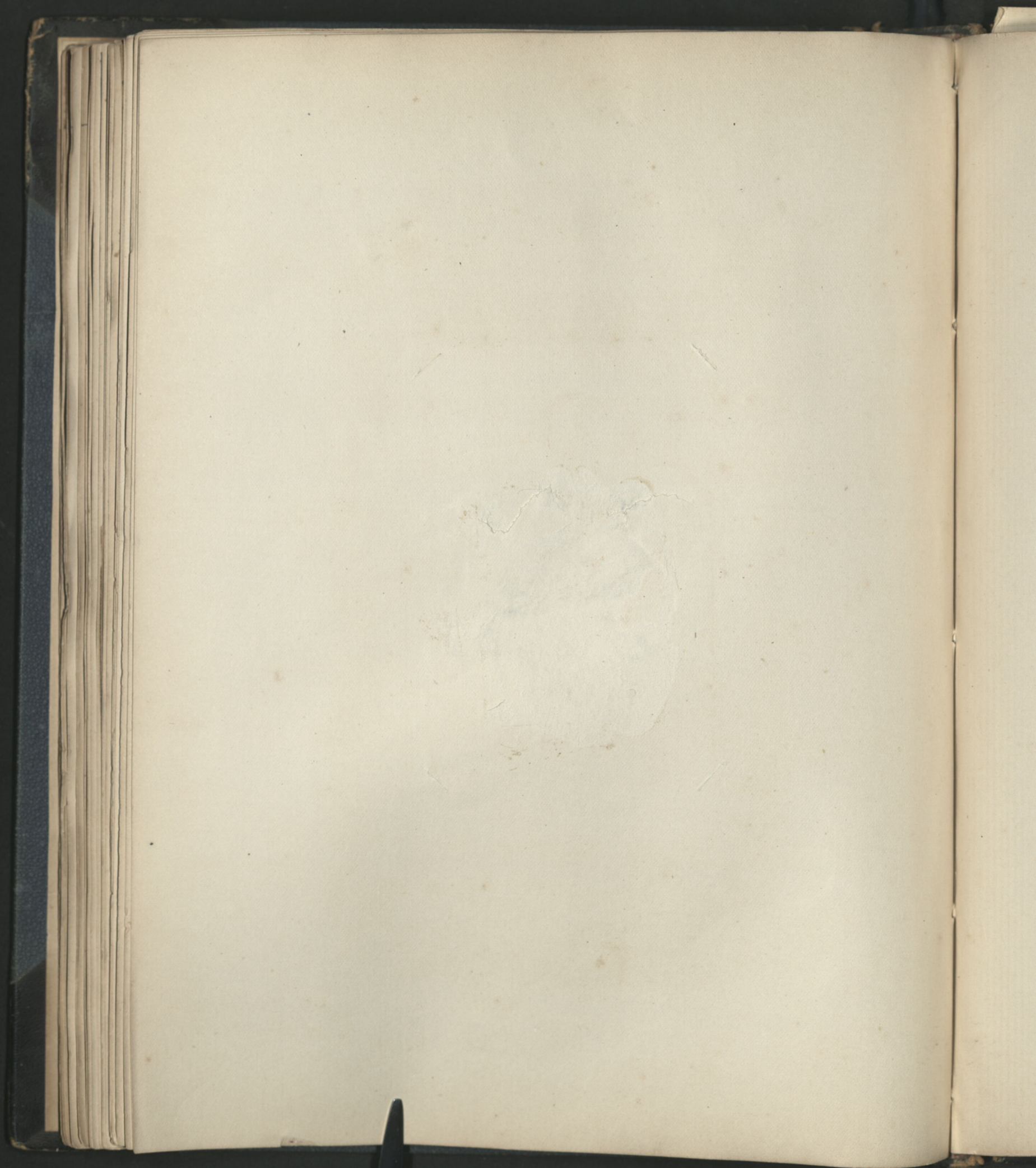
speak,
see.

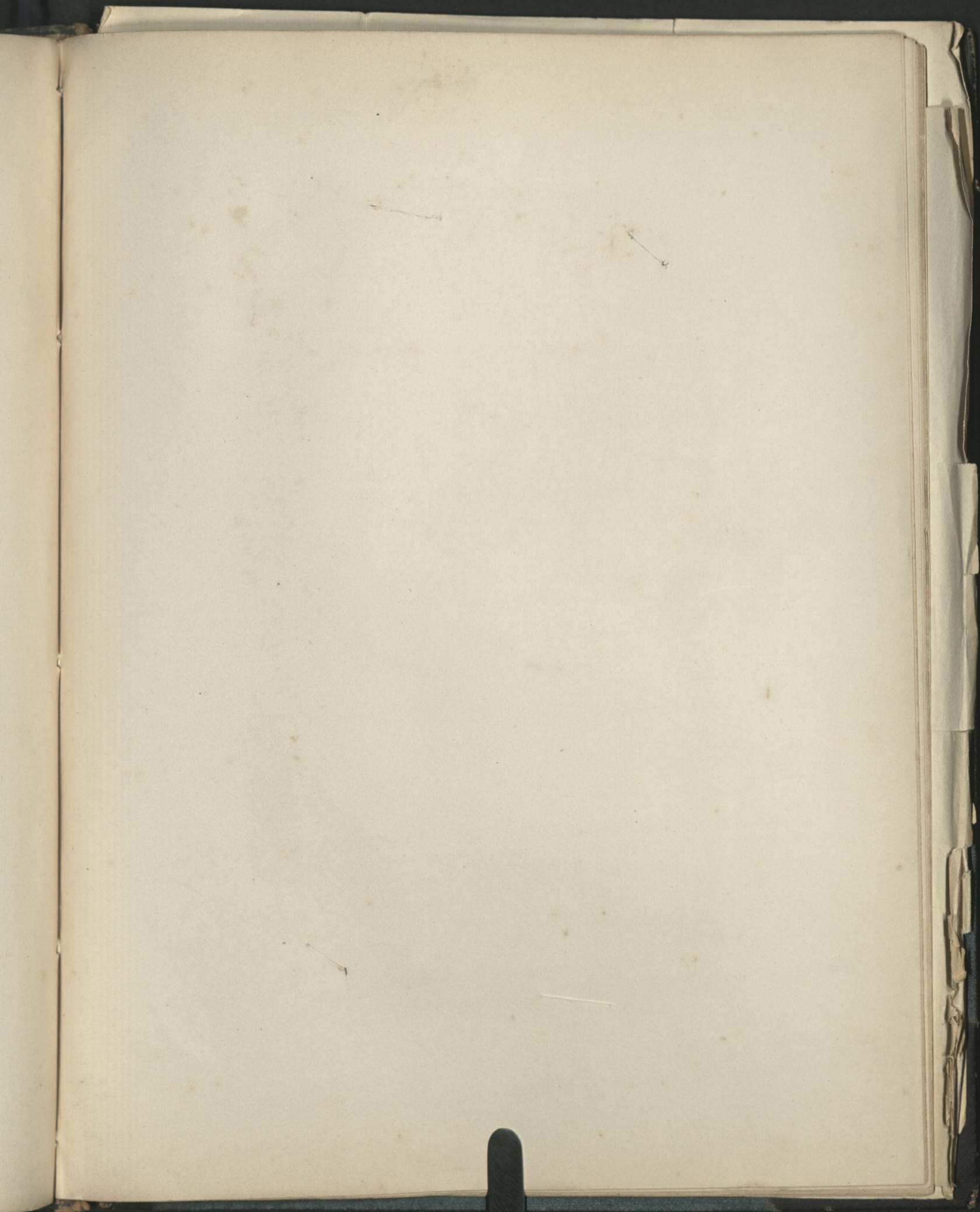
in;
day,
om sin.

heart;
om,
art.

ANGSTER







* * *

THE FORM AND CONTENT ONE.

You speak of Form. There is no form as such ;
'Tis simply soul in transit. From out the Past's
Unknown, it gathers shape as Present hope
To be the Future's fact. From God, through God,
To God again. Where in this ring of life
Can Science find an arc whose segment's name
Is Form? The form and content are but one.

What song my spirit hears my tongue shall tell ;
What sights my spirit sees my hand shall paint.
The picture and the song—'tis I made both,
Made song and picture for your soul. For you
Their form will take your spirit's shape, not mine.
At times across the sky dart balls of fire
That fly with vaporous wings ; our vision, yours
And mine, are fitted to the sight of them.

We see those errant guests as scudding flame ;
But men that look from Mars, or darkly peer
From dim Neptunus' chilly track—think you
They see that flying flame as earthly light ?
If souls dwell there, with sense unlike to ours,
Who knows what flame or flashing orb may say
To them? So souls must know and sing what souls
Contain—for sight and song and soul are one.

—Grace Shaw D

* * *

THE SONG OF THE ROAD

*AS I came out by Biddenden
There murmured in my ears,
The song that all wayfaring men
Have heard in all the years.
And all the way, by hill and moor,
That song went down with me,
By Tenterden and Appledore
And Romney to the sea.*

*The song that all wayfaring men
Shall hear until they die,
That haunts their dreams, and brings again,
Under the open sky,
Across the pent, unhappy hours,
Across the clanging towns,
The gleam of little wayside flowers,
The white tracks of the downs.*

*The feel of wind upon the face,
The fragrance of the pine,
The draughts of keen, exultant space
That thrill the blood like wine,
Blue, mystic distance, fold on fold,
Luring from far away —
The song Ulysses heard of old,
And I heard yesterday.*

*And so I came through Romney marsh
That holds no house or tree,
Only the wide, sheep-dotted grass
That once was sand and sea,
Only the frail windmills that lift
Against the sunset fire,
And faintly pencilled on the drift
The ghost of Romney spire.*

*And thus all day across the fen
With me went singing down,
The road I found by Biddenden
And lost by Romney town;
For all men come to sleep at last,
As all roads to the sea,
And winding in the dusk it passed,
But left its song with me.*

E. G. BUCKERIDGE.

travelers, a few hours be-
fore the Road, near Westerly.

of the Country fair
the grave and gate of

ries are hidden there,
ortal breath.

ones who dwell therein,
seth knowledge hath suf-

ll sorrow and all sin.
of Christ.

of Prayer and Eucharist
ould bridge the gulf be-

of faith above the mist
World unseen.

with flaming sword,
us by Divine command;
bol of the Lord
y Land.

earthly life be past,
ws vanish from our eyes,
ift for us at last
ise.

; so strangely near,
ely far beyond our ken;
utterably dear,
f men:

more death, nor bitter

ng and of pain;
ens into grander life,
stain;

e was maimed shall be

as lost shall be restored;
nd pardoned soul
ord.

those sacramental fire
penitent from mortal

ed, the heart desire
nt.

d, where spirits bright
gaze the Father's Face,
unfading light,
grace;

tle of thy lore,
g, painless power
time shall be no more,
r.

thy Garden blest
d hath planted ripen

work but perfect rest

l.

By G. W.

Miscellaneous

1895—1913

66 VOLUMES

AUTHORS	TITLES
ARNOLD, MATTHEW.	<i>Empedocles on Etna.</i>
BARRIE, J. M.	<i>George Meredith: A Tribute.</i>
BLAKE, WILLIAM.	<i>XVII Designs to Virgil.</i>
BOTTOMLEY, GORDON.	<i>A Vision of Giorgione.</i>
BRIDGES, ROBERT.	<i>The Growth of Love.</i>
BUCHANAN, ROBERT.	<i>The Story of David Gray.</i>
BURTON, SIR RICHARD F.	<i>The Kasidab (4to).</i>
CALVERT, EDWARD.	<i>Ten Spiritual Designs.</i>
CHENEY, JOHN VANCE.	<i>The Time of Roses.</i>
CHILD, FRANCIS J.	<i>Il Pesceballo: Opera in one act.</i>
DOWSON, ERNEST.	<i>Poems.</i>
FITZGERALD, EDWARD.	<i>Polonius.</i>
GARNETT, RICHARD.	<i>De Flagello Myrteo.</i>
GROOME, FRANCIS HINDES.	<i>Edward FitzGerald: An Aftermath.</i>
HARDINGE, WILLIAM M.	<i>Cbrysanthema.</i>
HAY, JOHN.	<i>In Praise of Omar.</i>
HEWLETT, MAURICE.	<i>Earthwork out of Tuscany.</i>
HOLMES, DANIEL HENRY.	<i>Under a Fool's Cap.</i>
JOHNSTON, CHARLES.	<i>From the Upanishads.</i>
KOHELETH, (i.e. <i>The Preacher</i>).	<i>The Book of Ecclesiastes.</i>
LEE-HAMILTON, EUGENE.	<i>Mimma Bella.</i>
MACKAIL, J. W.	<i>The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil.</i>
MACKAIL, J. W.	<i>The Sayings of the Lord Jesus Christ.</i>
MACLEOD, FIONA.	<i>The Silence of Amor: Prose Rhythms.</i>
MACLEOD, FIONA.	<i>The House of Usna: a Drama.</i>
MACLEOD, FIONA.	<i>The Immortal Hour: a Drama.</i>
MCCURDY, EDWARD.	<i>Roses of Paestum.</i>
MORRIS, WILLIAM.	<i>Child Christopher.</i>
MOSHER, THOMAS B. (Editor)	<i>Amphora.</i>
MOSHER, THOMAS B. (Editor)	<i>Songs of Adieu.</i>
MURRAY, GILBERT.	<i>Andromache.</i>
PARSONS, THOMAS WILLIAM.	<i>Circum Præcordia.</i>
PATER, WALTER.	<i>Uncollected Essays.</i>
PATER, WALTER.	<i>The Renaissance.</i>
PHILLIPS, STEPHEN, AND OTHERS	<i>Primavera.</i>
PLATO.	<i>Apology of Socrates.</i>
REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH.	<i>A Wayside Lute.</i>
RODD, RENNELL.	<i>Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf.</i>
ROSSETTI, D. G.	<i>Hand and Soul.</i>
ROSSETTI, D. G.	<i>The Blessed Damsel.</i>
RUSSELL, GEORGE W. ("A. E.")	<i>Homeward: Songs by the Way.</i>
SAINT MATTHEW.	<i>The Sermon on the Mount.</i>
SCHWOB, MARCEL.	<i>Mimes.</i>
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE.	<i>A Defence of Poetry.</i>
SMITH, ALEXANDER.	<i>Dreamthorp.</i>
SOLOMON, SIMEON.	<i>A Vision of Love Revealed in Sleep.</i>
SPENCER, HERBERT.	<i>Passages from the Philosophy.</i>
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.	<i>Father Damien (16mo and 4to).</i>
THOMPSON, FRANCIS.	<i>The Hound of Heaven and other Poems.</i>
THOMPSON, FRANCIS.	<i>Shelley: An Essay.</i>
THOMPSON, FRANCIS.	<i>Poems.</i>
WHITMAN, WALT.	<i>Memories of President Lincoln (Octavo).</i>
WHITMAN, WALT.	<i>The Book of Heavenly Death.</i>
WICKSTEED, PHILIP H.	<i>Our Lady's Tumbler.</i>
WILDE, OSCAR.	<i>Poems.</i>
WILDE, OSCAR.	<i>Intentions.</i>
WILDE, OSCAR.	<i>The Soul of Man under Socialism.</i>
WILDE, OSCAR.	<i>Lecture on the Renaissance: L'Envoi.</i>
WILDE, OSCAR.	<i>Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf.</i>
WILDE, OSCAR.	<i>Poetical Works.</i>
WILDE, OSCAR.	<i>Salomé.</i>
YEATS, W. B.	<i>The Land of Heart's Desire.</i>

A gentleman by nature as well as by ancestry, a true friend, refined, courteous, charming and unselfish, not only the Parish and his many friends have been deprived of the service of a thorough scholar, and accomplished master in music, but the Church at large loses the ministrations of one who was both a staunch Catholic Churchman, and a highly trained ecclesiastical musician. For the past few years, he was brave, patient, and cheerful under his sufferings. He was at last called to his rest with the satisfying sense of duty well performed. Unto the end of his strength he was "faithful unto death."

May he be at peace, and may Light Perpetual lighten upon him.

During the summer and early autumn of this year a long needed improvement in the interior of the church has been carried to completion in the re-cushioning of the pews. The result speaks for itself—in the interests of decency and taste. About \$100 is still needed to defray the cost, and offerings towards this amount are earnestly asked. The work has been done at a comparatively low figure, and it is hoped that this small balance will be made up quickly. Please bear this appeal in mind, and send in your contributions to Mr. W. H. Phillips, Treasurer, 110 Lloyd avenue.

The sale and supper held annually on the Monday before Thanksgiving, under the auspices of the associates of the Sisters of the Holy Nativity, will occur on the afternoon and evening of November 24th, in S. Stephen's Guild House. Tea will be served from 4 to 5 o'clock, and a substantial chafing-dish supper will be provided between 6 and 8 o'clock. There will be special attractions this year for children, beside the usual grab-bag, and it is hoped that many children of the parish and their little friends will attend. Candy, cake, and pies for Thanksgiving, and attractive fancy articles, baskets, cards, and dripless candles, will be on sale from 2 to 4 p. m. This is the only time in the year when the associates of the Sisters ask for outside help, and this year they appeal especially to our parishioners, and all friends of the Sisters, to make this sale a greater success than ever before. It is important to realize at this time a large sum of money to cover the expense of some necessary repairs and alterations on the Sisters' property, which have recently been completed; may there not be a general and generous response to this appeal?

On the twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, October 26, the Bishop of the Diocese was present in the Church at the midday service to offer thanksgiving for his own almost miraculous escape from death or injury and

that of his fellow-travelers, a few hours before, on the New Haven Road, near Westery.

We know but little of the Country fair
That lies beyond the grave and gate of
Death;
Love's tender mysteries are hidden there,
Unbreathed by mortal breath.

But for the blessed ones who dwell therein,
The Love that passeth knowledge hath suffi-
fice
To fold them from all sorrow and all sin.
Within the Arms of Christ.

And in the strength of Prayer and Eucharist
Our longing souls would bridge the gulf be-
tween;

And soar on wings of faith above the mist
That shrouds the World unseen.

No shining sentinel, with flaming sword,
Waits to withhold us by Divine command;
Only the saving symbol of the Lord
Defends that lovely Land.

But never till this earthly life be past,
And earthly shadows vanish from our eyes,
May angel hands uplift for us at last
The Veil of Paradise.

The Paradise of God; so strangely near,
And still so strangely far beyond our ken;
Unknown, and yet unutterably dear,
To weary hearts of men:

Where shall be no more death, nor bitter
strife,

Nor agony of parting and of pain;
Where life but broadens into grander life,
Free from defiling stain;

Where all that once was maimed shall be
made whole;
And all that once was lost shall be restored;
Until the perfected and pardoned soul
Be ready for its Lord.

O wondrous World, whose sacramental fire
Shall cleanse the penitent from mortal
taint,

And try, as gold is tried, the heart desire
Of each adoring saint.

Home of our holy dead, where spirits bright
Behold with clearer gaze the Father's Face,
Land of undying love, unfading light,
Unending growth in grace;

Truly, we know but little of thy lore,
Or how thy purifying, painless power
Was won for thee till time shall be no more,
At Jesu's dying hour.

Only we know that in thy Garden blest
The souls whom God hath planted ripen
still,

Where rest is work, and work but perfect rest
In an All-perfect Will.

By G. W.

Stone, *Sarah Belle Foster, Edward Sawyer Bacon, Emily Sophia Towle, Annie Joyce, *Susan Jane West, Eliza Anne Arnold, *Jane Elizabeth Howard, *Ida Addison, *Eliza Jones Richmond, *Phebe Aborn Hobart, *Catharine Pratt Mason, *Cora Lillian Adams, Walter Knight Sturges, William Crosswell Doane, *Bishop*, *Celia Anna Bird, Henry Augustus Barney, Jessie Leonard Clauson, Mary Lambert Isham, Sarah Adams Kenyon, John Binney, *Priest*, Harriet Hale Goss, George Fisher, *Edward Burd Grubb, *Henry Skelton Carter, *Mary Schultz, *William Harkness Arnold, *Sarah Wilkinson Goodwin, *Jane Frances Brown, George Hitchcock, *Elizabeth Mary Gibbs, *Jessica Pearce, *Clinton Judson Porter Grove, Joseph Marksbey, George McAre, *Julia Wayland Murphy, *Marian Bonner, *Edmund Tweedy Moulton, Alonzo Bartlett, *John Henry Stiness, Emily Smith, *Thomas Barton Taylor, *Susan Edna Cooley, *Amy Taylor, *William Henry Arthur, Charles William Greene, Frederic Moseley Sackett, George Martin Christian, *Priest*, *Rosena Holden Starks, Esther Elizabeth Smith, *Mary Talbot Peck, *Francis Munroe Ball.

THANKSGIVING DAY,
November 27.

- 7.00 A. M. **Holy Eucharist.**
[8.00 A. M. **Holy Eucharist.**
10.00 A. M. Matins.
10.45 A. M. **Holy Eucharist** and Sermon.
5.00 P. M. Evensong.

Offerings for Diocesan Institutions.

The Annual Meeting of the Rhode Island Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions was held in S. Stephen's Church on Thursday, October 30. The Holy Eucharist was celebrated at 10.30 A. M. by the Bishop of the Diocese. The attendance filled the Church. Bishop Spalding, of Utah, and Bishop Biller, of South Dakota, were the chief speakers, and the meeting was enthusiastic. Luncheon was served in the Guild Hall under the direction of the Parish Work Association.

S. Augustine's Mission, for the black people of Providence, was begun by the Bishop of

the Diocese, assisted by Fr. Sweetland, on the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, October 5. The Bishop celebrated the Holy Eucharist at 8 A. M., and officiated at Matins, with sermon, at 11 (A. M.). This is history. Such a mission has long been hoped and prayed for, and at last those intercessions of so many years are answered.

S. Faith's Guild held its annual meeting on Friday evening, October 3, with a large attendance. Officers elected were: *President*, Miss Annie Tyler Green; *Vice-President*, Mrs. G. McC. Fiske, *Secretary*, Mrs. E. E. Brown; *Assistant Secretary*, Miss E. H. Crouch; *Treasurer*, Miss Emma Nisbet.

The R. I. Assembly, B. S. A., held an interesting meeting in the Guild Hall on October 13. Addresses were made by several speakers, and a good deal of enthusiasm was shown. The splendid delegation and good work reported from North Attleboro, elicited much admiration.

S. Augustine's Guild makes the following announcement of its course of lectures for the present season:

Nov. 6. "Alaska," illustrated. The Rev. Winthrop Peabody. Fr. Peabody spent several years as a missionary in Alaska, and his lecture will be full of interest.

Dec. 4. A Shrine of American Church History, Burlington, New Jersey, illustrated. The Rector of S. Stephen's.

Jan. ?? "Church Architecture," Mr. N. M. Isham.

Feb. ?? The Rev. P. S. Irwin. "Missions in New England."

March ?? "Celtic Crosses." The Rev. George S. Pine.

May ?? The Rev. Daniel Goodwin, D.D. Subject to be announced.

At a meeting of S. Stephen's Vestry on October 12, 1913, the following minute was adopted:

In tribute to the memory of WILLIAM HARKNESS ARNOLD, for over twenty-eight years organist and choirmaster of S. Stephen's Church, the Rector, Wardens, and Vestrymen of the Parish, desire to record their realization of the great loss which the Church has sustained in his death.

The Sea Is His

THE Sea is His: He made it,
Black gulf and sunlit shoal,
From barriered light to where the
long
Leagues of Atlantic roll;
Small strait and ceaseless ocean
He bade each one to be,
The Sea is His: He made it—
And England keeps it free.

By pain and stress and striving
Beyond the nation's ken,
By vigils stern when others slept
By many lives of men;
Through nights of storm, through
dawnings
Blacker than midnights be—
This Sea that God created,
England has kept it free.

Count me the splendid captains
Who sailed with courage high,

To chart the perilous ways
unknown—

Tell me where these men lie!
To light a path for ships to come
They moored at Dead Man's Quay;
The Sea is God's: He made it—
And these men kept it free.

Oh, little land of England,
Oh, mother of hearts too brave,
Men say this trust shall pass from
thee
Who guardest Nelson's grave.
Ay, but these braggarts yet shall
learn

Who'd hold the world in fee.
The Sea is God's—and England,
England shall keep it free.

R. F. VERNIDE
(In the *London Standard*).

St. John's College, Winnipeg, has just conferred the degree of doctor of divinity, *honoris causa*, upon the Ven. George H. Hogbin, Archdeacon of Calgary.

In writing to the Bishop of Calgary, to tell him what the college had done, Dean Coombes, registrar, says: "I thought you would like to know the very kindly feeling expressed towards yourself personally. It was felt by all that men who had assisted you so faithfully in your arduous work, through these critical times, deserve such distinction as the Church can confer."

Archdeacon Hogbin joined the Bishop in 1892, when he was Bishop of Saskatchewan as well as of Calgary. He began work at Prince Albert, where as a young layman, fresh from England, he became a teacher in Emmanuel College, at that time an institution for training native pupils to become teachers and catechists in that diocese. He was ordained deacon and priest in 1894, and he served in St. George's Church, Battleford. In 1896, he was called to Calgary to become principal of the new Indian Industrial School, in connection with the Church of England, a position he retained till the school was closed at

upon. Further, in order to prevent clandestine marriages, greater publicity should be called for in the case of licenses being sought for. The matter was finally left in the hands of the Bishop.

After lunch, generously provided by the ladies of Holy Trinity, a weighty paper on the subject of prohibition was read by the Rev. Canon Howcroft, M.A., a timely topic in view of the far reaching contest to take place in Alberta on July 21st. The paper was followed by a healthy discussion, reference being made by several speakers to the magnificent lead being given by the Bishop on the temperance question. A strong resolution proposed by Rev. C. C. Carruthers and seconded by Canon Howcroft, pledging the members of the Archdeaconry to do all they can towards the carrying of prohibition, was passed almost unanimously. The matter of the Bishopric Endowment Fund was introduced by the Rev. C. W. McKim in an address in which he pleaded for a more definite effort on the part of the diocese towards the completion of this fund.

In the evening there was a reception of church workers in the All Saints' school. Short addresses on Kangara, Honan and Mid-Japan were given by

BACK TO THE ROAD.

"The Romany men, the freedom-loving
gypsies who for four years have worn the
khaki, are being demobilized and go back to
their home—which is the whole, wide
world."

The long road, the white road, the road
without an end

Has called its children back again from
out the bloody fray.

The task we had to do is done,

The war we had to win is won,

With faces to the setting sun

We're tramping on our way.

The white stars, the bright stars, the
velvet sky above!

And oh, the endless joy of life that's
in the earth beneath!

The bird that thrills the dusk at eve

With throbbing notes of pain that grieve,

But gladden ere the echoes leave—

The hedgerow and the heath!

The few loves, the true loves, we know
are waiting still.

We have a rendezvous with some whose
lips long since we kissed.

And over hill and moor and plain,

Through golden sunshine, silver rain,

We go to find our own again,

Who keep the faithful tryst.

The old trail, the bold trail that ever
lures us on!

The days and nights of beauty in the
sky, the sea and sod.

The life of love and joy and song,

The sky-roofed home where we belong,

The road that winds through right and
wrong

About the feet of God.

HARRY VARLEY.

FATIMAS
OMAR

LORD
SALISBURY
(Ovals)

THE
DR

Peace

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

ALL my days are clear again and gentle with forgetting,
Mornings cool with graciousness of time passed stilly by,
Evenings sweet with call of birds and lilac-rose sunseting,
And starshine does not hurt my heart, nor night winds make me cry.

I can tie a ribbon now, nor hope of your eyes' pleasure
Makes its hue intolerable if you come not to see;
I can hear old music now, nor stabbing through its measure
Come the thoughts I would not have or tears that need not be.

All my days are placid now, as quiet children slowly
Pacing through a leaf-locked way that has not vale or hill;
Peace again and mirth again, and dawns and evens holy—
I wish I had your hands in mine and heartbreak still!



...ting is the last. He is about to go
way. She is reluctant to see him depart.
They swing on the gate.

"I shall never forget you," he says, "and
if death should claim me, my last thoughts
will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll
never see anybody else or love them as long
as I live!" They parted.

Six years later he returns. His sweet-
heart of former years has married. They
meet at a party. She has ~~changed~~ greatly;
between the dances the recognition takes
place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan
beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was
it you or your brother who was my old
sweetheart?"

"Really, I don't know," he says; "prob-
ably my father!"—[Tit-Bits.]

A PRAYER TO AZRAEL.

Because thy face is more compassionate
Than God's own angel Pity, he who stands
... the world with beauty

E. G. B.

LULLABY.

Dear heart—Sweetheart—
Time that little children
Creep into their mothers' arms, to wait Sleep's
silent call.

Sweetheart—Dear heart—
All the little children
Must the Moon find sleeping, when she mounts
heaven's wall!

Dear heart—Sweetheart—
Over little children,
As they dream their white, white dreams, the wings
of Love are pressed.

Sweetheart—Dear heart—
They were little children
Whom the Blessed Child of Bethlehem loved best.

Dear heart—Sweetheart—
All the little children
Come from Love and go to Love, when life's long
day is done.

Sweetheart—Dear heart—
All are little children,
Hushed at last on Nature's bosom one by one.
—[Frances Bartlett in Boston Transcript.

IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

thread to the left, pass the needle from above under the first cross thread, and repeat the stitch all the way down, completing the second half of a web, of which the first row of stitches made the first half; at the beginning of each row, instead of taking up the lowest cross thread with the first stitch, take the mesh at the edge of the stocking.

Another method of Swiss darning is shown in Figs. 3-5. The ground is first prepared as for Fig. 2. Then a warp is darned in as shown in Fig. 3, from the wrong side; sewing-thread, black or white, is used for this, as it is clipped and pulled out when the darn is finished; the warp extends a few stitches beyond at top and bottom, and holds the turned-down edge at the side, as illustrated. The next step is the making of the stitches, shown in Fig. 4, which is done on the right side. Put the needle through the two upper stitches of Fig. 4; then, observing the direction of the arrow in the cut, pass it under the first two warp

harp of love; it would be less delightful if the eye for nature
were less keen, and the pencil of the artist less steady.

Here is a little cabinet picture:

Do you remember how that night was sweet?

You called it sweet and something more as well.

The fine white moonbeams drifted at our feet,

And nestled in each flower's trembling bell.

The hollowed waves came creeping to the beach,

And broke there with a joyful sound at last.

Do you remember how there was no speech?

No need for that. Our heart-beats throbbed too fast.

A small white falling star shot through the gray.

You bid me "wish!" before it could depart.

Do you remember how I answered, "Nay"?

Because there was no wish left in my heart.

And here, from "Thistle-down," is something unworn on
the world-old name of

Drake's Drum.

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin', —
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?);
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long
ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin', an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him
long ago!

—Henry Newbolt.

earth and its creatures, took at a certain time upon the earth the flesh and form of man; in that flesh sustained the law, and died the Creature he had made; rose again after death into glorious human life, and, when the date of the human race is ended, will return in visible human form, and render to every man according to his work. Christianity is the belief in, and the love of, God thus manifested. Anything less than this, the mere acceptance of the sayings of Christ, or assertion of any less than divine power in His Being, may be, for ought I know, enough for virtue, peace, and safety; but they do not make people Christians, or enable them to understand the heart of the simplest believer in the old doctrine."

A CONSTANT READER.

At Thebes, the ancient capital of Upper Egypt, archaeologists from Pennsylvania University have found demotic, or common-language, papyri that fill a gap in history from B. C. 309 to 246, says the *Scientific American*. This period includes the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who was so successful in levying heavy taxes with a minimum of injury and dissatisfaction. As the manuscripts deal mainly with financial affairs, our own Ptolemies may perhaps learn from them how to create in us a nation of cheerful givers.

German typewriters are being sold in Cuba in considerable quantities, largely because the agent for a German manufacturer is selling on the deferred-payment plan.

THREE VERSES.

ANTICIPATION.

Sometimes I wonder if I shall ever know
you—little dream baby with the
down-soft hair.
Know, as I look on you with wondering
eyes, that you are mine, of me,
that through me you are!
At times in the dark I seem to feel you,
and I stretch out my arms—but,
oh, I cannot mother empty air:
I learn the sweetest of lullabies, and
soften my voice as I sing them—
but my heart nearly breaks for the
cradle that is not here.
Then hope whispers softly to me, that
in knowing I'm yearning and want-
ing, part of the bliss of the future
is already mine.
And with a peaceful heart I wait.

REALIZATION.

O my little son with the sturdy air,
you whom I love above all the
world!
It seems so marvelous really to have
you, to watch over you, to bend
down and kiss you as you sleep.
All is so perfect—but my heart drags
within me, for I know this content
cannot last.
Yet whatever the future may bring, I
have had my hour, have known
my son!
And whatever the years may bring,
your joy is my joy, your sorrow
my sorrow—I would die to save
you the shadow of pain! . . .

MEDITATION.

The end—all that is left to tell me he
once was mine (my soldier lad!) is
a small cross in a far-off land.
He wanted to go. . . . He was so full
of life, how can it be! . . .
When I shut my eyes I can almost hear
his step, his gleeful laugh, and feel
his kiss brushing my lips.
And yet, now that all is over, I would
have it so.
Have I not always prayed that I should
be the one to suffer?
So I mourn, but he . . . is at rest.
But—Christ pity me and all mothers!
MARJORIE CLEVELAND.

are now with the Yankees, the club has gathered in eight other promising young players as a result of "scouting." Four of them are pitchers, three outfielders, and one a catcher. The men are Al Walters of the Waco Club of the Texas League, A. C. Vance of the St. Joseph Club of the Western League, Elmer Miller of the Mobile Club of the Southern Association, Neal Brady of the Dallas (Texas League) team, Cliff Markle of the Waco (Texas League) team; T. G. Hendryx of the New Orleans (Southern Association) team, and Dan Tipple of the Indianapolis (American Association) team, all of whom will report in September; also Eugene Layden of the Columbia (South Carolina) team, who is for the present having a work-out with Jersey City.

The bout between Leach Cross and Johnny Griffiths, which was scheduled for Ebbets Field last night, was postponed until tomorrow night at the request of Cross. Sam Walach, manager of Leach Cross, said that his brother was in excellent condition to tackle the Westerner until he was taken ill with stomach trouble Monday night. The physician who attended the east side dentist told Cross that he could go on last night, but it would be better if he could arrange for a postponement until Thursday. As there is considerable interest in the event it was thought better that he should be postponed.

Richards May Not Return to Cornell

Special to The New York Times.

ITHACA, N. Y., Aug. 17.—According to a letter received at Ithaca today, Alva W. Richards, the Olympic champion high jumper, winner of the decathlon at the National Championships in San Francisco, may not return to Cornell this fall. Richards writes that he regrets deeply that he may be unable to return, but says he lacks the money to complete his college education. He is now with his family in Utah. In the last Intercollegiate games Richards scored for Cornell in the high jump, shot-put, and broad jump.

SPORTING EVENTS.

BASEBALL, Polo Grounds, To-day, 3:30
P. M. Giants vs. Cincinnati.

POETRY.

THE OULD HAS-BEEN.

ALL down by the harbour a-walking one day,
I saw an old hulk by the wharf-side that lay,
Her topmasts lopped off and her paint weathered bare,
Red rust flaking off her and no one to care.

Then met I a man standing lounging beside,
Who scornful did speak as he spat in the tide:
"There lies an ould has-been that once had the name
Of a sea-going clipper, a clipper of fame.

Time was when her races with grain or with wool
Were the talk of the crews 'tween Bombay and the Pool,
When the tales of her sailing like wildfire did fly
From Leith to Port Phillip, from Cork to Shanghai.

But now who's a glance for her, limping her round
With coal for the ferries that ply on the Sound?
And who that now sees her would know her the same
Which once was a clipper, a clipper of fame?"

O long I stood gazing then, sad to be told
How all men neglected her, now she grew old,
And my heart just to see her with pity was sore
For her, once so lovely, now lovely no more.

I marked the thick grime on her main deck forlorn;
I marked the poor masts of her woeful and shorn;
And all of my thought was that sure it was shame
To see such an end of that clipper of fame.

*I thought of her sailing, so hopeful and proud,
The dawn on her sails like a mountain of cloud,
I thought of her battles, none stouter than she,
With the strength and the rage of her rival the sea.*

O better the sea that so long she did use
Should take her and break her as good ships would choose!
Some chance of the storm or some mercy of flame
Should make a brave end of that clipper of fame.

I thought of her captains, how once they would stand
So proud on the poop of their splendid command;
And all the good sailormen, each in his day,
That loved her and left her and passed on his way.

O scattered the world through to-day they must be,
And some sleeping sound in the deeps of the sea;
And some will be old men grown grizzled and lame
That were lads like myself in that clipper of fame.

But no one can steal from those stubborn old sides
The secrets she shares with the winds and the tides,
The tales that she tells of the sea and the sky
To the weed and the gulls and the ships going by.

And I took off my cap by the dingy wharf-side
To the grace and the glory, the strength and the pride,
Which all were her portion who once had the name,
In a day that's gone by, of a clipper of fame.

C. FOX SMITH.

in a case where so much of the detail is lost sight of the great issues, and he has an excellent judgment and much subtlety in discrimination. His own opinions are not concealed, but he understands fully the case of the different combatants, and he is never guilty of a pettish verdict. In its mastery in handling much intractable stuff and in its broad and luminous outlook the book has few recent competitors in the sphere of social and political history. The First Reform Bill was not the culmination of a long-pursued and clearly held policy. The party which carried it were forced into it in spite of themselves, and in a sense it was as ill-related to Whig as to Tory doctrine. Nor was it a Radical measure, though the Radicals in the main supported it, for it did not realize any of their pet dogmas. It marks an epoch, because it was the first definite symptom of a movement which had been long in process—the awakening of what we call the democratic spirit. The people, not being clear as to what they wanted, were induced to ask for something and got it. It is the gateway to our modern politics, but the gate-posts were not adjusted to the true direction of the road.

Mr. Butler's earlier chapters deal with the genesis of the movement towards Parliamentary Reform from the days of Cartwright and Price and Wyvill. Before the French Revolution the claim was based chiefly on the iniquities of the Crown and the borough-mongers; but after the Revolution first principles were rampant, and that doctrine of natural right which Burke abhorred was called in to aid. Fox and his group in Parliament "preserved a link between the governing class and the inarticulate political sense of the populace"—a valuable work which may be permitted to outweigh some of his blunders. Thereafter the battle of Reform was fought rather in the country than in the Commons. The dry factious character of Whiggism about 1820 was scarcely more democratic than Lord Eldon's Toryism. Mr. Butler neatly sums up the situation:—

"As for the governing class, with untroubled conscience they believed for the most part, if they were Tories, that all must somehow turn out for the best under our matchless constitution of Church and State, if only the Land were given a chance; if they were Whigs, that a fine time was coming, with a pure but well-connected Ministry governing a grateful country on the most liberal principle of *laissez-faire*, supported by the solid worth of the middle-class. There were few who, like the young Disraeli, looked down beneath the thin crust into the boiling waves of restless energy, and sought to understand the desires of labour."

It was in the country, in the associations of London and Birmingham and Manchester and Glasgow, that the true impetus to Reform was to be found. They instructed and inspired the populace, and created that wave of national feeling which broke down the conservatism of Lords and King.

The story of the two years of struggle is long, complex, but, as told by Mr. Butler, of the profoundest interest. The accession of Grey to power; the hectic General Election; the debates in the Commons; the long duel in the Lords; the resignation of Grey and the Duke's failure to form a Cabinet; the intricate negotiations over Peer-making—it is by far the most striking and effective drama in recent political history.

* *The Passing of the Great Reform Bill*. By J. R. M. Butler. London: Longmans and Co. [12s. 6d. net.]

Mrs. Kilmer's Poem

Donald Lindsay—In reply to the request of "L. B." for Mrs. Aline Kilmer's poem "I Shall Not Be Afraid," the following copy of the poem is submitted:

I shall not be afraid any more,
Either by night or day;
What would it profit me to be afraid
With you away?

Now I am brave. In the dark night alone
All through the house I go,
Locking the doors and making the windows fast
When sharp winds blow.

For there is only sorrow in my heart;
There is no room for fear.
But how I wish I were afraid again,
My dear, my dear!

Mater Dolorosa Victrix

HE lay, the Child of all her hopes
and fears,
Broken and dead; and, pillowed on
her breast,
Again the tired Head sank down to
rest
Where oft it nestled in the happier
years.
She bathed the bleeding Brow, with
silent tears,
In deadly strife sore-smitten,
vanquish'd, torn
And crown'd in mockery with a
wreath of thorn.
What hope for her thro' all the desolate
years?

Then soft within her soul came back
the word
"Thou most of women blessèd!" As she
heard,
The mother's love, undaunted, lit
the gloom:
And through her anguish'd tears she
seem'd to see
The hard thorn burgeon into leaf
and bloom,
And round His Brows the wreath of
victory.

—F. A. H. in *The Treasury*.

Mother Church of our Empire,

"Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze."

We have no right to be content to be less hardy, less brave and less determined than our forefathers, and still less have we the right to dishonour the Cross which gleams at the top of this Cathedral—the Cross round which the martyrs died.

And when we peer into the new year from the vantage ground of St. Paul's Cathedral, the outlook becomes a very different one; not a single fact recounted by the pessimists need be nor, in many cases, can be denied, but there is one important Person left out of sight in the whole purview of the situation, and that is—God Himself.

God Himself in His immeasurable strength and dazzling splendour—God by Whom all things in Heaven and earth were made—God, marvellous in His power, far-reaching in His judgments, but most wonderful of all in His humility: God Who stoops to the manger at Christmas, to the Cross on Good Friday, but Whose restrained majesty bursts forth into full glory on Easter Day—it is God Who makes all the difference.

POETRY.

WINTER MORNING.

The stars faded out of the paling sky,
Dropped through the waters; still the Morning Star
Grew brigher and brighter, and as day was nigh
A pure wind troubled the rushes near and far.
No bird was yet awake, only the duck
Homed to the little lake fed full with streams.
Strange and unreal how the morning broke
On a still world, such as God saw in dreams.
The austere, still-life world was beautiful,
Lit by one burning torch of purest flame.
Home from what hidden haunts, what secret pool?
Green-crested, emerald-winged, the wild duck came.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Most representative men and women in London—by the Lord Mayor as its President; by the Cardinal Bishop of Westminster, the Bishop of London, the Rev. Dr. Scott Lidgett, Mr. Ronald Norman (Chairman of the London County Council), Mr. William Regester (Chairman of the Middlesex County Council), Mr. Woolley Walden (Chairman of the Metropolitan Asylums Board), Lord Aldenham, Sir Alfred Codrington, Sir Willoughby Dickinson, Lord George Hamilton, Dr. Mary Scharlieb, Sir Charles Stewart (the late Public Trustee), and many other well-known social workers, official and voluntary. Their influence will be directed to obtain the Council's first object, which is to strengthen the fourteen Councils of Social Service already at work, and to secure the formation of similar Councils in some fifty remaining boroughs and urban districts within the ring of Greater London. Speaking of one of the oldest of these Councils Canon Barnett said:—

“It has seemed as if co-operation were to remain a dream,

New Every Morning.

(Susan Coolidge in the Springfield Republican.)

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sin-

ning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you

All the past things are gone and over,
The tasks are done and the tears
are shed;

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted
and bled.

Are healed with the healing which
night has shed.

Yesterday is a part of forever,
Bound up in the sheath which God
holds tight,

With the glad days and sad days and
bad days which never

Shall visit us more with their bloom
or their blight,

Their fulness of sunshine or sorrow+
ful night.

Let them go since we cannot relive
them,

Cannot undo or cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive and forgive
them,

Only the new days are our own—
To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished
brightly.

Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing
lightly

To greet the sun and share with the
morn

In its chrism of dew and cool of the
dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning.

Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And in spite of old sorrow and older
sinning

And trouble forecasted or possible
pain,

Take heart with the new day and
begin again.

Wednesday, Nov. 23, 24 and 25. It is a play of wholesome human interest and has been a big success from its first appearance. In the cast will be such excellent players as Dorothy Mackay, Lionel Glenister, Rollan Hogue, Stanley Hamilton, Albert Gram, Alice Butler, Evelyn Varden, Charles Coleman, and Edith Thompson.

COUNTY COURT CALENDAR

No. 1—The People against Mary Gallagher.

No. 6—The People against Michael Powers and another.

No. 20—John B. Legnard against Anna Grogan.

No. 25—Stephen Yagadzienski against Edward Grogan.

No. 40—Elizabeth Guntrum as administratrix, etc., against the Prudential Insurance Company of America.

No. 43—Luella M. Parker against Simon E. Bloch.

No. 90—Lena Jakuliski against Sam Rosco.

No. 127—Fanny Klein, by guardian, against Henry B. Taylor.

SUPREME COURT CALENDAR

No. 134 (on) — Catherine McCann against Arthur B. Van Loon.

No. 35—Matter of Hydraulic Race company for a mandamus against Homer D. Call, as state treasurer.

No. 44½—Charles P. Evans against Robert Trimble, as administrator.

No. 107—William G. Boschen, committee of Julia B. Bryant, incompetent, against Ulysses G. Stockwell.

No. 203—The Empire Gypsum Co. against James G. Walratt.

No. 54—Miles F. Bixler against M. L. Salmans and others.

NEW WHARF IN USE.

Central-Hudson Steamboat Company
Again at Hamilton Street.

The Central-Hudson Steamboat company to-day resumed business at its new wharf just south of the

THOSE WHO WALK ALONE.

Women there are on earth, most sweet and high,
Who lose their own, and walk bereft and lonely,
Loving that one lost heart until they die,
Loving it only.

And so they never see beside them grow
Children, whose coming is like breath of flowers;
Consoled by subtler loves the angels know
Through childless hours.

Good deeds they do; they comfort and they bless
In duties others put off till the morrow;
Their look is balm, their touch is tenderness
To all in sorrow.

Betimes the world smiles at them as 'twere shame,
This maiden guise, long after youth's departed;
But in God's Book they bear another name—
"The faithful-hearted."

Faithful in life, and faithful unto death,
Such souls, in sooth, illumine with lustre splendid
That glimpsed, glad land wherein, the Vision saith,
Earth's wrongs are ended.

—[Richard Burton, in the Century.]

The daguerrotype plates were in the Academy of Sciences in Market Street, but were lost in the fire.

HANNA LARSEN.

THE PROFIT.

You may not profit by my word of cheer,
The cares you have may weigh upon you still;
My word of kindness may not dry your tear,
Nor smooth your path upon the storm-swept hill.

The word of hope I speak may not impart
To you the courage that I wish it might;
But, speaking it, I win new strength of heart
And make the burden I am bearing light.
—[S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

LESSEN THESE, TOO.

We've the telegraph wireless,
The church that is spireless,
The gas that is fireless,
Yet these we desire less
Than roads which are mireless,
Than hobos who're tireless,
Campaigns that are liarless,
And statesmen who're hireless.
—[Kansas City Times.

which is hard, one will find such subtly poetic expression of deep thought as

THE HAMMERS

Noise of hammers once I heard,
Many hammers, busy hammers,
Beating, shaping night and day,
Shaping, beating dust and clay
To a palace; saw it reared;
Saw the hammers laid away.

And I listened, and I heard
Hammers beating, night and day,
In the palace newly reared,
Beating it to dust and clay;
Other hammers, muffled hammers,
Silent hammers of decay.

Unlimited space could be given to these poems, but, briefly, it is only possible to make assurance that they will prove the deepest satisfaction and delight; the sort to be lent grudgingly to the less fortunate who may not possess them.

April Weather.

If you could have a perfect day
To dream of when your life were done,
Would you choose one all clear, all gay—
If you could have a perfect day—
The airs above the wide green way
Sheer virgln blue with crystal sun?—
If you could have a perfect day
To dream of when your life were done.

Or would you have it April's way,
Haphazard rain, haphazard sun,
Divine and sordid, clear and gray,
Dyed like these hours' own work and play;
All shot with stains of tears and clay,
Haphazard pain, haphazard fun—
If you could have a perfect day
To dream of when your life were done?

—[Edith Wyatt in the Poetry Magazine.]

At Chrystemasse Tyde

Two sorrie Thynges there be—

Ay, three—

*A Neste from which the Fledglings have been
taken,*

A Lambe forsaken,

*A Redde leaf from the Wilde Rose rudely
shaken.*

Of gladde Thynges there be more—

Ay, four—

A Larke above the olde Neste blythely singing,

A Wilde Rose clinging

In safety to a Rock, a Shepherde bringing

*A Lambe, found, in his armes, and Chryste-
masse Bells a-ringing.*

—WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

Christmas chatter and planning she felt an outcast—she who loved to give and could not.

"I haven't a single thing to give to anybody," she said to herself. "O dear! I do hope none of the girls will wish me a Merry Christmas. If they do, I shall just scream—or cry."

She looked about her cell-like room. It was very clean and very dreary; differentiated from the fifty other rooms in the Young Women's Home only by the faces in the photographs tucked into the mirror frame and hanging from the gas fixture. Her roommate had gone home for the holidays, and although she was not specially fond of her, her absence

probable carrion crows were responsible for

HERE is the best quatrain I have seen since William Watson's "Byron the Voluptuary."

"OUTWITTED

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in."

—Edwin Markham.

A WESTER

"Recently w
a college gradua
Church school for
and stating that
position the follow

"Am a Mason
join the *Epis.* How

are anxious,
and who fear
of the past, to
the statement
much worried over
a costly manu-
script toward the same
Jordart, librarian
broadment did not
continued: "I must

is called, who, last July, was laid low by two dagger thrusts in
the abdomen and given up for dead, is
recovering ("a veritable miracle," they
say), and is again, in spite of the absorb-
ing interest of the war, the order of the day in Russia. The
journals mention the names of grand dames who come,
unashamed, to prostrate themselves before the "resurrected one,"
and supplicate him to pray for victory for the Russian arms.
If this continues, it is impossible to foresee where the glorifica-
tion of this illiterate peasant will lead.

The Inquest.

Not labor kills us; no, nor joy:
The incredulity and frown,
The interference and annoy,
The small attritions wear us down.

The little gnat-like buzzings shrill
The hurdy-gurdies of the street,
The common curses of the will—
These wrap the cerements round our
feet.

And more than all the look askance
Of loving souls that cannot gauge
The numbing touch of circumstance,
The heavy toll of heritage.

It is not Death, but Life that slays:
The night less mountainously lies
Upon our lids, than foolish day's
Importunate futilities!

FRANCIS MONEY-COUTTS.

LIEUT. COL. McCRAE'S WARFRONT POETRY

Canadian Officer Who Died Recently
Was Author of "In Flanders Fields"
and "To the Anxious Dead."

LIEUT. COL. JOHN McCRAE, who died of pneumonia recently at Boulogne, France, was chief medical officer of the Canadian brigade commanded by General Fothergill. He wrote and sent to friends in this country the poem "In Flanders Fields," which was published in THE NEW YORK TIMES SUNDAY MAGAZINE last September, and has since appeared in hundreds of periodicals. Probably no verses from the war front have become more widely known. The poem follows:

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below,
We are the dead. Short days ago,
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

This was one of his later poems, which also had its course of many reprints in Canada and the United States:

TO THE ANXIOUS DEAD.

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing
on;
(These fought their fight in time of
bitter fear
And died not knowing how the day
had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them
see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky
afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still
make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard
their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn
aside,
That we will onward, till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which
they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day,
anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in
silence deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet
dawn,
And in content may turn them to their
sleep.

John McCrae was born in Guelph, Canada, on Nov. 30, 1872. After going to the public schools and Guelph Collegiate Institute, he entered Toronto University, where he got his B.A. in 1894 and M. B. in 1898. He served as lieutenant of artillery in the Canadian field force in 1899-1900. He was in several important parts in the war.

the Queen's medal with three clasps, and he was appointed commanding officer of the 16th Battery, organized in Guelph and sent to South Africa. In 1910 he was asked by the late Earl Grey to accompany him on his trip to the Hudson Bay. He went to the European front in 1914, soon after the great war began, and was in continuous service to the time of his death.

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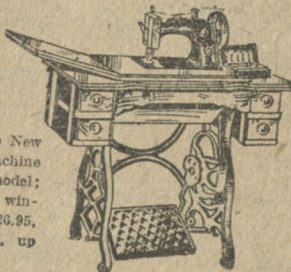
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• •
HE PRAYED.

He prayed,
There where he lay,
Blood-sodden and unkempt,
As never in his young gay carelessness he'd
dreamt

That he could pray.

He prayed,
Not that the pain should cease,
Nor yet for water for the parching heat,
Nor for death's quick release,
Nor even for the tardy feet
Of stretcher-bearers bringing aid.

He prayed;
Cast helpless on the bloody sod:
'Don't trouble now, O God, for me,
But keep the boys, go forward with them, God!
O speed the Camerons to victory.'

The kilts flashed on: 'Well played,' he sighed,
'Well played.'

Just so he prayed.

—W. M. Letts (in the Westminster Gazette).

• •

IN LAST YEAR'S CAMP.

They stole the gorse's glory, they scared the foals at play,

They yearned for Tipperary on every woodland way;
Their tent peaks pricked the dawning, their bugles shook the dew,

While the encamped Division became the men we knew.

The tents were struck at twilight, the pipers skirled a cry,

The stars came out in Heaven to bid the lads good-bye,

That night they took the Old Road, the straightest road that runs,

Deep with the dust of armies and graven by their guns.

Now tentless lie the moorlands, the glades most lonely are;

But still the russet ponies stand solemnly afar;
And still I think they hearken, and know the sound of men—

The marching tramp of heroes we shall not see again.

Now leave we to its glory the camp of yesterday,
Vex not its echoes lightly—their souls may come this way,

The lads who cut the bracken when beechen leaves were red,

And, ere the cuckoo's calling, were England's Deathless Dead!

M. Adair Macdonald, in The Spectator

They Hear the Sirens for the Second

The weary sails a moment slept,
The oars were silent for a space,
As past Hesperian shores we swept
That were as a remembered face
Seen after lapse of hopeless years,
In Hades, when the shadows meet,
Dim through the mist of many tears,
And strange, and though a shadow, sweet

So seemed the half-remembered shore,
That slumbered, mirrored in the blue,
With havens where we touched of yore,
And ports that over well we knew.
Then broke the calm before the breeze
That sought the secret of the west;
And listless all we swept the seas
Towards the Islands of the Blest.

Beside a golden-sanded bay
We saw the Sirens, very fair,
The flowery hill whereon they lay,
The flowers set upon their hair.
Their old sweet song came down the wind,
Remembered music waxing strong,
Ah, now no need of cords to bind,
No need had we of Orphic song.

It once had seemed a little thing
To lay our lives down at their feet,
That dying we might hear them sing,
And dying see their faces sweet;
But now, we glanced, and passing by,
No care had we to tarry long;
Faint hope, and rest, and memory
Were more than any Siren's song.

ANDREW LANG.

The Three

Mary of Nazareth, loving and kind,
The mission of Him she bore divined
Vaguely and dim, with a wondering mind.

Mary of Bethany, gentle and fair,
Gave him what cheer her home could spare,
And smiled with the peace of quiet prayer.

Soiled with the dust of the gazing street,
Stealing in where He sat at meat,
Mary the Magdalen kissed His feet.

Mary the virgin marvel'd with fear,
Mary the listener lent Him her ear,
But Mary the prodigal faltered near—

Tho' wonder and loathing filled the place,
And Simon counted her touch disgrace,
She bent o'er the Master her tear-stain'd
face—

And her wealth of warm, dark hair, unbound,
About His feet she wound and wound—
Her sobbing was the only sound.

Mary the hostess made Him her guest,
He had lain on Mary the mother's breast,
But the Magdalen's gift was costliest:

She brought her past, its bliss and shame,
Strange sins, wild memories fierce as flame—
And in her tears was washed from blame!

One sat with patient joy at His side,
One stood by the Roman cross where He died,
One gave herself and her broken pride.

—*Frederic Lawrence Knowles, In Love
Triumphant.*

condition is openly expressed, although it seems to be the general opinion that he is too weak physically, if not mentally, to be intrusted with large responsibility. Meanwhile work and life at Zion go on as usual, but under many disadvantages.

Chicago, July 7.

FRANKLIN.

In and Around Boston

Bon Voyage, Endeavorers

The skies smiled broadly last Saturday as the good ship *Romanic* steamed out of the White Star docks, its 275 first cabin passengers including 140 Endeavorers. These represented every state in the Union and were bound for the international convention at Geneva, Switzerland, *via* the Mediterranean and Italy. They were evidently rich in friends, who thronged decks and piers, and the waving of bouquets and crimson Endeavor flags made the scene vivid with color and eloquent of fellowship.

An informal reception was given the delegates at Tremont Temple on the eve of sailing, when they were introduced by the officers of the society and for two hours discussed plans of work, routes of travel, etc.

A Fine New Police Commissioner

When the legislature abolished Boston's Board of Police Commissioners (three) and put at the head of the police a single commissioner, much depended for justification of the change upon the wisdom shown by the governor in selecting the man. Governor Guild called home from Europe Mr. Stephen O'Meara, a former well-known journalist of the city, and put him in the place. His orders to his subordinates defining his policy, his defense of his official rights against the trespass upon them of the mayor, his instruc-

LITANY IN TIME OF WAR

GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne;
Save us, Holy Trinity.

2. By the Cross which Thou hast borne,
By the cruel crown of thorn,
By Thy bitter cry forlorn,
Save us, Holy Jesu.
3. By the love which made Thee die,
By Thy mercy, hear our cry—
From our foes who Thee deny
Save us, Holy Jesu.
4. Guard our loved ones in the field;
From their foes, from danger,
shield;
And if to foes they yield,
Save them, Holy Jesu.
5. By Thy wounds the wounded save,
Jesu Christ, Thy life Who gave,
Keep them, Saviour, from the grave,
Save them, Holy Jesu.
6. To the dead and dying, Lord,
They for whom Thy blood was
poured,
Peace and rest and life afford—
Save them, Holy Jesu.
7. Show our foes, who wound Thee
too,
Show them, Jesu, what they do;
Turn them, and their hearts renew;
Save them, Holy Jesu.
8. Jesu, in Thy tenderness
Guard our homes in deep distress—
All who suffer, help and bless—
Save them, Holy Jesu.
9. Then, O Saviour, give us peace;
Grant, O Christ, that war may cease;
Then may holiness increase,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.
10. God the Father, Spirit, Son,
May Thy will on earth be done,
And when we our course have run,
Save us, Holy Trinity.

W. G. O. THOMPSON.

The Rectory, Beamsville, Ont.

Last Lines of the Poet of Suma

(Japan)

By CALE YOUNG RICE

A BROKEN bell
Under a rent thatch tower
Beside a ruined temple
Of Suma Mountain.
To it each hour
The mist comes like a priest,
But cannot sound it.
Ever anear I dwell.

For so my heart,
Broken by age and sadness
And twined about with ruin
And death, is hanging.
And if dim gladness
Comes like a silent wraith
And seeks to sound it,
Only the tears start.

A BALLAD OF EASTER BY THEODOSIA GARRISON



I heard two soldiers talking
As they came down the hill,—
The somber hill of Calvary,
Bleak and black and still.
And one said, "The night is late;
These thieves take long to die."
And one said: "I am sore afraid,
And yet I know not why."

I heard two women weeping
As down the hill they came.
And one was like a broken rose,
One was like a flame.
And one said, "Now men shall rue
This deed their hands have done."
And one said only through her tears,
"My son! my son! my son!"

I heard two angels singing
Ere yet the dawn was bright,
And they were clad in shining robes,
Robes and crowns of light.
And one sang, "Death is vanquished."
And one in golden voice
Sang, "Love hath conquered, conquered all;
O Heaven and Earth rejoice!"

MANY furnishings and decorative objects are brightened up only at house-cleaning time because they cannot stand the continual weekly applications of soap and water. To the experienced house-keeper, the very hesitancy to wash an article frequently is a sure sign that, when it is washed, nothing but Ivory Soap should be used.

For thirty-eight years Ivory Soap has been associated with the cleaning of things likely to be damaged by ordinary cleaning methods. Housekeepers do *not* hesitate to entrust such articles to it. They know from an unbroken chain of successes with Ivory Soap that it cannot injure the most exquisite colors, the most delicate fabrics, the most beautifully enameled, varnished, or painted surfaces, and the finest materials of every kind.

Simply make sure that water (used sparingly, if necessary) does not harm the article. You can be certain that Ivory Soap will not.



BEFORE you house-clean, send for this free book. It tells you how to clean many of the things that ordinarily cause the most trouble at house-cleaning time. Ask for the "Unusual Uses Book."

...dian, if you have one, if you have none, that you appear and apply for one to be appointed, or, in the event of your neglect or failure to do so, a Guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for you in these proceedings.

In Testimony Whereof, We have caused the seal of office of our said Surrogate to be hereunto affixed.

(L.S.) Witness, Newton B. Van Derzee, Surrogate of our said County, at the City of Albany, the 3rd day of December, A. D., 1912.

QUENTIN S. McNEILL,
Clerk to the Surrogate's Court.

*Parties cited need not appear personally unless they wish to be heard in respect thereto.

William T. Byrne, Attorney for petitioner, 30-31 De Graaf Buildings, Albany, N. Y.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—BY ORDER

Law Notices.

ICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator upon the estate of

PEGGY COFFIN,

of Nantucket, in the county of Nantucket, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. And all persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate, are called upon to make payment to the subscriber.

HENRY F. COFFIN,
Administrator.

ICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscribers have been duly appointed Executors of the last will and testament of

ZEPHANIAH C. MACY,

of Nantucket, in the county of Nantucket, deceased, and have taken upon themselves that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. And all persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate, are called upon to make payment to the subscribers.

MARY RAY, } Executors.
DEBORAH RAY, }

tucket, July 14th, 1866—3w

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of CYNTHIA CUSHMAN, of Nantucket, in said county of Nantucket, deceased, are hereby notified to appear at the Court of Probate, at Nantucket, on the 14th day of July, 1866, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to prove and establish the validity of the will of said deceased, and to establish the validity of the executorship of the said Mary Ray and Deborah Ray.

EASTER.

BY REV. JOHN B. TABB.

Like a meteor, large and bright,
Fell a golden seed of light
On the field of Christmas night
When the Babe was born;
Then 'twas sepulchred in gloom
Till above His holy tomb
Flashed its everlasting bloom—
Flower of Easter morn.

A DARK MARCH.

Mileff uttered a sharp word of command to the chetniks, and they fell into single file behind him. Gurgeff took down the wooden bar which held the gate, and the guide, a stalwart peasant youth, glided out. Giving him five seconds' lead, Mileff followed, and the rest of the long line behind him. There was no moon in the sky, and we had absolutely to feel our way along the village street. Looking back along the line, one could only realize the presence of the cheta by occasional vague sounds and moving dots that appeared and disappeared in the darkness.

Soon we had left the village behind and began the ascent of the rocky hills that rose abruptly above the housetops. Many times we stopped for necessary rest, and I marvelled that the Bashi-Bazouks had possessed the courage to dare such a journey for the sake of a few trivial cattle. Near the head of the trail we were challenged by the militia patrol, who mounted guard at the mountain road to ward against

BRITISH WOMEN IN THE WAR

I HAVE just been reading Mr. Ward's most interesting article in The Outlook for April 12 (a friend in America sends me The Outlook regularly), and after perusing his well-deserved eulogy on the women of France, I feel that I should like to put in a word for the women of Britain. There is a tendency to underrate the British courage is quite as great as the French sister—indeed, in some respects. The French and German women have been brought up under the strain of war, rendered necessary by the present menace of war. They have been when the call came their men to go—it was bred in the very marrow; so that when the crash came they were ready years' training behind them. The women of Britain it was not so. The army hitherto adequate to all our needs, and a navy that could be relied upon to protect our shores. The immense numbers of our women had married out—and—doctors, lawyers, parsons, merchants, laborers—never for a moment expecting that they would ever be called upon.

At the twinkling of the coming of war it was that. Within a month it became known that the original army would be insufficient for the needs of existence unless help were forthcoming. Men began to enlist right and left. The territorial battalions volunteered for service en bloc, and their women folk, with tightening mouths, saw and heard.

Young wives found their domestic life falling like a house of cards; the couples got married quickly for fear of not what, and the girls went to work. Their parents, wives of a week-end, were enlisted. There were thousands of cases like that—furnished homes closed up, bigger families cut down, incomes halved in all, it must be remembered.

There was no obligation upon the women, but *noblesse oblige*. There were plenty, but they were quickly dried up. To hold the men at home in safety. Families in all classes went; in some cases a man of service age could be spared, perhaps, a professed invalid.

Mrs. Blatch's article in The Outlook for April 12.

In a slum street near where I live in Edinburgh a widow has ten sons serving, and the local record for a middle-class family is seven sons, nearly all officers. A country clergyman told me last year that he had just been back to visit a former flock in Glasgow, and had found a parishioner, a widow, mourning five sons, all killed in eight months of war. Not more than a month ago I called on a friend who had recently lost her husband and two sons—the former killed by the strain of war, as so many older men have been, the two latter killed in it, one at Gallipoli, the other (in March) in Mesopotamia. She was looking exceedingly well, keen, humorous, drily witty, as usual, making fun of a recent Zeppelin raid, able to hand about the photographs of her dead boys—"This is the one killed in June—that's the one that was killed last month." A third son was in the house convalescing after injuries to his head received at Gallipoli. The courage of her boys was a matter of course; she did not speak of it any more than she spoke of her own.

If you want to see the widows of Gallipoli, go to the streets of Edinburgh and look at the girls in black. War widows mostly wear wide hats with veils falling all around, and these veils are many, worn by young creatures mostly, some just out of their teens, others with little children; but Gallipoli is not much discussed in Edinburgh, "considering." There was a railway accident, this time last year, that wiped out half a battalion and darkened four hundred houses in the town of Leith, but you don't hear that much talked about either. The rest went on to the Dardanelles, and were halved again in their first battle. In a few months of last summer one Edinburgh battalion lost seventeen officers killed, fifteen wounded, and three invalided out of a total of forty-three, including the chaplain and staff officers. And—mark this—it was all voluntary.

That is where the difference comes in between Britain and the other belligerent countries, and the fact has not been quite sufficiently emphasized.

Circumstances have led to the adoption of compulsory service, robbing us of our crowning glory—the power to give; but those who join the army now will not be the same.

Strathgait, Scotland. MARY M. WILSON.

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Roadways

One road leads to London,
One road leads to Wales,
My road leads me seawards
To the white dipping sails.
One road leads to the river
As it goes singing slow;
My road leads to the shipping,
Where the bronzed sailors go.

Leads me, lures me, calls me
To salt green tossing sea;
A road without earth's road-dust
Is the right road for me.
A wet road heaving, shining,
And wild with sea-gulls' cries,
A mad salt sea-wind blowing
The salt spray in my eyes.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

The Message of the Atlanta Riot to Congregationalists

On the Sunday following the race riot at Atlanta, Dr. Frank E. Jenkins, pastor of Central Church, preached on The Call of the Riot:

1. To suppress the liquor traffic, its immediate cause.
2. To rebuke the Atlanta News and other papers that created the immediate conditions.
3. To Congregationalists, to push their ideas and work: (a) Among the colored people, to provide leaders and promote intelligent Christianity. (b) Among the whites, to complete the saving influences. Congregationalists have got to solve the race problem. Others will help, but we are furnishing and must furnish the fundamentals.
4. To this church, to lead in this work.
5. To every Christian, to place his life among the active forces of a strong, spiritual and ethical evangelism.

Poetry has splendor and joy, and the august circle of eternal law.—Emerson.

AT MANU: IJUN 4 DAY

Promise.

The driving mist obscures the view,
But high on yonder tree I see
A robin tilting in the breeze,
As he pours forth his melody.

The chilly day is at its close,
What joy was mine the whole day long,
As o'er the patter of the rain
I paused to marvel at his song.

What ecstasy is in that laugh!
For laugh it really seems to be—
As he rocks gaily in the breeze,
And sings again his song to me.

It is the trill of joy he gives!
And cheerfulness within me springs.
Tho' wintry blasts may threaten me,
'Tis hope and cheer his coming brings!

—Rachel West Clement in Woman's
World for January.

IN ABSENCE.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Watch her kindly, stars—
From the sweet protecting skies
Follow her with tender eyes;
Look so lovingly that she
Cannot choose but think of me;
Watch her kindly, stars!

Soothe her sweetly, night—
On her eyes, o'erwearied, press
The tired lids with light caress;
Let that shadowy hand of thine
Ever in her dreams seem mine;
Soothe her sweetly, night!

Wake her gently, morn—
Let the notes of early birds
Seem like love's melodious words:
Every pleasant sound, my dear,
When she stirs from sleep, should he
Wake her gently, morn!

Kiss her softly, winds—
Softly, that she may not miss
Any sweet, accustomed bliss;
On her lips, her eyes, her face,
Till I come to take your place;
Kiss and kiss her, winds!

several of the elements generally included
in this conception of the union may be
absent, and then it is hard to say whether
the relations of Church and State should
be styled union or separation. This is
the case, *v. g.*, in Belgium. The Constitu-
tion voted in 1830 by an assembly, com-
posed in majority of Catholics, declared
all citizens equal before the law, irrespec-
tive of their religious creed. On the other
hand, salaries are paid to the Catholic
clergy, as well as to Protestant ministers
and Jewish Rabbis, although there are
less than ten thousand Protestants and

MY HOUSE.

I have a little house somewhere;
Around it, thick and long,
The cool grass stands, and nightly there
The cricket pipes his song.

The stars, through still and dewy hours,
Lean o'er the quiet place,
While fairy hands festoon the flowers
With shreds of silver lace.

The door is narrow, rude, and low,
Yet takes the dawn's first kiss;
Before it the June roses blow
And the wild clematis.

Above its lintel, year by year,
The sparrow builds and sings,
And there, on zephyrs borne, career
A thousand filmy wings.

There oft a wild, shy music wakes;
Winds many an elfin horn;
And there flash into amber flakes
The footprints of the morn.

I have a little house somewhere;
Sole tenant I shall be;
And when at length I rest me there,
I shall sleep dreamlessly.

—[James B. Kenyon in Harper's Weekly.]

CHRIST IN FLANDERS

THE POEM COMES FROM A SOLDIER IN THE TRENCHES

We regret that we do not know the name of the author of these striking verses. A correspondent sends them to us with the statement that they were originally published in the London "Spectator." We have searched our file of the "Spectator" as far back as last December without finding the date of the poem's first publication. It may have first appeared early in 1915.—THE EDITORS.

We had forgotten You or very nearly,
You did not seem to touch us very nearly;
Of course we thought about You now and then,
Especially in any time of trouble,
We knew that You were good in time of trouble,
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of;
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—
His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;
And so we only thought of You on Sunday,
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday,
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And all the while, in street or lane or byway,
In country lane, in city street or byway,
You walked among us, and we did not see.
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements.
How did we miss Your footprints on our pavements?
Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember over here in Flanders
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders);
This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
We never thought about You much in England,
But now that we are far away from England
We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches,
Where in cold blood we waited in the trenches
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness,
We're glad to think You understand our weakness,
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the garden,
Ah, God! the agony of that dread garden;
We know You prayed for us upon the cross;
If anything could make us glad to bear it,
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it,
Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forget You, You will not forget us;
We feel so sure that You will not forget us,
But stay with us until this dream is past;
And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon,
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon,
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

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man testimonial of \$100, and the honor of
representing the University in the North-
ern League. Second honors in the final
contest gave her an award of \$50 in gold.

At Schabatz and Klenak all the men
of the telegraph office were gone when
the bombardment began. Only two girls
remained, Zlata Gregorilcie and Eva Ba-
rac, both Serbian by nationality, but Aus-
trian subjects. They stayed at their
post during the bombardment, which
continued day and night for several days.

Mme. Eugénie de Reus Jancoulesco,
the president of the Rumanian Woman
Suffrage Society, has received the highest
decoration possible for a woman, the
Bene Merenti, First Class, in recognition
of her literary and social work.

Matheson's Most Famous Hymn

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

HIS MOTHER.

I'm sure my son would have brought
home some flowers,
White hyacinths—he knows I love them
If only he had dared.

Poor boy! He dreads
That cold and haughty smile—those
down-dropped eyes;
His wife is jealous of his love for me,
His love for me! The only thing that's
left

In all the world to make me wish to live;
For God has taken from me one by one
Husband, and home, and friends; yet
while his love

Was mine, I little cared about the rest,
Because it seemed to comprehend them
all—

A lover's reverence, a husband's
strength,

A friend's affection, and a child's de-
light.

And then she came—and stole it all
away!

No—No! Not all—she cannot take it all:
We have been heart to heart too long
for that;

But she can make him shy to show his
love,

By turning chilly when he smiles at me;
By showing quick impatience when he
sits

Beside me, while I stroke his head, or
hand—

My son! My own dear son! . . .
O tears of age!

The bitterest tears that eyes can ever
shed!

Could she not share him with me? I but
ask

A little corner of his great, true heart;
I would love her if she but willed it so;

But no; she shuts me out; and my hurt
pride

Will teach me how to hate; some time
he'll come

To me for comfort, when you've angered
him;

And then beware! I'll fan the tiny flame
Of discord till he's mine—all mine again!

Oh, no! I would not! God, keep me
from sin!

Comes Mother's Day—and he's my only
boy!

FLORENCE VAN CLEVE.

The Violin

By Frances Lester Warner

He played for us in the firelight glow,
High, fearless themes as a man can play.
But at height of the music's rushing flow,
The thin string snapped 'neath the quivering bow,
And the swift cadenza ceased, midway.
Then a simple song that a child might sing,
He played on a lower string.

If the high, clear notes should fail for me,
Could I wake from the spell of the wonder-dream
And finish my song in another key?
So sad the break in the melody—
So rude the crash of the soaring theme.
But rich are the low, sad notes, and strong;
And sweetest the aftersong.

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St. Augustine's Confession

BY SAMUEL V. COLE

I loved thee late, dear Lord, I loved thee late;
My years ran waste, but thou didst love and wait;
Thou hast been very patient with my sin.

Thou wert within, dear Lord; I was without;
I sought thee there, and round and round about;
I found thee not because thou wert within.

Thou wert with me, and I was not with thee;
Thy beam shone on my path; I did not see;
Thy voice was loud, and yet I did not hear.

I hungered and I thirsted after truth,
And ranged the world through all my faultful youth;
I sought thee far, and thou wert very near.

Stars for the sky, for heaven thy glorious throne,
But us thou madest for thyself alone;
Our hearts are restless till they rest in thee.

O late, so late! But all is overpast,
And peace is come, though late; thy peace at last;
I am with thee, and thou, dear Lord, with me.

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ON THE ROAD

The windows of youth look out on a long, long road.
Travellers, laden and late, look up, in passing by,
Hearing laughter and song, and straightway forget their load.

Thronging the windows of youth, a beautiful company
Are leaning, and laughing, out of a frame of flowers;
Thoughtless, innocent-eyed, careless spirits and free.

Wisdom, gravely treading after the flying hours,
Glances up from the road that leads to the far-off goal:
Sees again the city of dreams, the soaring towers—

The shining towers and temples that lured his soul
Down from the windows of youth, to take the road unknown;
Sees the flashing of swords, and hears the thunder and roll

Of marching music, the call of dauntless bugles, blown
By lips of comrades dead, by red lips closed and cold.
Sees and hears, and forgets that he is old and alone.

* * * * *
Hears, and sees, and forgets that he is alone and old.

E. L. DARTON.

THE ENVOY OF THE DEAD

(Edith Cavell at the Peace Conference.)

Did a white moth flutter against the window pane?
Did a light wind whisper through the council hall?
The great men looked up, to see if it would come again,
And a listening silence fell upon them all.

Then they seemed to see her, coming with her bandaged eyes;
There was blood upon her dress where her wounds were bare;
So they placed a chair for her, without question or surprise,
For they knew the mighty dead had chosen to send her there.

The mighty Nation of the Dead, who died on land and sea,
And by the rood, you know their wounds, O Christ on Calvary!

They chose her, for she knew them all, soldier and little child—
The girls who in an hour grew old had sent a word by her;
Within her quiet hands she held their wrongs unreconciled—
She led a long procession, like a white-robed crucifer.

And while they spoke of food and trade, she sat and listened, quietly;
And when they spoke of armaments, she had no word to say to them,
But when they spoke of justice, she arose in simple dignity,
Straight as the wooden cross men set outside Jerusalem.

The Prince of Peace Himself has said: "Repentance is the only gate."
There is no devious way to it. The way is narrow and is straight.

The snow fell softly, like white moths against the window pane;
It may be that a little wind went through the council room;
They seemed to see her coming back, to speak with living men again—
The Envoy of the Dead that wait beyond the silence of the tomb!

LOUISE DRISCOLL.

wreath on the tomb of Archbishop Stephen Langton in Canterbury Cathedral, England, on Magna Charta Day, June 15. Mrs. Guy Lee, an American woman living in Canterbury, has obtained permission from the Dean of the Cathedral to place the wreath, to which the following have contributed: Kermit Roosevelt, John W. Davis, Justice William Renwick Riddell, the Right Rev. Bishop A. S. Lloyd, David Starr Jordan, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, Governor Pinchot, Sir William Allardice, Dr. John H. Finley, J. W. Hamilton and the Rev. Dr. William J. Johnstone, both of St. Paul, are, respectively, Executive Secretary and Treasurer and President of the association, which was established to develop patriotism and cooperation among English-speaking nations and "to observe annually together the common origin of their liberties."

MORE RIDE IN 5TH AV. BUSES

6,427,734 Passengers Carried in April, a Gain Over 1924.

Increases in the number of passengers carried by the buses of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company was shown yesterday by a report of the number of revenue passengers carried during April and for the first four months this year, as compared with similar periods a year before.

The number of passengers carried in April of this year was 6,427,734, as compared with 5,133,491 in April, 1924. For the first four months of 1925 the total number of passengers was 21,414,058, as compared with 17,339,102 for the first four months of 1924, an increase of 4,074,956. The operation of 5.4 miles of bus routes in the Bronx began on Oct. 10, 1924.

Book on Coolidge and Education.

BOSTON, May 7.—President Coolidge's views on education have been incorporated into a book edited by Henry Suzallo, President of the University of Washington, it was announced today by Houghton, Mifflin Company, publishers, who said it would be ready for distribution soon. The book, "America's Need for Education," is made up of addresses and letters by President Coolidge.

"Isn't he a perfect wonder?"

"Why, you walk as well as any one."

"I am here at last," he announced, and his eyes twinkled and danced with pleasure. He still disdained a chair but limped around the room, patting the walls lovingly with his skinny little hands and peering eagerly at everything. At last he paused in front of Mother's portrait and gazed for a minute into the radiant, glowing eyes.

"She smiles just like Polly," he said contentedly and looked over at me.

Charlie took him by the arm and tumbled him into the armchair while Dumpling brought the red hassock and put it under his feet. Aunt Christine and Father entered at the same time. He shook hands with them warmly. "I'm afraid I can't call

Christmas tree and to enjoy the Christmas concert. The boys and girls spoke their pieces and sang their songs in honor of the birthday of Jesus with credit, and all went well until an exercise by four girls was called for, in which each girl was to speak a piece and then turn a letter to the audience, the combined letters spelling "S-T-A-R," signifying the star of Bethlehem. Unfortunately the girls came on to the platform from the wrong side, so that when the turning process was completed the letters spelled "R-A-T-S."

The audience roared. The girls, confident that they had spoken their pieces correctly and had turned the letters as directed, wondered why. The situation was embarrassing. Finally they glanced at the letters, saw their mistake and left the platform feel-

ness they had unintentionally changed the letters that were intended for "star" to "rats"; thus turning the attention of the audience from the birth of our Saviour by means of the star, the highest and most beautiful thing in existence, to rats, the lowest and meanest creatures in the world.

It is not an uncommon thing in real life for people to make mistakes and through carelessness to do things that change the sublime to the ridiculous, and in this way unintentionally turn the attention of others from the highest and loftiest to the lowest and basest things in life. To avoid a similar mistake, think before you speak and be sure and come on to the "stage of life" from the right side.

R. ALBERT GOODWIN.

Atkinson, N. H.

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and Rev. Charles R. Brown of London have been leading speakers. Their home letters have conveyed anxious intelligence to them from their own hearthside. Dr. Meyer has announced that his youthful grandson of eighteen years and a sister are doubtless on their way to the battlefields, the one as a new recruit in the army and the other as a nurse.

* *

In my frequent comments upon the fight against the liquor traffic, I have had reason to call attention to the important factor of the press. The wide spread of advertising ostracism, especially in the magazines, has been no negligible item in the crusade. Not yet, however, are all the important newspapers in line in this regard, as, for example, we behold Chicago without a single daily courageous enough to exclude the brewery "copy" from its columns. This is despite the fact that their respective owners are supposedly active and influential laymen in the Congregational, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist and other churches. No wonder that the Anti-Saloon League has

than security in the slamming was indicated on this page in a recent item. However, the "Coast" is theoretically under the ban; that turns consideration to other parts of the city. The mayor and his board of supervisors have passed a little resolution, by a vote of twelve to four, urging the police commission to be a little more lenient in the way of certain amusements and the like. Needless to say, the resolution was stormily opposed by the "ministers and reformers" and supported by such special interests as "various labor unions and attorneys for the Palace, Fairmont and St. Francis hotels and two large down-town restaurants." I understand that the original "lid" policy was adopted, not so much out of moral fervor as because certain prominent and influential business men were clearly persuaded that an "open-town" policy would keep away more visitors than the exposition could draw. Other business men, little fellows and traders in vice, do not agree with this view, of course. San Francisco ought to be able to make a sensible choice as between such parties.

Chicago, Aug. 28.

G. J. A.

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... and the Christ Child:
An Eighteenth-Century Legend by
Vernon Lee.

VOLUME XIV.*

- I. The Story of Frithiof the Bold by William Morris.
- II. The Story of Frithiof the Bold (concluded).
- III. Seven Poems by Francis Thompson.
- IV. Obermann: An Essay and Two Poems by Matthew Arnold.
- V. Three Poets of French Bohemia by Andrew Lang.
- VI. Mimma Bella: In Memory of a Little Life by Eugene Lee-Hamilton.
- VII. Pearl: Rendered into Modern English Verse by S. Weir Mitchell.
- VIII. Songs from an Italian Garden by A. Mary F. Robinson.
- IX. Simeon Solomon: Notes on His "Vision of Love" and Other Studies by Algernon Charles Swinburne.
- X. Maeterlinck as a Mystic by Arthur Symonds.
- XI. Lyrics by Austin Dobson.
- XII. Diversi Colores by Herbert P. Horne.

VOLUME XV.*

- I. A Vision of Love Revealed in Sleep by Simeon Solomon.
- II. A Vision of Love Revealed in Sleep (concluded).
- III. Lyrics and Sonnets by Arthur Upson.
- IV. Poems in Prose from Charles Baudelaire: Translated by Arthur Symonds.
- V. The Fire of Prometheus by Henry W. Nevins.
- VI. Translations from Heine by James Thomson ("B. V.").
- VII. Notes on Poems and Reviews by Algernon Charles Swinburne.
- VIII. George Meredith: An Appreciation by Oliver Elton.
- IX. The Crier by Night: A Play in One Act by Gordon Bottomley.
- X. The Little Crow of Paradise and Other Fantasies by J. H. Pearce.
- XI. Alexander Smith: An Essay by James Smetham.
- XII. A Little Child's Wreath by Elizabeth Rachel Chapman.

XI. Lyrics by Seamus O'Sullivan with 12
by "A. E."
XII. Passages from The Song Celestial: Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.

VOLUME XVII.*

- I. Lucretius on Life and Death in the Metre of Omar Khayyam by W. H. Mallock.
- II. Lucretius on Life and Death (concluded).
- III. Aubrey Beardsley: An Essay with a Preface by Arthur Symonds.
- IV. Three Appreciations: I. Aubrey Beardsley; II. Simeon Solomon by Robert Ross; III. Note on Simeon Solomon by Arthur Symonds.
- V. From The Heart of a Garden by Rosamund Marriott Watson.
- VI. Francine's Muff (A Scene from la Vie de Bohème) by Henri Murger.
- VII. Francine's Muff (concluded).
- VIII. Proud Maisie and other Lyrics by Sir Walter Scott.
- IX. Selections from Leonardo da Vinci by Edward McCurdy.
- X. Three Dreams in a Desert by Olive Schreiner.
- XI. Il Pesceballo: Opera in One Act by F. J. Child and J. R. Lowell.
- XII. Yoshida-Torajiro by R. L. Stevenson.

VOLUME XVIII.*

- I. A Prelude to Life by Arthur Symonds.
- II. A Prelude to Life (concluded).
- III. The Dying of Francis Donne by Ernest Dowson.
- IV. Under an Elm Tree by William Morris with an essay by W. B. Yeats.
- V. Three Selections from Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman.
- VI. Casanova at Dux by Arthur Symonds.
- VII. Two Selections from John Inglesant by J. H. Shorthouse with In a Gondola by Aureolus Paracelsus.
- VIII. Three Poems of England's Glory.
- IX. Two Stories by Ernest Dowson.
- X. Two Chapters from Marius the Epicurean by Walter Pater.
- XI. Three Nature Essays by James Douglas.
- XII. The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius: Essay by Herbert P. Horne.

Blacha's statement, that:

1. The coast towns of Dalmatia were never absorbed by the Slavs and never lost their Italian character and civilization.

2. They always regarded the Italians as their kinsfolk, and used the Italian language long before they were in touch with Venice.

These are the cities which Italians everywhere have always considered as a part of the "terre irredente" and for whose liberation from the hated yoke of the Hapsburgs they have fought with might and main for three years, at enormous sacrifices of blood and treasure. Why in the world should Italy be deprived of these cities, which historically and culturally belong to her, is hard to understand. The inhabitants of the country districts are mainly Slavs. But is this reason enough for denying the seaboard centres like Zara, Sebenico, Trau, and Spalato, with their Italian population and superior civilization, the right to join their mother country? There are at present 87 per cent. of Germans in Alsace-Lorraine, and Germans there will be in New Poland and Czechoslovakia, and Magyars in the new Rumania. This mixture of races can hardly be avoided, and will require the most tactful handling at the peace settlement.

Liberal-minded Italians concede that an understanding, a "modus vivendi," is not merely desirable but necessary with the Yugoslavs on the question of Dalmatia. But so long as the Yugoslavs and their friends try to cloud the issue with the "secret treaty" bugaboo, so long as they pursue their policy of hatred and provocation and continue their press campaign of falsehood and

rule Dalmatia in the name of Italian civilization against the barbaric Slavs. Today the Lettish peasantry allied with Bolshevism is burning the castles of German Baltic barons because to them they are the symbols of oppression and foreign exploitation. The same fate awaits the Italian minorities if they oppose the Slavs' freedom and unity. In denying to the Slavs the right of self-government and claiming for themselves the sole right of control over the Adriatic the Italians stand for the old principle of exclusion and competition against the new and higher principle of co-operation among the nations, proclaimed by the Yugoslavs. Thus the Italian action is in contradiction to the higher principle of modern civilization, whereas the Slavs are defenders of the new order of the things which ought to dawn in Europe as a price for enormous sacrifices sustained by all nations.

Again today, as on the eve of the great war, the Yugoslavs, in order to avoid the hostilities and preserve the peace of Europe, are ready to settle the dispute with imperialistic Italy by referring it to an impartial court of arbitration. We propose that President Wilson, in the name of the American Nation, should act as the arbiter on the basis of the principles solemnly proclaimed by himself. In order to insure the impartiality of President Wilson's decision, it is necessary that Italian troops now in the occupation of the disputed territories should be replaced by American. That a committee appointed by President Wilson should investigate the problems on the spot and report to him. We, the Yugoslavs, accept his decision. If the Italians refuse that we, the united Yugoslavs, will meet them at the Austrian attack. The responsibility for the consequences of it we leave to that group of Italian politicians who have nothing learned and nothing forgotten during this great war, but insist upon the pound of Yugoslav flesh as agreed by an immoral secret treaty.

V. R. SAVIC.
New York, Jan. 10, 1919.

on dock to point for movement.

There is "Flats" to for right of railroads where the cars rerout freight depot city. Brokers &c., could tents sort freight cars depot in the Weather long and ex be avoided, at the ferry would be le harbor crowd lines of the their private receipt of fishments.

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There wo river and would be de city, all re would have ing freight moved from freight was

Troy, N.



THOU art a gift of God to me, my friend,
To Him I will in gratitude commend
Thy life—that whatsoever may befall
Thine outward being, He be all in all;
That neither grief, nor joy, nor loss, nor gain,
May bring excess of happiness or pain,
But in a holy calm thou mayest move
To fuller knowledge of His faithful love.
Thy soul—that day by day His Light may glow
Within its depths, and other souls may know
The Peace that Love of Christ alone can bring
To those who deem the soul a God-like thing.
Thy life—thy soul—and thee I thus commend
To Christ Whose gift thou art to me, my friend.

G. M.

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A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd.
London and Oxford
No. 482

The Healing

BY ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

(Matt. 5: 25-34)

"Who touched me?" said the Master.

And one cried,

"They throb and throng about thee, breast to back,
And sayest thou, 'Who touched me?'"

"It is true,"

The Master answered, "that they press me hard,
They push and thrust me in their brutal zeal,
This man alive to catch a doubtful word
To build a cause on for the Pharisees,

This man agog with curiosity,
And this one panting to a foolish goal
Praying some prayer that smacks of selfishness;
But one has touched me."

And we men today—

We throng Him, some with violent reproach,
And more with mad insistence of appeal;
But ah! how few are willing, even yet,
(Seeing that He is life, and all of life),
To touch Him, only touch Him, and be still.

CAN YOU read this, by Margaret Bell Merrill, without a lump in your throat? I can't!

"IN THE MIDST OF THEM"

"The Americans were greatly surprised to see a number of little children kneel in the street as the Flag was carried by."—Telegram from Paris on the arrival of the American troops.

"(Why so patient, standing there,
Edouard and small Pierre,
Georges, Yvette, and Marie-Claire?)

"When the troops come marching by,
(Quoth the small Pierre)
'Mother, wilt thou lift me high,
That we may see them, thou and I?'

"Mother, are they fair to see?
(A busy tongue—Pierre)
'Have they little boys like me,
Left at home across the sea?'
(Alas! Alas! Pierre.)

"Mother, we have waited long;
(Long indeed, Pierre!)
'The sun has grown so hot and strong—
Surely none has done them wrong?'
(God forbid! Pierre.)

"Mother, who did send them here?
(The gift of GOD, Pierre.)
'But then there is no need of fear,
And on thy cheek I see a tear.'
(The tears of hope, Pierre.)

"Down the boulevard a cry—
A bugle note is flung on high—
The Stars and Stripes are passing by!

"The gift of GOD,' quoth small Pierre;
His hat on breast, his curls all bare,
He knelt upon the pavement there.

"(Five young children kneeling there—
Georges, Yvette, and Marie-Claire,
Edouard and small Pierre.)

"Fairest flag of Liberty,
Carrying hope across the sea—
A little child has hallowed thee,
And made of thee a prayer!"

AT DUSK

Her little garden in the rain
Is shedding silent tears again.
The flat wet leaves will have their way
And weep that she has gone away.
—So strange a thing was never seen
In any month of mauve and green,
That such a Lady should depart
And break a little garden's heart.

Now up the walk soft rains repeat
The elfin music of her feet.
With dreamful whim the blue larkspur
Grows bluer with the eyes of her.
Cream-petalled roses poise and sway
Her most demure and dainty way.
And fragrance as of leaf-brown hair
Lingers along the listening air.

Her little garden in the rain
Is shedding silent tears again
Alas, dear Lady to depart
And break a little garden's heart!
—But what if when the wind were still,
She wandered home across the hill, . . .
(Across all hills, all valleys, too.)
A long, long way through rose and dew.

VIRGINIA BIDDLE.

BAGPIPES AND MUSIC.

An American Poet Called to Witness by a Scot.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

As some years ago the question whether Bacon or Shakespeare wrote the plays which have gone under the latter's name was put up for decision to a United States court, why not also let the question whether the Scottish bagpipes make music or make noise be settled by a court decision? Now as to whether the pipes really make music or simply noise, the writer's opinion is not worth anything, as he is a native Scot, one who can say with the poet: Auld Scotia's wild romantic pipe, Long linked to many a stirring tale, I love to hear thy martial notes Come swelling on the gale.

I will venture an opinion on one matter, however, and that is that the two finest poems on the bagpipes ever written were both written by Americans, one of them by our gentle Quaker poet, Whittier:

"The sweetest of all music the pipes at Lucknow played."

The other poem was written by I. Edgar Jones, and was published a good many years ago in The Springfield Republican. At this time many would be interested to see it reprinted:

THE VOICE OF THE BAGPIPES.

A thing all prongs and bell-mouthed open tips,
Supplied with air from bellows, cheeks, and lips.

Adapted well to rout all carking cares,
Converting Scottish air to Scottish airs—
With something in its breezy, witchlike wall
Suggestive of a haunting old ghost tale.

In it the mountain falcon's piercing note,
The eagle's scream, the bleat of hillside goat,
The plaintive call of partridge, quail or grouse,
The fresh breeze whistling by a straw-thatched house,
The trill of birds in fern-clad rocky dells,
The low of mountain kine and sweet sheep bells.

Discerning ears may hearken close and hear
The huntsman's horn with echoes high and clear,
Soft winds across the heather whispering low.

Or raging amid crags in blinding snow:
The sighs of scented Summer sweet and warm,
The raging of fierce spirits of the storm.

And rising high above all softer sounds
The bark of fox, the deep-mouthed bay of hounds.

The cries of warriors who in claymored clan
Once fought until the streams in crimson ran;
The wail of women o'er a warrior's doom.

The elfin songs of night-elves in the gloom.

The lays of linnets and the joyous trills
Of laughing brooks that caper down the hills.

The hymns intoned by waves in mountain lakes,
The croon of mothers when a babe awakes.

All these the Scottish pipes have kindly kept,
Sounds that for ages past have in them slept.

What wonder that with them hearts laughed or wept?
There are neither flat nor sharp notes possible with the bagpipes. I understand that the lack of ability to express such notes is made up by the use of grace-notes, and the skill of the piper in touching these has a great deal to do with the musical quality of his playing. It would seem that, after all, if a man is a poet or a seer, he can hear a great deal that is musical in the strains of the bagpipes.

R. M. G.

New York, June 10, 1913.

The Fish-Hawk.

On the large highway of the awful air that flows
Unbounded between sea and heaven, while twilight screened

The majestic distances, he moved and had repose;
On the huge wind of the Immensity he leaned
His steady body in long lapse of flight, and rose

Gradual, through broad gyres of ever-climbing rest,

Up the clear stair of the eternal sky; and stood
Throned on the summit! Slowly, with his widening breast,

Widened around him the enormous Solitude,
From the gray rim of ocean to the glowing west.

Headlands and capes forlorn of the far coast, the land

Rolling her barrens toward the south, he, from his throne

Upon the gigantic wind, beheld: he hung—he fanned

The abyss for mighty joy, to feel beneath him strown

Pale pastures of the sea, with heaven on either hand,

The world with all her winds and waters, earth and air,

Fields, folds, and moving clouds. The awful and adored

Arches and endless aisles of vacancy, the fair Void of sheer heights and hollows hailed him as her lord

And lover in the highest, to whom all heaven lay bare!

Till from that tower of ecstasy, that baffled height,
Stooping, he sank; and slowly on the world's wide way

Walked, with great wing on wing, the merciless, proud Might,

Hunting the huddled and lone reaches for his prey

Down the dim shore—and faded in the crumbling light.

Slowly the dusk covered the land. Like a great hymn

The sound of moving winds and waters was; the sea

Whispered a benediction, and the west grew dim

Where evening lifted her clear candles quietly. Heaven, crowded with stars, trembled from rim to rim.

—John Hall Wheelock in Scribner's Magazine.

The concluding volume on our list, "Oxford Poetry, 1914-1916," should by rights have an entire review to itself, for it is full of beautiful things and moving things, of thought and of emotion expressing themselves with all the noble wealth of our language, and with a freshness and a spirit that continually charm the reader to reread and to linger. The book is the second of its type, for the publishers brought out an earlier one consisting of poems and songs by Oxford writers which appeared during the two years preceding those covered here. Naturally the collection is varied, since many go to its making, both men and women. There are occasional poems in it that are hardly worth the company they keep, proving too slight for the permanency of covers; but the book is one that can be opened again and again, and delight found for the trouble. The work is always genuine and sound, it rings true. The writers are all young, for they are students at the great university that lends its name to their book—youth with a sweet and healthy youth. After some of the names the sad words, "Killed in Action," are written; and there are poems here that sing of the war. But chiefly it is of life and love, of nature in moments of beauty or wonder, of the manifold long thoughts of the human heart that the singers have to tell. There are scores of poems here that cry to be quoted, that seem too lovely to be passed over. But there is no room here for more than one, and we choose "Franklin Kane," by Elizabeth Rendall, for that one. Here it is:

Silk I have for you, Madonna—you shook your small dear head—
"Silk I have and silk enough, a store of it," you said,
Content I laid the web away, you lacked some cotton thread.

A cup I filled for you, Madonna, but other hands than mine,
More meet, had given you to know the magic of the vine.
I poured within my empty cup fresh water for the wine.

A song I made for you, Madonna—it was my very best—
But your heart had heard the melody that will not let us rest,
Yet your lips had need of laughter, so I sang it for a jest.

Love I had for you, Madonna, because I looked on you,
But long ago your love was gone to pay its happy due;
Love you had, and love enough, and yet your friends were few.

My days are sweet, Madonna—sweet to their farthest end,
You, rich beyond all telling, had need that I should send
Cotton threads and clear clean water and jesting and a friend.

That is merely one of many exquisite pieces in a book that should be in the hands of every one who cares to become acquainted with whatsoever is rare and true and fine and beautiful, for all these are in the book, with wisdom, too, and the joy of the brave heart and its sorrow.

Most regrettable among the results of the elections are the returns to power of the party organizations in the great cities of New York and Philadelphia. In New York the district attorney, on whose zeal, persistence and will to uphold justice so much depends, will be the Tammany candidate, a man against whose private character and talents there is nothing to allege, but who will necessarily be limited by his Tammany affiliations. Philadelphia the control of the city government will be in the hands of the Tammany organization.

Prejudice, ignorance of the success of equal suffrage where it is in operation, misrepresentation by over-zealous opponents and fallacious doubts and fears must be overcome by fact, reason and the logic and idealism of democracy and good government. It is good for us all to have this education. It will give us the larger vision of duty and responsibility for justice and righteousness, unhampered by passing traditions, that we need and that our country needs.

In the present reconstruction of the boards of directors of

After the gallant action at Apremont Wood, Chaplain Danker received the high honor of the *croix de guerre*. I am so thankful that he did, for it was some earthly recognition of his valor and devotion. But he had a still more precious cross than that! It was the cross of sacrifice that he himself took up to follow his Lord!

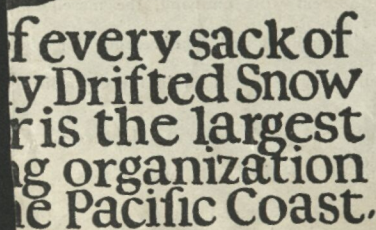
"Rev. Walton S. Danker, chaplain, captain: Showed during the attack particularly meritorious devotion and spirit of self-

Lives o

You are mere
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tograph will do
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Series of Detecti

A chemist received this note, scribbled in haste, the other day: "My baby has eat up



Series of sketches of the war. A number of these sketches have appeared in various English periodicals.

Story of a mysterious crime, the scene of which is laid in London of today.

DERRYVALE LINEN CO., INC., 21
Mills—



RUPERT BROOKE, THE YOUNG ENGLISH POET WHO DIED FROM WOUNDS RECEIVED AT THE DARDANELLES

but he went onward into the valley of the shadow with a song on his lips and a laughing heart. Two sonnets from a group entitled simply "1914," reveal the noble quality of his poesy:

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich dust a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to
roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

PEACE

Now, God be thanked who has matched us with
His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from
sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened
power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and
weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honor could not
move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found
release there,
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has
mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long
peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.¹

Mr. Ervine writes that he went on his way serenely to the end, thinking but little about politics and the causes of the war, certain of only one thing,—his personal duty to his country.

I do not suppose he had thought much about the causes of the war. Politics made very little appeal to him, although, like most generous-minded young men, he was a Socialist. These matters were no affair of his. England was at war, and so he must arm himself. It is said that he had a premonition of his death, and that he went to the Aegean in the knowledge that he would not return. That may be so, for poets have eyes that see and ears that hear; but his knowledge did not diminish the pride of his bearing. He made his end in serenity and proud submission.

Mr. Wilde's Organ Recitals during December on Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock, have been greatly appreciated.

The Epiphany, January 6:
7.00 A. M. **Holy Eucharist.**
10.00 A. M. **Matins.**
10.45 A. M. **Holy Eucharist** and sermon.
5.00 P. M. **Evensong.**

The offering on Christmas Day for S. Mary's Orphanage, amounted to \$195.

The Advent offering for Diocesan Missions has not yet been reported.

The year of the Weekly Offerings closes the last Sunday in January. It is hoped that everyone may be able to complete their pledges by that time.

Sunday, January 18, will be observed in the afternoon at 3.30 o'clock, as Mission Sunday, with a special form of service issued by the Board of Missions. Let all attend, who can.

The 29th annual service of S. Vincent's (Boys') Guild will be held on Sunday evening, January 18. The preacher will be the Rev. F. W. Fitts, Rector of S. John's, Roxbury, Mass. The interest and presence of our people is earnestly asked.

The Bethlehem Crib at the head of the South Aisle is the property of the Parish, having been presented by Mrs. R. H. I. Goddard, to whom thanks are due. It is a valuable Christmas accessory, and adds greatly to our Christmas keeping.

A BALLAD OF BETHLEHEM.

Why do the bells ring out so gay?
Brother, a Child is born!
Who are His Father and Mother, say.
His Father is God, to be worshipped alway,
His Mother is Mary, a maiden for aye,
All upon Christmas morn.

What is the name of the new-born Child?
JESUS, the Saviour of all.
How can He save them, a Babe so mild?
He is both God and Man undefiled,
Daysman, Atonement, Redeemer, styled,
Ransoming us from the Fall.

How is He sheltered, this wintry night?
He lies in a cattle-shed.
Hath He no servants, to left and to right?
None but S. Joseph, who kneels in delight;
Yet there are choirs of seraphim bright
Hovering o'er His Head.

Who are these coming their homage to bring?
Shepherds from off the down.
How should they know Him their Lord and King?
They heard the message from heaven ring,
A mighty company carolling,
And hastened to Bethlehem town.

What is that star hanging low in the sky?
Balaam declared it of old.
And those that follow its brilliancy?
They are the kings of the East drawing nigh,
Each with a tribute of royalty,
Incense, and myrrh, and gold.

How can a Virgin His mother be?
God That ordained it, He knows.
Who hath foretold such a mystery?
Turn to the Law and the Prophets and see:
Burning Bush, Ark of the Covenant, she,
David's Tower of Ivory,
Solomon's Mystical Rose.

Rev. Wm. Herman Van Allen, S. T. D.

of this collection, to which a central section is devoted. Mr. Widener had provided in his will that his library should go to Harvard, but the university was confronted with the humiliating fact that it had no suitable place for the deposit of such a collection. The widowed mother of the donor, by her \$2,000,000 gift, made possible the erection of this beautiful and capacious structure. Mr. Price also points out that quite apart from the Widener collection itself, which is to be the hub and center of the library, there is another matter of great interest to book-lovers and library-users in this building, since here will be applied the "laboratory principle."

Harvard intends to do what Oxford's Bodleian has been doing for centuries, and do it better. An accredited visitor from any country on the globe will find himself as much at home in one of the private rooms of the Widener Memorial as in his own library, and just outside the door he will have immediate access to all the treasures that the Harvard collections contain. In similar fashion the undergraduates are to be provided with such facilities for work among the shelves as have been quite impossible in outgrown, inadequate Gore. If the visiting scholars and the Harvard professors are to have eighty private studies scattered about the building, the students are to have no fewer than 350 little separate "cubicles,"



WIDENER MEMORIAL LIBRARY

each furnished with desk and chair, where they may read in seclusion, with needed volumes on their tables and any other book required close at hand in the stacks.

On the main floor, reached by the steps from the Yard, the memorial feature has its most imposing illustration. The visitor passes through the doors into a vestibule, which opens into a great entrance hall, this in turn leading to the Widener Memorial Hall. This is an apartment measuring 40 by 32 feet, lighted on each side by a court. Beyond is the room for the installation of the Widener collection, a chamber 38 by 60 feet. Here will be placed and exhibited the items which make up a library so striking that none doubts but that it would have come, with only a grant of those years snatched from the man in so horrible a fashion, to be possibly the premier private book collection in the world. Mr. Widener's ambition, voiced with a characteristic modesty, would without a doubt have fully come to pass: "I should like, some day, to own a library of a sort to distinguish me in all the world of books."

RUPERT BROOKE: "THE POET WHOM THE WAR MADE AND KILLED"

and with interest and profit. More than once he read to the Guild carefully prepared papers of distinct value. He will be sorely missed by the clergy and by all his friends. His regular attendance at church and at the Altar, his prompt response to all appeals for the Mission and work of the Church, and his warm, cordial manners, endeared him to his fellow-men, to his pastors, and we believe to his God and Saviour. The unusual circumstances of his death combined to make it seem like a benediction from on high and a translation of one of God's saints. From the reception of the Holy Eucharist at the Altar, he passed, with that "Food for the Way," after an interval of a few minutes only, into Paradise.

We praise God for this good example, and implore grace to follow in his train. May he rest in peace.

CHAS. W. NORTH, *Secretary*.

Our dear Mr. Woodcock remembered, in his will, S. Stephen's Parish with a legacy of \$600—the income of which is to be devoted to the "Apportionment" for General Missions. The institutions of the Diocese were also remembered.

Pleasant reminiscences of Mr. Woodcock have been called out from various sources. The Rev. Dr. Goodwin relates his (Dr. G.'s) standing as witness at the Baptism of Mr. Woodcock, fifty years ago in Grace Church Mission, New York City. Miss Mary Carpenter speaks with deep interest of Mr. Woodcock's having been at one time a parishioner of her Father, the Rev. James H. Carpenter, in Pawtucket, R. I., when the young man had serious thoughts of taking Holy Orders, and began study under Mr. Carpenter with that object in view. "The memory of the just is blessed."

The Rector's lecture on Burlington, New Jersey, December 4, was most kindly received by a somewhat unusual audience. The pictures, for which the Rector is indebted to his friend, Mr. George W. Hewitt, the distinguished architect of Philadelphia and Burlington, were greatly admired.

Fr. Peabody repeated his lecture of November 6 on "Alaska" on December 10, for the benefit of S. Augustine's Mission.

Mr. Norman Morrison Isham, Architect, delivers the third lecture of the S. Augustine's course, on January 1. The subject is "Salisbury Cathedral," illustrated.

The Sunday School Christmas Festival on Christmas Eve was a great success. The two Schools nearly filled the center of the church. The following children received crosses for good attendance, viz.: Elsa Lindberg, Karl Lindberg, Willough MacDonal, Aileen G. Reese, Dorothea Pearson, Marion G. Champ- lin, John Lindberg, Virginia Pearson, Jessie Richardson, Ruth Champlin, Clara Morris, Alfred Piper, Sarah Piper, F. Walter Wilhelm, Charles Fisher, Earl Johnson, Carl A. Richardson, Mildred Rocker, Alvin Card, Evaine W. Smith, Marion Edmondson, James Johnson, Leon Piper, Howard Holland, Butler Williams, Hazel Bostrom, Mildred Lee, Jean Dunlop, James Fine, Narcissa Waldron, Wallace Richardson, Lloyd Richardson, Louise Emerson, Ada Peirce, Frederic Allen, Annie Phillips, F. O. Allen, Jr., Eleanor Dunlop, Mary Chandler, Nancy Dyer, Elizabeth Kilvert, Audrey Beresford, DeWolf Perry, Frederick Wilhelm, Vera Hutchinson.

The following attained "Honorable Mention": Caroline Goff, Hazel Piper, Albert Goff, Bessie Morris, Norman Morrissey, Bertha Hawksley, Ethel Hawksley, Vernon Howard, John R. MacDonald, Milton Williams.

The following won medals for attendance at the Children's Eucharist on Sundays: Hazel Bostrom, Marion Champlin, Ruth Champlin, Howard Holland, Helen Page Jackson, Mildred Lee, Karl Lindberg, Willough MacDonal, Clara Morris, Dorothea Pearson, Virginia Pearson, Ada Peirce, Annie Phillips, Eileen Reese, Carl Richardson, Jessie Richardson, Mildred Rocker, Walter Wilhelm, Butler Williams.

In Memoriam.

C. L. J.

I cannot think that your keen eager soul
Can be at rest in Heaven's eternal day;
You, who kept aiming ever at the goal,
Will find your querdon in a different way.
Let others, aged by their search for truth,
Enjoy their prize of leisure. Yours is youth.

Wherever over sounding sea or land
God's couriers hasten, on His service band,
On where around His Throne a warrior band
Of young men stand on guard will you be found.
Christ will not fetter you with dull repose,
For He, Who once was young, a young man knows.

So, O my friend, no tears for you I shed,
Glad and triumphant 'midst our living dead.

Robert Spencer Payson.

In Remembrance
[W. L. C.]

Sit closer, friends, around the board!

Death grants us yet a little time.

Now let the cheering cup be paired,
And welcome song and jest and rhyme.

Enjoy the gifts that Fortune sends.

Sit closer friends!

And yet, in pause, with trembling lips

We strive the fitting phrase to make:

Remembering our fellowship,

Lamenting Destiny's mistake

We marvel much when Fate offends

And claims our friends

Companion of our nights of mirth,
Where all were merry who were wise;
Does Death quite understand your worth
And know the value of his prize?
I doubt me if he comprehends —
He knows no friends

And in that realm is there no joy
Of comrades and the jocund sense?
Can Death so utterly destroy —
For gladness grant no recompense?
And can it be that laughter ends
With absent friends?

Oh, scholars whom we wisest call,
Who solve great questions at your ease,
We ask the simplest of them all,

And yet you cannot answer these!
And is it thus your knowledge ends,
To comfort friends?

Dear Omar! should you chance to meet
Our Brother Somewhere in the Gloom,
Pray give to Him a Message sweet,
From Brothers in the Tavern Room.
He will not ask what it is that sends
For we were Friends

* * *

THE FORM AND CONTENT ONE.

You speak of Form. There is no form as such ;
'Tis simply soul in transit. From out the Past's
Unknown, it gathers shape as Present hope
To be the Future's fact. From God, through God,
To God again. Where in this ring of life
Can Science find an arc whose segment's name
Is Form ? The form and content are but one.

What song my spirit hears my tongue shall tell ;
What sights my spirit sees my hand shall paint.
The picture and the song—'tis I made both,
Made song and picture for your soul. For you
Their form will take your spirit's shape, not mine.
At times across the sky dart balls of fire
That fly with vaporous wings ; our vision, yours
And mine, are fitted to the sight of them.

We see those errant guests as scudding flame ;
But men that look from Mars, or darkly peer
From dim Neptunus' chilly track—think you
They see that flying flame as earthly light ?
If souls dwell there, with sense unlike to ours,
Who knows what flame or flashing orb may say
To them ? So souls must know and sing what souls
Contain—for sight and song and soul are one.

—Grace Shaw Dr

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